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Rev. George A. Gordon, D. D.

ASPECTS OF THE INFINITE MYSTERY.
REVELATION AND THE IDEAL.
RELIGION AND MIRACLE.
THROUGH MAN TO GOD.
ULTIMATE CONCEPTIONS OF FAITH.
THE NEW EPOCH FOR FAITH.
THE WITNESS TO IMMORTALITY IN LITERATURE, PHILOSOPHY, AND LIFE.
THE CHRIST OF TO-DAY.
IMMORTALITY AND THE NEW THEODICY.

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ASPECTS OF THE INFINITE MYSTERY

ASPECTS

OF THE

INFINITE MYSTERY

BY

GEORGE A. GORDON

MINISTER OF THE OLD SOUTH CHURCH

BOSTON

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TO
THE PEOPLE OF THE OLD SOUTH CHURCH AND
CONGREGATION
IN WHOSE SERVICE I HAVE HAD SO MUCH HAPPINESS
I DEDICATE THIS BOOK — THE FRUITS
OF THESE LATER YEARS OF REFLECTION UPON
THE MYSTERY OF LIFE —
IN GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF
THEIR UNSURPASSABLE LOYALTY
AND IN DEEP, ENDURING
AFFECTION

A PERSONAL WORD

This volume is somewhat of the nature of a confession of faith. While I am not aware of any contradiction between the views advanced here and the views presented in earlier books of mine, I am conscious of new feelings and a new mood of the spirit toward the Eternal wonder that is the object of all faith. The new feelings, the deeper mood, and the lengthened experience have brought, I fondly imagine, a clearer and surer insight. So the things of faith, the essentials of Christian belief, appear to me after many years of serious reflection and teaching.

The idea that gives unity to the volume, is the idea of the good as the inevitable quest of the human spirit. So the constitution of man is, so it works, so it can be understood; it is everywhere and always, inevitably, a quest for the good. This idea pervades the entire discussion; it emerges for recognition, in new connections, in nearly every chapter. The idea of the good is the common possession of Greek philosophy as represented by Plato and Aristotle, and the Old and the New Testaments; it is the possession of all great insight into life. The idea of the good is, I believe, the surest clue to the labyrinth of exist-

ence. By no other path have I been able to gain freedom, and maintain hope; in no other way am I able to see that God can maintain his control, his ultimate control over man's world, and at the same time, respect the reality of man's share in shaping his own destiny.

During the last eight or ten years I have given, each season, a course of Friday evening addresses, illustrated usually by poetic masterpieces. These courses, with two exceptions, have been chiefly, though never exclusively, inspirational. One of these two exceptions, was a series of addresses on the Religious Value of the Divine Comedy; the other was a course on Aspects of the Infinite Mystery. Of this course, given in the winter of 1914–15, nine addresses were repeated by request of the people of the Old South Church, on Sunday mornings, 1915–16.

When the series closed I received from the Committees of the Old South Church and the Old South Society, the following request: —

"The Church Committee of the Old South Church, and the Standing Committee of the Old South Society, having heard with great profit the course of addresses by its minister, Reverend Dr. George A. Gordon, on "Aspects of the Infinite Mystery," and being deeply impressed by their evident helpfulness to our congregation and by many expressions of a desire to possess them

in permanent form, request him to publish them in a volume. We are persuaded that they will be welcomed by many thoughtful men and women, seeking light on the profoundest problems of religious aspiration, problems illumined by these fruits of many years of study and experience, expressed in untechnical form which the intelligent reader may readily understand."

To meet this request it became necessary to write what had been spoken; to re-open the entire subject; to endeavor to discuss it in a less inadequate manner. More than two-thirds of this book had no place in the spoken word; the thoughts that constituted these addresses have been written into the wider, and I trust, deeper treatment of the great theme.

Part of Chapter Seven was published in booklet form by The Pilgrim Press, under the title, "Fealty to the Ideal"; the tenth chapter was read, in part, before the National Council, October, 1915. Chapters Eleven and Twelve were added to make the treatment a little less incomplete. The book is thus an organization, partly from notes, but mainly from the thoughts that have been gathering in my mind, during these later years, as I have confronted the mystery of existence.

If as one grows older one may not claim with the seer in Campbell's poem,

"'T is the sunset of life gives me mystical lore
And coming events cast their shadows before,"

one may claim greater freedom from conventional views, greater sincerity, not only of feeling, but also of responsible, perhaps, awe-struck thought. Sincerity of the judgment, the accountable judgment deepens with the years, no less than the sincerity of emotion, in normal human beings.

Traditional standards, except in so far as they witness to the integrity of truth, count for little when a man is writing with his eye upon reality, and under the sense of obligation to reality. To be regarded as conservative or radical, orthodox or heterodox may be of some interest for youth, even for manhood; for one standing in the presence of the Eternal mystery, and trying to reflect something of its meaning as life draws toward evening, such designations are of absolutely no account. One has something on hand infinitely more serious than the attempt to get votes from either the liberal or the conservative camp. One feels that Reality alone is judge, and that it will be well with one only in so far as one does homage to reality.

The question often rises, How does the great mystery look in the late afternoon of a laborious day? Different men will give different answers, and different readers will prefer different answers

to that question. I can answer only for myself. One ever-memorable day I sailed through the Straits of Messina to find Mt. Ætna without a cloud, and under the full blaze of the Sicilian sunshine. The mountain rose, as our ship retreated, into ever grander forms. In the afternoon we had our last look at this wonder; the last look was, in many respects, the best. The soft haze through which the mountain rose, the color that began to rest upon it, the loom of the great white mass as it watched from afar the receding steamer, the interest that invested it, after eight hours of beholding, flung back from feeling and imagination, made the final experience the most significant, the most impressive. So it is normally, I believe, with the Eternal things of the spirit. Youth is the morning atmosphere, manhood is high noon, the last decade of working power is the afternoon drawing toward evening. When health is sound, the intellect clear, the opportunity fortunate, the spirit sincere and free, the report concerning the Infinite wonder is the most significant, as it has surely the deepest human value, when the long, laborious hours are well nigh done. Once more, in what may be called late afternoon, I have reviewed the absorbing Mystery, and this book is the simple record of what I have to report.

There are few things more interesting in the

history of the unshackled intellect than the changes in emphasis, mood, perspective, that time inevitably brings. The vision of youth is greatened while the sense of mystery is deepened; points of light hitherto unseen come into view, the general plan of faith abides, but it abides as the witness to realities that are framed in by the Inscrutable. Since man is finite, and the universe in which he lives is infinite, this conclusion of thought is reasonable, it is inevitable.

A sobered, purified, residual faith is the issue of the discipline of time upon the free mind, a faith that many waters cannot quench, nor floods drown. Something has been found that is imperishable, and when this is simply told by one who has reflected much and long, and who while he may reasonably hope for a few, cannot count upon many years more of service, the young will listen, and those not young will join them. Such I have found to be the case.

One might reasonably generalize this experience of the free mind under the illumination of the years; one might contend that there is in preparation the residual, the eventual faith of all the serious and enlightened centuries. The residual, the eventual faith of a serious and enlightened individual is an interesting, although never more than a provisional version of the racial faith. The tendency of the world of faith gains reflec-

tion in individual minds, now and then at least; it is this reflection that gives point and solemnity to Goethe's song:

> "Heard are the voices,
> Heard are the sages,
> The worlds and the ages.
> Choose well; your choice is
> Brief, and yet endless."

This residual or eventual faith is not less but more than the crude compound of our immaturity, which issued not so much from independent reflection and insight as from an over-burdened theological memory. This faith that issues from experience is residual as respects such crude compounds; it is original and expansive as respects the history of a candid and devout mind; it is eventual, as that which the order of the world gives and justifies, in the vital processes of a religiously loyal soul; it is prophetic, a mere outline of light and fire under the deep shadow of retreating night, of the new and vaster day. The unchanging order of the Universe works changes in every open mind; and as one reviews these changes, and revisits the Unchanging, a touch of pathos, a sense of wonder and mystery, surely is not inconsistent with a confident and happy outlook. Essentially, this is the thought that moves one so deeply, that seems so true to life in "Yarrow Revisited,"

"And if, as Yarrow, through the woods
And down the meadow ranging,
Did meet us with unaltered face,
Though we were changed and changing;
If, *then*, some natural shadows spread
Our inward prospect over,
The soul's deep valley was not slow
Its brightness to recover."

GEORGE A. GORDON.

OLD SOUTH PARSONAGE
May 6, 1916.

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ASPECTS OF THE INFINITE MYSTERY

CHAPTER I

THE MEANING OF THE TITLE

I

THERE were three ways of crossing the beautiful river that flows through the Scottish county in which I was born and in which I spent my boyhood; a river whose murmur I can hear across the distance of more than five and forty years. The first way was by the bridge, and while that stood solid and sure any fool could cross the river; many did, and some wise men, too. The second way was by the ferry and the ford; I class them as one because of their similarity. One took one's place in the boat and by slightly pulling the rope which stretched from this bank to that, attached firmly to a pole on either side, one was in due time safely landed; by guiding the horse or by letting the horse guide himself the river was forded. The third way was by stepping stones; these happened to be irregular and some distance apart, and the water flowed with considerable tumult between them, and the stones were apt to be wet and slippery; here there was

risk; here courage, agility, skill, self-reliance, daring were needed; here success, when it came, was an achievement; when one got over the river in this way there was a distinct glow of satisfaction.

There are three ways of crossing the mysterious river of time. There is the bridge of dogmatic belief; the creeds say so, the catechism says so, Augustine and Calvin say so, Edwards and the New England theologians say so. If we are satisfied with a second-hand faith, if we forego the privilege of looking reality in the face and laying our hand upon it, if we are willing to substitute the thinking of other minds and other ages for our own, we may pass happily over this bridge. But one must not question. One must go as the unthinking cattle go over the bridge on the way to the pasture.

In the second place there is the Church as a saving institution. The old Catholic said, get into the boat. You get in, you are active to that extent; and you must sit so as not to upset the boat; again you are so far active; but after you get in and when you behave properly the servant of the Church will pull you safely to the other side. The old Protestant said, get into the carriage, you must get in and you must not upset the carriage, and the minister of religion after you are in will see that you ford the river and get

comfortably to the other shore. If men are satisfied with ecclesiasticism, this method is ideal.

The third way is the way of insight, a succession of insights, a constellation of insights, tested by experience, put to the service of the soul, to the service of one's own time and world. These insights call upon the intellect, as it ministers to life, for courage, patience, self-reliance, the spirit of adventure; for dash and achieving power. The gain which comes from adopting this way is often consoling, and when it is not consoling it is humorous; it is like the man who skips across the river on the stones; if he comes through triumphantly the victory is exhilarating; if he tumbles into the stream, the mishap is not fatal, besides it creates clean, heroic mirth.

If the reader does not want to cross the river of time by this path, I blame him not at all. We are still one in devotion to the end; we both desire to make the other side with honor, and to present ourselves there as servants of the Highest. We disagree about the means; we disagree here because the process of attaining the end signifies, in one way, and to one man, the greater life at the goal; in another way, and to another man, poorer, cowardlier life at the end. The choice is in freedom:

> "Choose well; your choice is
> Brief and yet endless."

Go by the mill-round or by the sun-path; the end qualifies the means, the means greaten or impoverish the end. All believers in the Eternal reality are alike in the end they wish to attain; in the pursuit, churchman, dogmatist, seer, pioneer, and great-souled adventurer, differ always, and at times their difference from one another is wide as the world. It is Kipling's song over again,

"Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet,
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judgment seat."

There are, however, now and then, exceptions to this iron rule, as again in the same song,

"But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed nor Birth,
Where two strong men stand face to face, tho' they come from the ends of the earth."

II

What shall we call our stepping stones? How may we best express the final mood to which the free mind of the Christian thinker comes in the consideration of the world and the universe in which we live? When one speaks, neither out of the moment of exaltation, nor out of the hour of depression, but out of the great, steady conviction that rises in one's heart concerning

life, which among the many descriptive phrases that one might use seems the sincerest, the most faithful? How great speech would be, if it should accord completely with the real mind, the honest experience, the actual discovery, the sincere and sure hope of the speaker. More and more, it would seem, the world wants, neither to be soothed by orthodoxies, nor to be excited by heterodoxies, but to be invited to listen to the honest recital of what the mind has found, what conclusions it has reached, what ideas have best stood the great vital test, the fears that have been clouds, and the hopes that have been favoring winds, in the adventurous voyage of time. This characteristic is, I dare to think, supreme in all those books that men call great. Such books do not put us off with dreams, artificialities, "cunningly devised fables"; they do not offer one the plumage of the bird, for the living singer; they take one into their confidence, tell the vision as it has risen, increased, decreased, changed, upon the mind: they recite the tale in disdain of lies, in profound homage to truth. To keep such books before one, as one works at the task of the hour or the day, is to draw, like the farmer, inspiration from the great mountains at whose base lies the field that he plows or reaps. The great classics call upon our homage on account of their width of vision, their fullness of experi-

ence, their noble wisdom; they also engage and delight by their simplicity, their sincerity, their fidelity to the inward fact.

I was at first inclined to take as the title of this book, "Inevitable Ideas of Faith." The inevitableness of natural law, in the rise and fall of the tides, in the revolutions, diurnal and annual, of the earth, indicating something of the quality meant. In history there is often seen an approach to this kind of power. Daniel Webster, in the speech which he imputes to John Adams, during the debate, in the Continental Congress, upon the Declaration of Independence, does not exaggerate when he says, "Read this Declaration at the head of the army; every sword will be drawn from its scabbard, and the solemn vow uttered, to maintain it, or perish on the bed of honor. Publish it from the pulpit; religion will approve it, and the love of religious liberty will cling round it, resolved to stand with it, or fall with it. Send it to the public halls; proclaim it there; let them hear it who heard the first roar of the enemy's cannon; let them see it who saw their brothers and their sons fall on the field of Bunker Hill, and in the streets of Lexington and Concord, and the very walls will cry out in its support." [1]

We think of the inevitableness of all great

[1] Webster's *Works*, vol. I, p. 135.

poetry; the best work in Homer and Sophocles, in Dante and Shakspere, in Milton and Goethe, is inevitable. There is, too, inevitable music, painting, sculpture, building. Something of this may be claimed for thought. The ideas out of which flows the religion of Jesus might be described as inevitable, if man is to retain the spirit of worship in the presence of the universe. A certain scribe asked Jesus, "What commandment is the first of all?" Jesus answered, "The first is, Hear, O Israel; the Lord our God, the Lord is one: and Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength. The second is this, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. There is none other commandment greater than these." [1] The response of the candid questioner bears witness to the inevitable character of this teaching: "Of a truth, Teacher, thou hast well said he is one: and there is none other but he: and to love him with all the heart, and with all the understanding, and with all the strength, and to love his neighbor as himself, is much more than all whole burnt offerings and sacrifices." [2]

Given as premise the assurance, that the Eternal is the God and Father of men, and certain ideas about human life and destiny are clearly

[1] Mark 12: 28–31. [2] Mark 12: 32–34.

inevitable. If we assume the truth of the opening words of the Lord's Prayer, Our Father who art in heaven, the worth of every human soul, the immeasurable value of a dutiful existence, the undeniable reality of our social humanity, and its endless future, are inevitable. On our fundamental assumption these ideas are inalienable; they cannot be expelled from the mind of civilized man. We read that the Apostle Peter, on one occasion when he was supposed to be in prison, appeared at the door of a friend and knocked. The maid who went to the door was frightened; she thought she had seen Peter's ghost. She closed the door in the apostle's face and ran and told what she had seen. But Peter continued knocking till the agitation passed, till calm and sanity returned, till the door was opened and he was bidden enter. Certain ideas about the universe, and about human life, its origin, meaning, purpose, worth, destiny cannot be expelled; they remain within the hearing of a living humanity; they continue knocking till they prevail.

Shall we then call our stepping stones, "Inevitable Ideas of Faith," and rest there? This phrase will accord with one mood: it will not accord with another. We are not quite so confident about our ideas, at least all the time, as to say of them, without qualification, that they are inevitable. If Cromwell should appear today, there would be

no need for him to say to our age, what he said to the Scottish Presbyterians of his own time, "I beseech you, in the bowels of the Lord Jesus, believe it possible that you may be mistaken." Our misgivings are abundant; they call neither for multiplication nor for emphasis. The best men and women of our time often seriously consider the reality of their faith; they sometimes wonder whether after all Christianity may not be merely a sublime dream, good news indeed, but too good to be true. In this mood they think that to speak of their deepest and dearest faith as inevitably true, is to go beyond the warrant of clear, sincere, inward conviction.

When I was a boy in Scotland, in the absence of a weighing machine, we used to measure the cattle before sending them to the market, and from the measurement, we calculated the weight and the worth of the animal. We boys were apt to make the cattle as large as we could. The older and wiser heads told us that by this method of exaggeration we were cheating no one but ourselves. Their advice to us was, measure with exactness that your calculations may be on a sound basis. In this sense,

> "There lives more faith in honest doubt,
> Believe me, than in half the creeds."

Exaggeration, special pleading, misrepresentation of experience, infidelity to pure conviction,

and irresponsible utterance take one away from the kingdom of truth and set one down close to the borders of the kingdom of lies.

I then thought of this title — "Time-attested Ideas of Faith." Much could be said for this description. Those who have made their pilgrimage as if God were indeed the Father in heaven, who have striven to follow Jesus as if he were truly the Light of the World, those who have acted on the assumption of the sanctity of human life, its divine origin and destiny, who have behaved in time as the children of the Infinite, as the heirs of Eternity, have found the great thoughts that compose the substance of Christian faith, issue from the trouble and sorrow of their experience, as the stars do from the wild gloom of the evening, into everlasting brightness.

Everlasting ideas of faith, ideas verified by faith; so those products of the experience of all the high souls in Christian history seem to declare themselves to be. But criticism returns. The verification is partial; it has been carried over only a section of the entire, troubled, psychic life of man, and it has attained the result that these ideas of faith are enduring, not that they are everlasting in their validity.

To say that an idea is enduring is something; it is an introduction to its character; it is not a clear certificate of worth, since there are in the

world today many grey-head lies, strong and extremely active for their age. In the philosophy of Heraclitus, who lived in the sixth century before Christ, we find the motto which Bernardi places at the head of one of his most ferocious books, and which appears to consecrate as truth the extreme militaristic programme, "Strife is the father of the universe." This idea is nearly six hundred years older than the Lord's Prayer; it is an idea that has played a vastly greater part in the life of Europe, in recent years, than the idea that Love is the Father of the universe. There is the idea that might makes right, exemplified a thousand times, from the conquest of Canaan by the Israelites to the violation of Belgium by the Germans. There is the idea of life as vanity, illustrated all the way from the holy pessimism of Buddha, the ignoble experimentation of Ecclesiastes, the mockery and sensuality of Omar Khayyam, the tragic miseries of Swift, the wild egoism of Schopenhauer, and the vast, lurid, intemperate dream of "the City of Dreadful Night," down to the latest issues of contemporary despair. I conclude that the race has not yet lived long enough to be sure that the ideas regarded as false and evil necessarily die. It is my belief that in the long run the stars in their courses fight against atheism and inhumanity, that the idea that war is the father of the uni-

verse, that might makes right, that life is empty and vain, will be finally expelled from human experience by the demonstration of history. That is my belief, but belief is not knowledge.

I therefore prefer to call my book, "Aspects of the Infinite Mystery." This title seems to me to be in fundamental accord with the great but uncomprehended meaning of human life and the universe. What the Roman theologians called a sacrament, the Greek theologians called a mystery. A mystery had two meanings; it was something to which one could not be admitted without adequate preparation; it was something whose reality, even to the most gifted among the initiated, transcended all understanding. The Lord's supper means nothing to a pagan. The bread and the wine are physical things; the eating and drinking of them are nothing but a physical process. On the mere physical level the supper is transparently meaningless. To the Christian it is different; to him it is a symbol; the reality is a fellowship with the soul of the Lord, an experience falling within and yet passing the bounds of the understanding. I have a glass paper-weight in my study; I have had it there for more than forty years, and I have shown it to many children. It has an exquisite flower imbedded in its heart, and as soon as the children see it they invariably ask, "How did that flower get in there?"

I invariably answer, I do not know how it got in there; I do know that it is there.

The Divine presence is in the heart of our humanity; in our higher moments, of that we are sure. How it got in, how it continues to increase in the increasing life of the religious soul, and the religious society, we do not know. I like my title, "Aspects of the Infinite Mystery," because it does not commit me to what seems to me, at our present stage of progress, an impossibility, an adequate philosophy of the Divine meaning of man's life.

The title corresponds to the mood, I believe, of the bravest and deepest minds. I cannot forget a conversation repeated to me by Dr. R. S. Storrs of Brooklyn, which he had with Professor Edwards A. Park of Andover. Dr. Storrs was only thirteen years younger than his famous teacher, upon whom he looked as the greatest he had ever known. Professor Park was universally acknowledged to be the most accomplished dialectician and logician of his generation. He acknowledged no difficulties that were insuperable and for him there were no mysteries,—at least in his classroom! He was ninety years of age at the time of this conversation and his eyesight was failing. He had spent three or four weeks alone in a darkened room, in great pain, the gloom, the tedium and the pain relieved slightly

by an occasional visitor. Dr. Storrs was one of those visitors; he inquired for the health of his teacher and got this reply, half humorous, half serious: "The pain has been very great, but I can endure that; I am dependent upon others, like a baby, — that is a serious humiliation, but I can endure it; but this gradual crumbling of a man's powers, Oh, the mystery of it!" There was one flash from the infinite depths; no more: the old humor returned; a flash from the farther side of dialectics, logic, theology, from the man's fundamental, original amazed sense of the mystery of life. At one time or another, in one way or another, all thinking human beings have that experience. Oh, the mystery of it!

The title, "Aspects of the Infinite Mystery," appeals to the elemental emotions; wonder, for example. Plato says that philosophy, heavenly wisdom, is the child of wonder. Aristotle says that all philosophy begins in wonder. An infinite universe, complex, amazing, appeals to the mind, and wonder is the first answer. The Bible well says, "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom"; the beginning of all wisdom is awe, hallowed wonder. Again it is true as another says, "Surely the Lord is in this place and I knew it not; how dreadful is this place! this is none other than the house of God and *this* the gate of heaven."

This title carries one beyond our best thoughts to the transcendent glory of God. He is in our world and in all worlds, but infinitely beyond extends his perfection. This is the great idea of the prophet. "For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord; for as the heavens are higher than the earth so are my thoughts than your thoughts and my ways than your ways." There is the comfort of living in a universe whose excellence is so great that our thoughts are but shadows upon the hillsides of the Eternal reality! With a universe infinitely perfect and resourceful, we can expect anything; with a meagre God and a meagre universe, however well-disposed, not much is to be expected. Jesus said that with God all things are possible. If that is true the heart may be at rest. The older I grow, while I am increasingly thankful for the great thoughts that God has given to the world, about himself, the less do I trust in them, and the more in the Ineffable Reality behind man's highest thinking.

Ten years ago I spent forty-six days and nights on the Atlantic Ocean, and the Mediterranean Sea. I took one ship after another and all the ships were good and all brought me to my desired haven in peace. I had no reason for anything but grateful thoughts of those ships and the service they rendered; but while they were doing

me this service I thought what tiny things they were compared with the wide rolling ocean, sweeping either pole and washing the West and the East; how incommensurate they were with that great sea, two thousand miles in length, that stretches from the pillars of Hercules to Asia Minor; little boats they surely were; the sea and the ocean were the transcendent reality. Thus it is with our thoughts about God, the Lord Jesus, the moral order of our world, the moral order of the universe; the worth of humanity, the preciousness of the individual soul, the forces and tides of retribution, the sense of life beyond death. Our thoughts at their best are precious, they will take us to our desired haven; but they are nothing in comparison with the majesty and the eternity of the Reality! We build not upon our insight, precious as that may be, and indeed essential; we build on that to which our insight leads; we found heart, home, state, church, our whole humanity upon the being of God.

III

One more introductory question remains to be considered. This question concerns a word or phrase current in the present chapter, recurrent in all the other chapters of this book — the Eternal. Has that great, vague, august word any real meaning behind it? Does it indicate the

cloudlands of imagination or does it stand for the greatest of human thoughts? Is the Eternal the background of all human thinking, the judgment-seat at which the mind of man, and man's entire world in time must appear? Is the apostle to the nations right in his classification and valuation of judgments? He says, "But with me it is a very small thing that I should be judged of you, or of man's judgment: yea, I judge not mine own self. For I know nothing against myself; yet am I not hereby justified: but he that judgeth me is the Lord." [1] The world-conscience is elementary, introductory; the individual conscience is great but not final. The Lord is judge; through him life goes up to the Absolute conscience for the final verdict.

What do we mean by the Eternal? Many persons would say, the everlasting. We mean that and much more. The idea of the everlasting is not the core of the Eternal. The wild Pragmatist says the Eternal is the static, the temporal is the dynamic, and men must change their homage from static being to being in progress. Our reply is that all this is on the surface. No man ever loved the Eternal because it does nothing, or because it simply endures. The Eternal has laid men under its spell because of its worth, its absolute worth. When they have found that the

[1] 1 Corinth. 4: 3–4.

Eternal as Absolute worth endures forever, they have found in it their home:

> "Lord thou hast been our dwelling place
> In all generations." [1]

In the great version of Isaac Watts:

> "Our God our help in ages past,
> Our hope for years to come;
> Our shelter from the stormy blast
> And our Eternal home."

When we say that we mean by the Eternal worth Absolute, the question comes, What do we mean by worth? We do not mean by worth the order and beauty of nature, nor its adaptation to life. These things may be, conceivably at least, by chance or necessity, and chance and necessity are no part of worth. We mean by worth, good will, effective good will, the will that is Love and Power. Worth is an attribute of persons, the valiant soldier, the beloved physician, the incorruptible judge, the pure patriot, the wise ruler, the great prophet who gives himself in life and in death to his cause, the coming of the kingdom of man. If worth is an attribute of persons, the Supreme person, or mind, will have the highest worth. The Supreme mind, or Person, is God; therefore the highest worth belongs to him; therefore he is the Eternal God.

If we look into the New Testament we find

[1] Ps. 90:1.

these clear ideas: that eternal life is the knowledge of God; that eternal punishment is life without God; that the Eternal as worth is God, and that in Him it is endowed with everlastingness. This is the Being that Mrs. Stowe brings before us in her beautiful elaboration of a phrase in the 139th Psalm:

"Still, still with thee, when purple morning breaketh,
When the bird waketh and the shadows flee:
Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight,
Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with thee.
Alone with thee, amid the mystic shadows,
The solemn hush of nature newly born;
Alone with thee, in breathless adoration,
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

"When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,
Its closing eye looks up to thee in prayer;
Sweet the repose, beneath thy wings o'ershadowing,
But sweeter still to wake and find thee there.
So shall it be at last in that bright morning
When the soul waketh, and life's shadows flee;
Oh, in that hour, and fairer than day's dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with thee."

Here is the great awakening into the presence of the Absolute worth; the wonder of nature as the symbol of the Transcendent worth; the exhaustion of life and its refreshment in the consciousness of that sure but elusive Presence, the final act of life, — death, and the endless morning, in the being of the Infinite mystery.

One looks upon a beehive, and one wonders at

the sagacity, order, and industry of these marvellous insects. They build homes, store food for the future; they have leaders and rulers; they maintain a kind of government, their building is akin to art and to science; their social nature and conduct invite philosophy; their mutual devotion and their happiness suggest religion; their sympathy with well-doers, their punishment of wrong-doers would seem to imply the sense of good and evil. One notes this wonder and something more. One sees that this beehive is after all of little significance. All its interests are confined to a tiny portion of space, and to a brief moment of time. Miraculous as is the life of this society of insects, it is wholly in the seen and temporal, and there it is only for a season.

We are often tempted to look at human society in this way. We take a position in imagination far above the world. We look down upon the earth, and note a small globe floating in the boundless ether; we are able by one means or another to make out the race of man, — his industry, art, science, philosophy, government, religion, and we are indeed filled with wonder. But up where we stand we are not profoundly affected by the vision. We see a race of wonderful creatures rise up out of the dust; in a few years we see a generation of them return to dust; we say, miraculous as this race is, it is significant only

for a small part of infinite space, and a brief portion of infinite time. Human society is only a greater beehive, with a harder fate, to be conscious of its nothingness to the Universe, to be aware of its doom.

This mood that has greatly troubled the modern mind dissolves only in the presence of great religion. Great religion breaks through time; it breaks through time to find and to worship the Absolute worth; it binds God and man in one communion, the Beloved and the lover; the Beloved as Infinite worth, the lover as made to adore, and rejoice in, and serve the Infinite worth. Great religion thus sets the human soul in universal relations; fills these relations with high moment, burdens them with solemn accountability, brings to them the increasing sense of worth. As our earth is known to astronomy as part of a universal system, so our human world is known by great religion as part of the Infinite being.

These great relations of the human spirit, these super-temporal meanings of our existence, this ultimate scope of man's being, and its highest content, oftenest appear, like the vast mountain range, in mist, in trouble, in storm, in sunlight, or moonlight, broken by fragments of flying clouds; the whole stands clear and sublime only at favored moments. Now we see in a mirror

darkly; now we know in part, and we prophesy in part. When that which is perfect is come that which is in part shall be done away. Our knowledge of the Eternal God is provisional not because it is not true so far as it goes, but because God and the world of worth are immeasurably beyond our highest thought, our devoutest and surest dream. We are in the presence of the Infinite mystery of Godliness; our increasing sense of this Reality means the increasing life of humanity; yet this life must ever be in the awe of the uncomprehended Fullness of truth and love. Wise men still sing their way into the Divine secret, as Charles Wesley did,

> "Come, Oh thou traveller unknown,
> Whom still I hold, but cannot see:
> My company before is gone,
> And I am left alone with Thee;
> With Thee all night I mean to stay,
> And wrestle till the break of day."

CHAPTER II

THE GOOD AS THE PATH TO GOD

I

When we look at a piece of tapestry we see at once that it is a whole, that it is one thing; and when we analyze it and discover the parts that compose it as a whole, again we see at once that one part, as far as it goes, is as real as any other part, and that all the parts taken together constitute the one, complete thing. We analyze it and we find first of all the warp, that is, the threads that run lengthwise on the loom; in the second place we find the woof, that is, the threads that run crosswise on the loom; in the third place we find the design, the figure, which is inlaid in the warp and woof, woven into them; and in the fourth place we find the color, the character, the spirit, the beauty and the power that live in the whole.

When we look into the experience of a normal and highly developed human being, we discover that it is one thing, a whole, and when we analyze it, we find that this whole is made up of parts, that each part, as far as it goes, is as real as another, and that all the parts together constitute the whole.

There is the feeling of self, the sense that one is a real being, that is aboriginal; without that there can be no experience; before there can be an experience, there must be a subject of experience; nothing can experience nothing. A real being is the subject of a real experience, that is the warp, the thread that runs lengthwise on the loom of existence. The ground of experience is the sense of self, the conviction that each self is an indubitable reality. I think, that is to say I am; I act, that is to say I am; I experience life, that is to say I am.

This self is set into the world of nature, and the world of nature is set into the world of the self. We feel nature a reality in us; we feel ourselves a reality in nature. Nature is in our self as fact, as beauty, as law; that is the woof of experience, the thread that runs crosswise on the loom of being. Together these constitute the real groundwork of existence; they each hold the other in place; they prepare for the richer development of life.

We are conscious that there are human beings other than ourselves, that we live in a human fellowship. This feeling is developed through home, play, school, friends; through the sense of community and humanity. This is the social design of our being set into the warp and woof of experience, woven into the sense of personality and the sense of nature.

In addition to all this there is the sense of the Infinite. Within there are unfathomable depths, unattainable heights; without there are immensity and eternity. Our life is filled and transcended by the Infinite. Here is the sense of God as the meaning, beauty, spirit and power of our whole experience.

Each of these parts implies the others; each is given with the others; all are found together, all work together, — self, nature, humanity and God, they are all woven together in one rational experience. We do not hunt for the self, for nature, humanity, God; we find them together in the whole of the living experience. If we should expel any one of these four forces, we should tear to pieces the integrity of our existence. Without the self there can be no experience; without nature there can be none; without humanity, and without God our human world simply could not be. This fact of the essentiality of these four forces to life explains the certainty of instinctive reason in regard to all of them. Men in general have little time to think beyond their practical interests; thus instinctive reason takes the place of speculative reason among the multitude. Instinctive reason assures men of the reality of the self, of nature, of other people, and of the Infinite. Here is the great, secure possession of unsophisticated man.

When we ask how each one of these four feelings becomes distinctly articulated we ask one of the subtlest and deepest of all questions. How does the sense of personal being emerge in the infant life? In what way does the sense of the reality of nature come to the infant consciousness? How do we come to be sure that human beings other than one's self exist? How do we gain the distinct and mighty consciousness of the Infinite as our God? All great psychology is concerned with finding the origin, and in tracing the history of these four aspects of the one human experience; and all great philosophy is concerned in testing the validity of the results attained by the psychologist. Philosophy is thus a critique upon experience; it is the great rational examiner of the content of the spirit; its motto is the noble Socratic confession that "the unexamined life is not worth living." [1] This task is not an attempt to reduce to emptiness the living reality in the heart of man; it is a work of critical sympathy and understanding, the aim must be the appraisal by reason and to reason of the wealth of the experience of the human being, the recognition of its reality and the rational ascertainment of its worth.

I am concerned here and now with this question only: How does the sense of the Infinite be-

[1] *Apology*, 38 A.

come distinct and regnant in our life? There are several introductory answers to this question which must be stated before I come to what I conceive to be the final answer.

We are conscious of the pageant of nature and of humanity, the cosmic and the human procession; it is beautiful, pathetic, tragic, passing in wonder and tears. Whence came it and whither goes it? It cannot constitute the whole universe. Heraclitus said it is impossible to bathe twice in the same stream; his disciple Cratylus censures his master for the moderation of this statement, claiming that it is impossible to bathe once in the same stream, since all things are forever in movement. Cratylus continues that it is impossible to define or describe any thing or event; for while we speak the thing or event has ceased to be and another has taken its vacant place. One can only sit in the presence of this wonder of eternal change and point. That contention fairly enough exhibits one side of life and life's environment, — the evanescent. There must, however, be another side; otherwise the entire universe would finally vanish. Let us listen to the Platonic Socrates on this point: "There is no difficulty," said he, "in understanding what I say; but to take an example, if there were such a thing as going to sleep without any corresponding waking again, generated from that which is asleep, you know

that at last Universal nature would make the famous Endymion a mere farce, and he would be altogether eclipsed, because everything else would be in the same state as himself, asleep." [1] Here science takes up the tale and asserts that the quantity of force in the universe is always the same. There is therefore the permanent amid the transient; there is the independent upon which to hang the dependent; there is the original behind the derivative, the eternal behind the temporal. Here is one step, one and only one, but it is a step into clearness.

In another way men have articulated their sense of God; this way is by finding in the universe an embodied thought. The universe is a wonder to the unsophisticated intellect; it gives the natural, one might add, the inevitable impression of being the expression of indwelling mind. Its order and method and movement lend themselves, as it would seem, to the theistic interpretation. Nothing great that man creates is without mind, the greater the human production the greater the utterance of mind. With this experience the mind of man, standing in the presence of the vastness and wonder of the physical universe, is as it were constrained to resolve it into a declaration of Intelligence. Addison's fine hymn, the best utterance of the impression made

[1] *Phaedo*, 72 C.

by the stellar universe, upon instinctive reason, in ecclesiastical poetry, is close to the experience of the unsophisticated mind:

> "The spacious firmament on high,
> With all the blue ethereal sky,
> And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
> Their great original proclaim."

In full sympathy with Addison's hymn are Bacon's words: "God never wrought miracles, to convince atheism, because his ordinary works convince it." It is indeed difficult to resist the impression that the universe is the utterance of creative mind, in spite of the dark things that fringe the impression.

There is a still more intimate way in which men articulate their sense of the Moral Deity. The heavenly vision comes to youth, when love comes, when marriage comes, when parenthood comes, when the great human cause is laid at the door for help. To put that heavenly vision into life means the triumph of man, to fail means the descent of the human being to the level of the brute. The task is here defined for the human being; it is accepted, let us say; the struggle begins; the strong will is countered by stronger passions; the ship cannot cross the bar to start on its voyage because of the strength of the tides that oppose it. The arrest of the young idealist follows, his peril, his grief, and finally, his prayer.

He opens his whole heart in invocation to the Soul of the universe, and wins the sense of sufficient power. He returns to his task equal to the great emergency, and possessing in himself the witness of the help of the living God. The moral history of the true men of the world is rich in this type of experience. The mark set up beyond the wild seas of passion has been followed; first in despair, then in desperate hope; finally the appeal to the Infinite and the moral response of the Infinite to the soul, has issued in prosperous, joyous power. The triumph of man at his moral task, the equivalence of his spirit to his moral opportunity is through the strength of the Eternal. In this type of experience God is known as the adequate inward equipment, as the sufficient grace of the soul.

There is still another way, the greatest of all ways, I believe, of bringing to distinctness the consciousness of God. The good is the path to God. Here we must ask, What do we mean by the good? The answer is in one word, satisfaction. For man, for rational being anywhere, beyond perfect satisfaction there is nothing. Truth is the satisfaction of the intellect; the intellect asks for nothing beyond that. This is the truth. The intellect replies, "I am satisfied." The æsthetic sense calls for beauty, and when beauty comes it is satisfied, it asks for nothing

beyond. The conscience calls for right, and when right comes the conscience is satisfied and asks for nothing more. The heart cries out for love and when that comes the heart is satisfied. Truth is the satisfaction of the intellect; beauty is the satisfaction of the æsthetic sense; right is the satisfaction of the conscience; love is the satisfaction of the heart. All these satisfactions gather themselves into the Absolute satisfaction which is the Absolute good, the Absolute God: "I shall be satisfied when I awake in thy likeness."

II

Four examples, two philosophies and two religions, will constitute four supporting arguments in behalf of the validity and greatness of this way of bringing into clearness and power our instinctive sense of the Infinite mystery as our God.

Plato in his greatest Dialogue, "The Republic," sets out to find justice. In his quest and as a help he analyzes the human soul and discovers that it consists of three parts, — reason, spirit, appetite. There can be no justice in the soul unless each part does its own work and does it well. In that case, when each does its own part and does it well, there will be harmony in the soul, and that is justice in the individual. Plato concludes that in order to see justice written

large, he must organize a state, an ideal state, and this he does. He has three classes in the state, — wise men, men of courage, the artisan class. Justice in the state means that each class does its own work and does it well. Then we have harmony in the state, as we had harmony in the soul; in each case that is justice, individual and social. Plato further discovers that it is impossible to attain harmony in the soul, or in the state, without the vision of the Absolute Good; the Eternal satisfaction is in God. We must move through our psychic life and through our political life to the Eternal; when we see God as the Absolute satisfaction, we are able to come back and organize life personal and social in light and truth and peace. Here is an example of a great mind, seeking through life the Absolute Good; he was led in his search to all that he meant by God. Good is the satisfaction of the finite soul; good is the satisfaction of the Infinite soul; good is the highest name for God. Why callest thou me good? There is none good, save God. Good is experience both in the finite spirit and in the Infinite; it is, in the last analysis, Infinite experience satisfying finite experience; "O satisfy me early with thy mercy."

Aristotle in his Ethics asks the question, What is the chief good? In answer to this question he names three different views of good. The sensu-

alist holds one view, the lover of honor another, the philosopher still another. It is the view of the philosopher or wise man that counts. His view is that the final good of man is the exercise of what is highest in the soul; this is mind on its speculative side, and secondarily on its ethical side. Morality is the temporal form of the pure spirit, in the conventions of human society; thought is adjusted to reality; truth is the eternal interest, and the highest development of the rational soul is the supreme good. The highest good of man is an approach, in favored moments, to the eternal good in the mind of God. God lives in the pure eternal vision of himself, as the truth and perfection of the universe. This is not the whole story. God is the universal object of desire and love because of his perfection. God as the perfect good or satisfaction moves the universe; he moves the universe below man through the desire that does not understand itself, through the desire whose issue would be a share in his life; he moves the rational spirit of man through love of the highest, and thus draws the soul to himself. Aristotle is another instance of a great thinker — a greater never lived — setting forth in quest of the ultimate satisfaction and ending in the vision of God.

How great Aristotle's thought is may be seen from the use that Dante makes of it. Dante's

Beatific Vision is nothing but the idea of Aristotle in ecclesiastical and poetic dress. Further, if Aristotle's idea of God as the ultimate irresistible moving force of the universe, moving all worlds by his perfection — if this idea were allowed its full consistent expression, it would at once cancel Dante's Inferno. The power that moves the poet from his entrance into Hell, to his arrival among those who look upon the glory of the Highest, is the eternal perfection of God; that has almighty power; nothing can remain where it began to be; upward in search, consciously or unconsciously, of the Infinite good, it must rise; and if its capacity calls for completion, along the highest level, if it is a soul, it can rest nowhere short of the vision of God, the final, complete satisfaction. Dante's Hell is a logical blunder, no less than an ethical horror. It is built in the path of a universe, still more in the path of a humanity moved irresistibly by the Eternal perfection, and drawn toward the vision of that perfection. This is the logic of Aristotle's quest for the good of man; man's quest is a sign that God's influence is over him, that the spell of the Eternal Mind is upon him from the first; the quest itself can end in final satisfaction nowhere short of the vision of the Perfect One.

These two thinkers, Plato and Aristotle, the greatest, the most original, the purest in their

love of truth in the whole history of philosophy, can find nowhere short of the Deity, the good for which man longs, the good for which man was made. The long search for the complete satisfaction, through mistake, against ignorance, in struggle against delusion and folly, ends at last in the beatific vision. So the toil of these two vast interpreters of our human world ends.

We turn now to the witness of the two greatest religions, Buddhism and Christianity. Buddhism has a profound and melancholy passion for the good. The good of Buddhism is the negation of life. Life is desire, desire is will, will is for that which never is, never can be; the will to live is misery. The good of Buddhism is quenched desire, the reversal of the will to live, the cessation of misery in the cessation of being. Extinction of individual existence is the final Buddhistic beatitude; and the path to this beatitude is the path of holiness and all tender humanity. If life is evil, if existence is a calamity, if the universe is against the lover of being, Buddhism is the profoundest and the noblest of all religions. It is the religion of transfigured despair; it is the surrender of life as misery; it is surrender by the noblest possible method, the method of selfsacrifice, humane service, gentleness, spiritual meditation, transcendental cancellation of existence. No God is here needed, because the good sought is wholly nega-

tive. Buddhism is, therefore, with complete consistency, pure atheism. There is no substantial soul, human or divine; all life is illusion, all consciousness is bitterness and woe; the descent to complete extinction by the path of holy love is the sole path of heart's ease and lessening pain. Buddhism is the monumental pessimism; it is the most majestic epic of human melancholy within the compass of history; it is the via dolorosa of the millions that have found life to be an insupportable burden, an infinite misery. Let us not mock, rather let us revere; here is something of its kind unsurpassed, unsurpassable. Fairbairn has written with true insight and sympathy in these words: "There is no image so familiar in the East as his; he sits everywhere, in monastery, pagoda, and sacred place, cross-legged, meditative, impassive, resigned, the ideal of quenched desire, without any line of care or thought to disturb the ineffable calm or mar the sweetness of his unsmiling, yet gracious face; a silent deity who bids the innumerable millions who worship him become as blessed by being as placid as he is." [1] Here as everywhere good is sought; but because the good is the negation of life God is not needed; no place is left for him.

What is Christianity? Adolf Harnack has answered in one great sentence: "Eternal life in

[1] *Philosophy of the Christian Religion*, p. 270.

the midst of time, by the strength and under the eyes of God." [1] The goal of Christianity is the Absolute satisfaction, the peace of God that passeth all understanding; it is life at its maximum in measure and quality; life freed from all sin, all sorrow, vexation, strife; life filled with the consciousness of the Infinite worth, reconciled, and moving to grander issues in the love and service of God. The good that Christianity offers to the world is a share in the Infinite love and peace, an ever-increasing participation in the life of God. The city of the living God; there is the goal, the eternal satisfaction of the soul, according to the Christian religion.

Great religion, even more than great philosophy, lays open to its depths the soul of man and the Soul of the universe. It is the authentic mirror of the law of man's spirit and the order of God's moral being. Christianity is greater than Buddhism because it reflects the desire to live inalienable from normal man, because it hallows that desire out of the Infinite, supports it, guides it, transforms it from selfishness to love, and satisfies it in God. Christianity is the epic of the spiritual dignity of man, the insight that converts the struggle and sorrow of existence into the discipline by which the pilgrim of Eternity is purified and made meet for the habitations of the

[1] *What is Christianity,* p. 8.

saints in light, the grace that subdues all discords to harmony, that makes man's work of worth to God and his bearing in time of moment to all worlds. Christianity has endured, Christianity will endure, because of its insight and grace; because it lays open the passion unquenchable in man's heart for good, and the process of life, ordained by the Eternal Spirit. Deeper than all deepest philosophic teaching concerning man's nature and God's, is the teaching of Jesus. It has come down to us in the form of epigrams, detached sentences, single paragraphs and parables; even so the authentic nature of man and the answering Soul of the universe are here mirrored as nowhere else. We cherish the work of the great philosophers and religious seers chiefly, at least when life in its mystery and majesty is our problem, as we do the chorus that supports the single incomparable voice. That single voice is the searcher of the depths and the heights; the multitude of the great and noble come to blend their voices with that of the Highest and the Best. The Christian religion in its insight and grace, in its vision of man's passion for good, and in its presentation of the heavenly Father as the Infinite good, is the ultimate illumination and peace.

This insight and grace once in the world, the world must thenceforward be new. Christianity is indeed an event in history, a new birth of the

Eternal in the past; it is more. It discloses the moral structure of our human world today; the constitution of humanity shines in its light, and must ever so shine. It is as when at sea one looks into a glorious sunset astern of the ship; it is a great sight, an enchanting backward vision; its highest significance is that it reveals the hidden glory of the light through which the ship has sailed the entire day, through which every ship must sail every day, even when clouds gather and tempests rise, from the beginning of the voyage to the end. Our contemporary world remains unknown till it is seen in the light and fire of the vision and passion of Jesus.

The power of religion is in its insight and its concreteness. All intellectual power of any account addresses itself to experience; it seeks to ascertain the value of experience as reality, and reality as experience. Science is concerned with sense experience, aided and extended by sense instruments; of this sensible wonder science has thus far been able to give a strict account of only a small part. Art addresses itself to æsthetic experience; all its insights are at the service of the beauty that has arrived in the human heart; and worlds beyond the discovery of Art are still hidden in that realm of joy. The philosophy of religion is concerned with religion as an experienced reality, as a reality open to experience, as the Di-

vine reality in the grand process of human souls. All intellectual power detached from experience, and otherwise engaged, is but the rattle and clatter of empty machinery; the worth of the religious insight is that it lives at the heart of the religious experience. This means that theory when it is outside the experience, the concrete reality, is impotent; it is great only when it is the interior illumination of the living order of reality; then it is like the Sun, placed at the centre of the solar system, whose light flows outward flooding all the worlds that belong to that system and still going forth on a universal and endless journey.

Nor must one forget that while philosophy may live an independent life, in the great systems of the past, handed down from age to age; that while Art may live in the creations of beauty when genius has become nameless and forgotten, religion can last only as it is renewed in the personal experience of the living. Religion must be re-born with each new generation, in order to live. It is once more inseparable from the character of the living; it is like the evolving star, whose light and heat are of its essence; if the star dies its splendor is quenched at the source. For this reason the witness of great religion to the structure of the soul, its chief desire, the ways in which that desire may be chastened and exalted, and the character and bounty of the Infinite, is a

profound contemporary witness. The eyes of great religion are always open; they scan the heights, they penetrate the depths and bring back the most authentic tidings concerning the mystery of life and the universe that we know.

III

Let us now look for a moment into the wild heart of the world. Is the world of men in the quest, the tremendous quest of the good? I think we cannot be wrong in giving an affirmative answer to that question. Consider the phenomenon that now confronts us. Here is the man whose good is money, chasing it every hour, working himself sick to horde it and to increase it. What is the motive? He thinks that is good. He is chasing an illusion, but the illusion to him is good. Here is a man on his way to the grogshop; what takes him there? Satisfaction; he thinks he will find it in his glass of beer or his bottle of whiskey. You say that is a terrible mistake; yes, but for him, and for the moment it is no mistake. Thus one may take all the foul unspeakable life of the world; it is all animated by the desire for satisfaction. One sees the fashionable woman running from one circle to another, wearing out her nervous system, her temper and her clothes, though she may have a lot of them, and may have the desire to display them all. What is she after?

She is seeking satisfaction, good. We may say that she is foolish; but she thinks she is wise. We see the poor dancing girl, if we happen to go to that sort of a show, dancing her soul away to please those who long for front seats in the crater of the sleeping volcano of vice. She, too, is seeking satisfaction. That is the tragedy of the world; multitudes of beings are seeking good, that is, satisfaction, where it cannot be found.

There does not seem to be any human experience answering to the cry: "Evil be thou my good." To desire evil as evil and for its own evil sake is an utter contradiction; it is indeed pure nonsense. To make one's good that which is evil to others is a common experience; it is what occurs in every act of theft, dishonor, selfishness. The will is, however, directed upon what is or seems good to it, even if stealing a man's purse, robbing his house, or killing him, is involved in the act. Revenge and the lust of murder are not pursued as evil for the will that pursues them; to that will they are good, and the fact that they involve suffering to others, is either part of the good sought or it falls out of the main account. That upon reflection the person who indulges the spirit of revenge becomes more or less aware that his act inflicts injury upon himself, that experience raises in the heart of the bandit the question

whether the lust of murder does not involve the lust of suicide, does not count at the moment. Milton's Satan, unless we interpret his character in a special way, is an impossible person. Pure evil would mean swift suicide; the pure evil cannot be an object of desire; it must undergo transformation; it must appear as good.

The traditional conception of the Devil sorely perplexed the poet Burns. Such depths of wickedness were past all understanding:

> "Hear me, auld Hangie, for a wee,
> And let poor damned bodies be;
> I'm sure sma' pleasure it can gie,
> E'en to a diel,
> To skelp an' scaud poor dogs like me
> An' hear us squeal."

The action is possible through the pleasure sought; it appears small to the victims, but great to the Devil; it is not evil to him but good, and his action, while the Devil remains in this mood of abstraction from what is good and evil to others, is completely rational. That this rationality is apparent and not real, that what is pure evil to others can remain good to any mind under the discipline of experience is another question. This problem Burns raises in the last stanza of the poem quoted:

> "But fare ye weel, auld Nickie-ben!
> O wad ye tak a thought an' men'!

Ye aiblins might — I dinna ken —
Still hae a stake:
I'm wae to think upo' yon den,
E'en for your sake!"

The two kinds of good are here distinguished, the good of passion, and the good of reason, the good of selfish feeling and the good of wisdom, the good that is illusion and the good that is reality. In this chaos of conflicting goods, in this wild mixture of illusion and truth, the world is caught. There would be no hope for the world did it not desire essential good and hate essential evil, did it not possess the capacity for illumination through reflection, did it not have the power of learning through suffering, and of making the exchange of the false for the true.

The Greeks represented this world-pursuit of apparent, elusive, unreal good by two myths, the myth of Tantalus, and the myth of Sisyphus. Look at the great illusion in Tantalus. He stands in Hades up to the neck in water, tortured with thirst; he stoops to drink and away goes the water. There is Sisyphus, rolling the stone up out of the valley, trying to get it on the mountain top, and as he is about to heave it clean on high, down it rolls into the valley again. That is the type of the world, seeking satisfaction where none is to be had; that is the tragedy of man and it comes by mistake. Nobody desires evil, nobody

desires to be lost; nobody wants to go to hell; and here is the opportunity of great religion, — to uncover the vast mistake in which men wallow, to show that this good is only apparent, not real. The highest function of all teachers is to show the profound and terrible mistake of the world, and to recall it from a vain and woeful quest.

Look now at the contrasted type, the man who rises every morning to do his duty, to be honest, and loyal; to do no wrong to any human being, to help lift life wherever he goes. This man's satisfaction increases more and more till the peace of God settles on his face and operates as a holy spirit in his heart. The good sought through wisdom always brings one nearer home, brings one at last to God. Recall here Jesus' two builders, the man who built his house on the sand and the man who built his house on the rock; they were both seeking good, a home, a place for the treasure of life. But one built his house on the sand, and the rain descended and the floods came, and the winds blew and beat upon that house, and it fell. There is the disappointment, the defeat of life through mistake; there is tragedy through mistake. A man who has made a mistake can be taught, can be illuminated; the world can be saved by illumination, by education, by the Spirit of God. The man who built his house upon the rock got his satisfaction through wisdom; his good was real and eternal.

We sometimes think of the wise man and the unwise as not very far apart. They are indeed as far apart as they can be; the reason that they do not appear as far apart as height and depth is that most of us are both wise and fool together. If you could get a wise man and if you could get a complete fool, it would be clear that they are as far apart as East and West. The whole process of spiritual education aims to get the mistake out of life and to get the wisdom into life; and the Eternal is standing behind all our strivings and beyond all our strivings, revealing in the burden and sorrow of our being our vast mistake; pressing upon us from himself wise thoughts, vivid insights, pressing like the tide in the river, moving the volume of his satisfactions back into our hearts.

The Puritan objection to this reasoning is that it makes too much of mistake, too little of the perverse will of man, and that it provides too easy an escape for the wicked to accord with the integrity of the moral order here and hereafter. As to the first count in this indictment, that too much is made in this discussion of mistake, the answer is that the contention is supported by all enlightened psychology, ancient and modern. "No one errs with his will," was the Socratic maxim. This maxim is subjected to the most searching examination by Aristotle in the seventh

book of his Ethics, and while he does indeed considerably amend the Socratic doctrine, he is compelled by his own analysis to confirm its general soundness. Psychological and ethical analysis today issue in substantial agreement with the Socratic insight. Education, enlightenment as to the nature of the essential good is our motto in all our work to reform and uplift our fellowmen. Perversity of will would seem to be itself a subtle form of ignorance, a twist of the mind due to entanglement in the meshes of an evil fascination, an impotency resulting from a type of experience essentially bad, but with certain unexhausted possibilities of pleasure in it, that rise up and hide the general and deep illusion. The psychology of the victims of drink, sensuality, dishonor, cowardice, theft, over-done egoism of every sort, will I believe justify this analysis. The whole thing is a cheat; yet the cheat is a pleasant cheat, and ignorance of the counter experience backs for a while, at least, the ignorance that is the subject of the repeated disappointment.

That the idea of good as the sole final interpretation of man's life provides too easy an escape for evil-doers, is itself a profound mistake. Men commit suicide and men lose their life by mistake; different moods accompany the act; the issue is the same. Men kill their fellows through

passion and men kill their fellows through mistake. Again the feelings that accompany the act differ widely, but the result is the same. The world in which we live is a world of law. The house that is set on fire by the incendiary and the house that is burned by the over-turning of a lamp, from the mistake of a child, both are destroyed. The moral analogue to this has been put in these imperishable words: "Be not deceived; God is not mocked; whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap. He that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life eternal." [1] There can be no doubt about the fact of suffering for wrong-doing, whether the wrong-doing is held to come from ignorance or from pure perversity of will. The same universe that is heaven to the saint is hell to the sinner. The real question is, What does the universe teach by this response of bliss to the good man and of woe to the bad man? What in each case is the intention? I can believe in no other answer to this question than that which says, the universe means to give light. It means through joy to confirm the righteous man in his righteousness and through pain to convert the wicked man from his wickedness; it is the movement of the Infinite in the tides of woe as illumination, deliverance and freedom. The

[1] Gal. 6:7.

integrity of the moral order stands fast; it is not however a moral order that is blind; it is not fate with cruel indifference; it is the heavenly Father of Jesus purging the sight of a foolish child and leading him homeward, by the path of hurricane and fire.

I pause here to make place for a lyric of rare truth and beauty; a lyric that describes, with fidelity to the sense of mystery, the movement of the soul of man, through time, in quest of the good, the good that is only another name for God.

"O stream descending to the sea,
Thy mossy banks between,
The flowerets blow, the grasses grow,
The leafy trees are green.

"In garden plots the children play,
The fields the labourers till,
The houses stand on either hand,
And thou descendest still.

"O life descending into death,
Our waking eyes behold,
Parent and friend thy lapse attend,
Companions young and old.

"Strong purposes our mind possess,
Our hearts affections fill,
We toil and earn, we seek and learn,
And thou descendest still.

"O end to which our currents tend,
Inevitable sea,
To which we flow, what do we know,
What shall we guess of thee?"

Only that it is other than our fears, brighter than our most radiant hopes, able to greaten the volume of our life while we move toward it, and by its return upon itself, able to make us all over at last into its own inviolate and mighty tides. The mystery of God is indeed infinite; it is however the mystery of Eternal reality; it is goodness and mercy transcending comprehension; it is the mystery that is the goal of humanity, whether men move toward it through the vast discipline of mistake, treading the fiery path through the wilderness of illusion, or whether they climb homeward by the high, heroic way of the wise and dutiful mind. Because all men desire good, good only and good forever, our race carries in it the possibility of salvation. The wise take one way, the unwise another; by a different discipline they cross the sea of time; yet is the structure of the human heart such, and the grace and light of the Infinite, that we may hope:

"But O blithe breeze; and O great seas,
Though ne'er, that earliest parting past,
On your wide plain they join again,
Together lead them home at last.

"One port, methought, alike they sought,
One purpose hold where'er they fare, —
O bounding breeze, O rushing seas!
At last, at last, unite them there!"

CHAPTER III

PERSONALITY IN GOD

I

THE ancient distinction between the quick and the dead is a valid distinction. We are sure that a stone is without life, and we know why we are sure. In the first place the stone has no power of self-movement, and in the second place it is without sensibility. Everything that is without the power of motion and without sensibility falls outside the sphere of the living. This distinction that the power of self-motion and sensibility are the infallible signs of life we inherit from the Greek thinker, Aristotle. Wherever one finds the power of self-movement and sensibility, there one finds the signs of life.

As soon as life appears in the world mind appears; the larger the quantity and the higher the quality of life, the larger is the power and the higher the quality of mind that accompanies it. One of the most interesting of modern studies is the presence of mind in animals; with the growth in the recognition of mind in animals there has naturally come the more considerate treatment of them. The recognition of animal sensibility to pain has at length become a civilizing force in

the life of man. Brutal must he be who ignores this kinship between his dog and the members of his own household.

It would seem that mental life in animals is of the kind that we call instinctive. It is frequently mind in forms of which we human beings know nothing, like that of the migrating bird or fish. In general, mind in animals would appear to be a habit growing out of sense perception, expressing an inherited tendency of unusual strength. Habitual mental action conscious of itself, but without memory after the action is performed, would appear to be the main characteristic of animal intelligence, and much of our human experience enables us to understand this characteristic. A business man comes home late, tired and absorbed; he opens the door with his latch-key, hangs up his coat and hat, goes upstairs, and after a little winds his watch and puts it under his pillow, the usual place. A member of his family, as a joke, calls out to him, "Why did you leave your latch-key in the door?" "Did I? How foolish I was!" "And why did you not hang up your coat and hat in the usual place?" "Did I not? I am sorry." "Why did you put your watch away without winding it?" "That was stupid of me, was it not?" In each case he knew exactly what he was doing at the time, he was completely conscious of it, but there was no

memory of it, and when the charge was brought against him which I have just recited he was unable to defend himself.

This illustrates a great part of the mental activity of the animal world; it is clear at the moment but it is without permanent memory, and this brings us to the aspect of mind to which we give the name personality. What do we mean by personality in man? The sense of reality as a rational and moral being, and that sense reflected and supported in a permanent memory. For example, here is a procession that goes through a hall, single file; the men, as they go through, are conscious that they are going through the hall. When they have passed in at one door and out at the other there is absolutely no sign left in the hall that they ever went through it. Now suppose that the walls of that hall are sensitive photographic plates, and that each human being is photographed as he passes through; the immediate consciousness is thus attested and supported by the memory of the hall. That is our mental life. From moment to moment we perceive that we are rationally and morally real; from moment to moment memory photographs that reality; we are able in this way to go back through the years well on toward the beginning of life, and trace the reality through our memories. Memory itself would seem to be the registered, perpetu-

ated successive consciousnesses of our personal reality.

Can we analyze this reality to which consciousness bears immediate witness, which immediate witness is attested by permanent memory? Can we say what that reality is? Surely we can say something about it. It would seem to imply three things: the vision of the moral end; a programme for the realization of the moral end; and in the third place a progressive realization in experience and through effort of the moral end. The lost son in the parable of Jesus cries, "I will arise and go to my father." There was the father and the old home as the goal; there was the programme to return; the moment that he started homeward there was the progressive realization of the end. Paul writes, "This one thing I do, forgetting the things which are behind, and stretching forward to the things which are before, I press on toward the goal unto the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." Moral goal, moral endeavor and an experience increasing in the wake of the endeavor; these are the core of the matter. Personality means at least this: reality witnessed by immediate consciousness, supported by memory, flowing into the vision of an end worthy of our best devotion, forming a programme for the attainment of the end, living in an increasing realization of the end.

The body is the instrument of the personality, but it is not the personality. It is the indispensable instrument of personality; if we did not have a body we should not be in this world. Still the body is not personality, but the servant of personality. Personality resides in mind, in mind that knows itself as mind, whose immediate knowledge is supported by memory; mind in the vision of an end, mind in the power of devotion, mind in the sense of a greatening moral experience.

II

Is God personal in the sense described? Is he mind? Does he know that he is and what he is? Does he live in the vision of an eternally worthy end, eternally compassed through his will, eternally realized in his perfect experience? Can he communicate his thoughts to other minds? Can other minds communicate their thoughts to him? Are God and man so constituted that each can hear the other's call? If so, God is personal and the only complete personality, as Lotze says, in the universe.

In the thinking of man about the Infinite there is to be noted a conflict between two opposing tendencies, the tendency to regard God as an Individual, conceived according to the type set by the individual human being; and the tendency

to dwell upon God as infinite, as being, in the highest sense, the sole real being in the universe, as in fact the one substantial life to which all other forms of existence are to be referred as modes, as the bubble to the stream, as the wave to the sea, as the light to the sun. The Christian doctrine of the Trinity is an attempt to combine in one faith both these ideas, to conceive God as Individual and Transcendent, and at the same time as the indwelling life and soul of the universe. The attempt to show how these two views of God may combine, has never so far been a philosophical or a dialectical success. That however is a small matter; truth is greater than reason; reality is not to be limited to the scope of the finite mind. The many-sidedness of being, of supreme being, may be puzzling, may be indeed for the understanding, an absolute mystery; yet we are not on this account justified in denying the reality of any aspect of that many-sidedness.

We must be on our guard against the consistency of the one-sided thinker, however great his influence and fame. There is the assertion of God against humanity, the idea that God's greatness means man's nothingness. Jonathan Edwards was impatient of any endeavor to limit God; he came near completely wiping out the reality of man in his treatise on the Will; with Edwards nothing can stand against the glory of God. An-

other great thinker, Emmons, who preached for many years in the town of Franklin and died at the age of ninety-six, one of the great men of New England, held that all our exercises, good and bad, are the product of God. Emmons so reasoned because he could not allow anything to stand in the way of the grandeur of God. And Spinoza makes all men modes of God; they have no real existence; God is the only real being in the universe. Here follows the leading metaphysician in the English-speaking world today, Dr. F. H. Bradley. His book on "Appearance and Reality" is a plea for the sole reality of the one Absolute Being. Bradley in his latest book, "Truth and Reality," admits that God may be personal, but if so that personality limits him.

The virtue of this over-emphasis upon the life of God must not be disregarded. We owe to it the thought of God as the indwelling spirit and life of the world. The greater richness of our modern thinking is due to the virtue in this "Higher Pantheism," as Tennyson calls it.

"The sun, the moon, the stars, the seas, the hills and the plains
Are not these, O Soul, the Vision of Him who reigns?
. . . . . .
Speak to Him, thou, for He hears, and Spirit with Spirit can meet —
Closer is He than breathing, nearer than hands and feet."

In prayer, it used to be claimed by Calvinists, all men are believers in the absolute sovereignty of God. This over-emphasis of the reality of the One against the many appears in our hymns,

> "Our blest Redeemer, ere he breathed
> His tender last farewell,
> A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed
> With us to dwell.
> And every virtue we possess,
> And every victory won,
> And every thought of holiness
> Are his alone."

The Pauline, Augustinian, Calvinistic, Edwardian tradition of emphasis upon the sovereignty of God is apparent in this hymn; it is the language of feeling and accords with the thought of John Scotus Erigena, Bruno, Spinoza, Schelling, Hegel and Bradley. It shows admirably one relation of their conception of God to the interior life of mankind; it presents in tender words the meaning of the Indwelling Deity to the whole circle of human interests and hopes. Still it presents a view of God with over-emphasis, a view indeed shocking in its one-sidedness. It runs counter to one of the surest axioms of the life of the spirit, Shall a man lie for God? There has been an astonishing amount of lying, philosophical and theological, done in the supposed interest of the glory of God.

The opposite view, the idea that God is to be

conceived as individual and personal, has, again and again, run into extremes that reduced God to an absentee from the universe. He is purely transcendental and detached; the order of the universe is not his will; the beauty in all worlds is not the bloom of his spirit; the conscience of man is not his sanctuary; the love in human hearts is not of his inspiration; human ideals of goodness and truth and beauty, and the sublime struggle for the highest are things entirely apart from God's life. Upon all this he looks from afar; he is in heaven and man is upon earth. The entire process of the intellect, conscience, heart and creative will of mankind is separate from God; men work out their own salvation with fear and trembling for there is no present God to work in them to will and to do. This isolation of God from man and the universe would be disastrous were men logical beings; even when modified by all benign inconsistencies, we have here a thought of God that is never without peril.

How can we combine the idea of God as both transcendent and indwelling, as other and more than the universe and at the same time in it? On the simple ground that both ideas are necessities of faith. Does personality limit God? It does. It means that we are not God, and that God is not we. God is not the whole thing; he made us and he can unmake us; but he cannot

make and unmake us, in the same sense and at the same time. Personality does limit God; it denies that God is everything; its relates him to souls that he made and that are other than he. This sort of limitation is in the nature of things. Mr. Bradley cannot escape it. He divides the universe into Appearance and Reality; the Appearance is not the Reality; the Reality is not the Appearance. There is a relation between these two differences; if relation limits, it must limit from within no less than from without. The Reality is limited by its own appearances; it is therefore not Absolute; it is not the whole of being, it is finite. The only scheme that could avoid limitation in the universe would be one that should rule out of the universe all difference, all contrast, all relation of every kind. Such a scheme would be, not an account of our universe, but a pure hallucination.

Religion, the Christian religion, admits no metaphysical Absolute. God and the souls of men are other and different. He is real and men and man's world are real. Christianity overcomes this dualism in its own better way; it holds to a moral Absolute. Men live and move and have their being in God; through their free consent, because of his infinite worth God becomes all in all. The metaphysical Absolute cancels the reality of man and man's world; the purely trans-

mundane Deity reduces man and his world to practical atheism. Christianity asserts both the reality of the Infinite Father, and man his child; it unifies these two orders of existence in the moral process in time and beyond; its hope is in the moral absoluteness of God through his increasing ascendency, and one may add, his ultimate moral sovereignty in and over all souls.

III

Something should be known upon this profound subject, of the form under which God lives, from the process of religious experience. Abstract reasoning may easily err here; metaphysical possibilities and impossibilities are, at best, in a region somewhat remote from the highest fact, the soul of man in its wrestle with God, and as it veritably lives in God's life. Philosophy must not be accepted when it does violence to the highest experience. Religion as an experience is the product of two forces, — the soul of man and the Soul of the universe. All religion that is not blind ecstacy, that is not absorption and loss of consciousness in the Deity, sees two sides in the experience, — the side of God the all-worthy object of worship, and the side of the worshipper. Even when religion becomes a trance, before and after the trance, that is before the devotee has

lost his mind, and after it has returned to him, the duality in religion is clearly recognized. The soul leads its own life except in those rare moments when it becomes a few unconscious pulses in the being of the Eternal. If the state of elevation were continued longer, it might be that this religious epilepsy would pass off, like any other fit. Such an experience is clearly of an abnormal type; it is confined to people to whom religion is simply an intense emotion. Unity with the Supreme Being, even in the highest moments, may be a moral unity clearly reflected in the consciousness of the human soul. Jesus says, "I and my Father are one"; the unity is not identity; it does not mean that Jesus ceases to be Jesus, that he has become a moment in the soul of God. It means concurrence of ideals, powers, achievements and hopes between Jesus and his Father in heaven. Two personalities in an experience of profoundest moral union; that would seem to be the plain meaning of the words of Jesus. So in his hour of trial, "If it be possible let this cup pass from me; nevertheless not my will but thine be done." In the Lord's Prayer the reality of man and man's world is asserted over against God: "Our Father." The great appeal is not for the absorption of man's life in God; it is for the moral sovereignty of God's will in the universe. To cancel the integrity of the human soul in

Christian experience is to make nonsense of the whole thing.

When we enter the religious experience of ordinary mortals the two sides of religious reality are seen to be essential. The soul under the sense of sin is far from feeling that it is a metaphysical nothing. Here personality becomes the clearest, acutest reality: "Against Thee, and Thee only, have I sinned and done this evil in thy sight." The soul is here conscious of its guilt, and conscious of the standard that measures its guilt, the holy soul of God. The publican goes to the Temple, stands afar off, will not lift up so much as his eyes to heaven, smites his breast and cries, "God be merciful to me the sinner." Again the human personality is in sharpest relief against the Divine reality. The publican would revolt at the idea that his wickedness was a part of the one Ineffable experience, and that he was only one of the automatic actors, dramatis personæ, in the tragic movement of the Eternal.

The two sets of experiences, those that belong to man, and those that belong to God, cannot be ascribed to one susbtantial being without outrage to reality. There can be nothing more real than great religious experience; it means on the human side the sense of sin, penitence, restoration, moral strength, achieving power, growing harmony between ideal and actual, and unlimited

hope; on the Divine side it means compassion, forgiveness, inspiration, the relation of friendship, unceasing help. It means that God is the infinite worth, and is the subject of all the experiences that go with infinite worth; again it means that man now puts his trust in the All-worthy, that his delight is to live his life in the vision of the All-worthy, and pour out his soul, at due times and seasons, in adoration of him. The union is profound; it is, however, the union of souls that differ, and the reality of their union depends ultimately on the reality of their difference.

Religion according to Jesus is the highest friendship. It is so regarded in the Old Testament. "And Moses spake with God face to face, as a man speaks to his friend." [1] Is there here any light upon the nature of the Infinite friend? Surely there must be. All true friendship lives in the power of certain ideas and beliefs. Each friend believes in the reality of the other. Your friend is not a fiction, an imagination, a mere vision, a dream, — he is a reality, — with you and other than you. Each friend believes that the other is mind and that he knows he is mind. Your friend is not an automaton, he is not a curiously wrought machine, he is not a synthesis of bones and muscles and flesh and veins and arter-

[1] Exodus 33: 11.

ies and a nervous system minus a soul; he is a mind. So you believe. Each friend believes that he can share life with the other friend, that thought and emotion and innermost life can pass from one to the other. Your friend is not a lake, isolated, nor an inland sea, tideless; the tides from your soul may enter his and the tides from his soul may enter yours. Each noble friend believes that his friend has a moral programme for this world, a moral task, something great and significant to bring to pass, and each friend meets the other at a greater depth because of union in a common task. There are the stars in the belt of Orion, each set in its own place to illumine a bit of the darkness of night, and when they shine together and together scatter the night we may suppose they know one another in that function of illumination. These ideas and beliefs are indispensable to friendship; — existence, existence that knows itself, an existence that can be shared, existence that can enter fellowship with another existence in the execution of a noble task.

All great religion lives in the power of certain ideas and beliefs. Every truly religious soul believes in the reality of the soul of God. Your God is no fiction, no manufacture of yours, no imagination, no mere vision or dream; he is a rational reality with you and other than you. Every truly

religious soul believes that God is mind, that he knows he is mind, that he is not blind force or mere law, or abstract destiny, but mind, and that he knows he is mind. Every truly religious soul believes that God's life may be shared, that something of his life may pass into the compass of the Infinite consciousness, and that God's thought and goodness may be shared to some extent by his finite devotee and worshipper. Inevitably the river seeks the sea; the whole configuration of the earth sends it thither; by the momentum of its own being it goes. Inevitably the great ocean seeks the river, lifts it, greatens it from itself and draws it home. So God's life enters man's when man is religious; so man's life enters God's when man is religious. Every truly religious soul believes that God has a moral programme for himself; eternally worthy ideals, eternally won through his will, that that constitutes his eternal beatitude. And every genuinely religious soul believes that God has a programme in time which illumines and greatens the programme of the individual man and takes these individual programmes up into itself as it goes onward.

> "Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
> And vexed with trifling cares
> While thine eternal thought moves on
> Thine undisturbed affairs."

These, then, are the beliefs and ideas without which religion would perish in an hour; the reality of the Soul of the universe; the belief that he is mind, that his life is sharable with other souls, that he has an eternal task forever done and a temporal task in the performance of which we may meet him and know him at a greater depth.

There is, of course, mystery here, inscrutable mystery. Sense experience is two-sided, and yet how very little we know about the reality of nature, or how much to ascribe to the influence of the outer world and how much to impute to the human mind and its receptivities. The different and even contrasted opinions of philosophers about nature, the conclusions of the idealist, the realist, and the neo-realist show how difficult the subject must be. The length of time over which the controversy extends is another indication of the complexity and subtlety of the problem. Is he right who says that nature is what the senses of the ordinary man declare it to be? Is the external world what the idealist finds it to be, a phase of the Absolute spirit? Is nature a sign-language between the mind of man and the mind of God? Is the physicist right in reducing the mighty material order that we behold to atoms, and again to ions, till the universe of matter is stripped of extension, mass and weight, till it

turns out to be a collection of invisible, inaudible, intangible energies? Here is the outer partner in sense experience and we find it impossible to attain to any one prevailing and universally acceptable judgment about the essential character of this partner of our life. What can one say to these things?

The mystery of nature must be admitted, the obvious limitation of our knowledge. But this is not the whole story. All know that nature is real, even when unable to define this reality. All confess that nature and the human mind are marvellously fitted the one to the other. Nature melts, in a constant stream, into our five senses; we live upon her bounty. Her facts are the beginnings of knowledge, her hospitality and richness are the basis of all our economies; we discover her laws, know her ways since the beginning of the world, and we can predict with certainty what she will do tomorrow, and how she will behave a year, a century, a thousand years hence. She is a source of beauty, and in thus ministering to the human spirit she lifts it beyond the mere physical and economic levels. She is evidently an embodied thought, the organized expression of a Supreme Will, and in this way she becomes the introduction to the Absolute mystery that rules her and looks through all her wonders. Thus it is, while we cannot name nature to please

every one, and while it would be empty boasting to pretend that we comprehend her character, we know her well enough to recognize her as the constant companion of our being from birth to death, to acknowledge that we have derived good both from her sweetness and austerity, to affirm that she is a sure friend, always ready to chastise our ignorance, rebuke our recklessness and meet our insight and loyalty with ever vaster disclosures of power. Then, too, we may know her immeasurably better bye and bye; that is both the scientific and the human hope of the world today.

We admit at once the mystery of our spiritual experience. The divine side of it is ultimately inscrutable. But that is not all. The Infinite enters the soul of man as vision, love, power; a great life is lived by the truly and profoundly religious soul, and there is a contribution made to that life by the Eternal. Much lies in this experience that no man has yet been able to fathom; but some things are clear. The human soul looks wistfully toward the Infinite as the bird in the nest, nearly fledged, looks skyward. For each the appropriate reality is waiting. Mind answers mind, Love greatens love, Life increases life, Spirit meets with spirit, penitences lift themselves to the Eternal honor and Pity, prayers become avenues for the incoming strength, as from the reservoirs of the Infinite bounty. Com-

munings of heart with the great Universal heart, trust in the Ultimate integrity there are, and peace in the midst of strife, falls upon the agitated soul, as from beyond the stars. The law of the spirit of life is clear; many things are clear, one for example, that God is our refuge and help, a present help in time of trouble. We may hope to follow on to know our God, in a profounder experience to be able, like one of old, to wrestle the hidden secret into a name. Here is our hope, that with Jesus we may be able to say, with insight, not less than custom, with knowledge, no less than faith, Our Father; that we may yet be able to join Paul in his great discovery, "I know whom I have believed." The Infinite partner in the life of our soul is with us in mystery; in one sense, surely, his presence is past finding out, yet are there great clear outlines and vast hopes when religious experience deepens itself to the depths.

IV

When all allowances are made for the mystery of God it must be said that certain experiences of religion seem to be completely dependent upon the reality of personality in God; and it should be added that these experiences are of the highest moment for life. If God is to be the standard character of the universe, as all great religion

believes, he must be personal. His intellect is the truth, his heart is the love, his will is the goodness that is lifted up as the standard of all finite striving. Plato says that the final end of man is to be like God as far as that is possible for a man. For Plato God is the standard character of the universe, and what illumination there is here for all human life, what dignity and peace in the tumult of our strivings one need not say.

Jesus said, "Ye shall be perfect as your heavenly Father is perfect." Endless time for an endless task; God the standard character of the universe and all human life in pursuit of an ever-greater share in the eternal truth and the eternal loveliness; here is the Eternal light. The great cry of the Psalmist is, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the mountains; From whence shall my help come? My help cometh from the Lord, Who made heaven and earth."[1]

The apostle of Jesus first says, "Be ye imitators of me"; then, "Be ye imitators of Christ."[2] Jesus carries the imitation to the highest, "Be ye imitators of God." That is the method of all great religion; it is the deepest principle in Christianity that always seeks to conform human life to the Infinite. The fundamental idea is that the Soul of the universe is the pattern for all souls.

If God is to understand our life at all, and if we

[1] Ps. 121: 1–2. [2] Philippians 3: 17, 2: 5.

are in any way to transcend our poor, human depressions, it would seem that God must be personal. Take the classical expression of great religion in the 103d Psalm:

"He will not always chide;
Neither will he keep his anger forever.
He hath not dealt with us after our sins,
Nor rewarded us after our iniquities.
. . . . . .
As far as the east is from the west,
So far hath he removed our transgressions from us.
Like as a father pitieth his children,
So the Lord pitieth them that fear him.
. . . . . .
Remembereth that we are dust."

Could any one coin such words of light and fire out of anything else than the sense of the compassionate soul of God entering the darkened and troubled souls of men? These wondrous words flow not from a bare notion, but from a unique religious experience. The experience is a confession of something that has become a reality in the life, — God's understanding soul, his sympathy and compassion. These experiences are either one of two things, they are either pure illusions or they are authentic witnesses of the comprehending mind of God.

On the other hand, the beatitude of great religion is to get beyond the merely human point of view. When the prophet of the exile makes

the announcement of the contrast between the thoughts of God and the thoughts of his people, he has, in his discovery, to some extent at least, transcended the earthly point of view.

> "For my thoughts are not your thoughts,
> neither are your ways my ways, saith
> the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the
> earth, so are my ways higher than your ways,
> and my thoughts higher than your thoughts."

With this accords the religious experience of Christian men; they obtain a mind above the world, and they would say with the poet Daniel,

> "unless above himself he can
> Erect himself, how poor a thing is man."

What is this but the life that throbs in the great words of Augustine: "Thou hast made us for thyself and we are restless till we repose in thee."

Our human life is in the valley. The sunlight comes so late, the sunlight goes so soon, the shadows are so deep, and the stars over head are so few. But there is the mountain summit with the great observatory upon it; then the world in light is at our feet and the great, solemn, clean, pure starlit universe spread open to our eyes. Religion comes into the depths to tell men that God is pity, to lift them up to the height where they may feel the unfailing, infinite majesty of God's plan for the world. Search the gospels through and not a syllable of pessimism can one find in the

teaching of Jesus. When everything was going to wreck, his word was, "Heaven and earth shall pass away but my word shall not pass away." If worship is to be anything short of a farce it must be offered to Self-conscious Mind, Self-conscious Worth. Unless given as a tribute to the Infinite soul, the homage of the religious world is nothing but a sad superstition. The sign of the tobacconist used to be, an Indian figure, standing in front of the shop, glistening with varnish, grinning, and holding in one hand a bunch of cigars. We have, all of us, at times, paused to admire those fine Indian gentlemen, but no one of us ever was so foolish as to think of trading with them. When they are in their senses, men do not trade with wooden images. Many of us have seen that illustrious piece of sculpture, the Venus of Milo, in the great French gallery in Paris, and we have admired the marble as moulded by Greek genius, for its dignity, its freedom from everything base, its complete womanhood; but again no man in his senses ever thought of falling in love with that piece of marble. There is no possible reciprocity between the Venus of Milo and man's soul; she is only a piece of stone, after all.

It must never be forgotten that apostrophe is not worship. Recall here what Byron says, to the stars,

"Ye stars! which are the poetry of Heaven ye are
A beauty and a mystery."

The stars hear not, heed not the poet's homage. Take the same poet's more famous apostrophe to the ocean:

"Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean — roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin — his control
Stops with the shore.
. . . . . .
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play —
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow —
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

"Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convulsed — in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving; — boundless, endless, and sublime —
The image of Eternity — the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone."

Magnificent poetry indeed; but, if it is addressed only and solely to the Atlantic ocean it is entirely thrown away. And if we put in place of God an infinite ocean of being, our prayers, our praise, our worship addressed to it are pure vanity. If worship is to be a great, sincere, reasonable exercise, it involves the reality of the

soul that offers it, and the reality of the Soul that receives it.

We return to the two-sidedness of great religion. Buddhism is great religion; it is one-sided; and does not this fact destroy the value of the testimony of the two-sided religion? It does not appear so to me. Buddhism is the religion of despair. It has made the discovery that there is no Infinite worth in all the universe to worship. It has found that the universe is Godless and helpless, that life is misery, because life is will, and will is misery because there is and can be no satisfaction for the will to live. It has further found that the great beatitude is to cease to be as swiftly and surely as possible, that this is impossible except by the path of holiness and loving service. The ethics of Buddhism are surely lofty, but they are unapproved by the universe; they are somewhat reduced in value when they are looked at as a device for the achievement of psychic suicide. With all their beauty and sweetness the moral maxims of this great religion are a means to a somewhat selfish end, to be relieved of the burden of being. The reply would be, of course, that this is the best that poor souls can do; it is justified by the nature of the case. I grant it; but the previous question returns, May not Buddhism be in error as to the nature of the case? Is it not precisely because Buddhism is

one-sided that it is the great religion of despair? If it would let the Infinite into life and allow the Eternal to record his will and power there, perhaps the nature of the case might appear one of boundless hope, and not as now, one of absolute despair. The vast and fatal error of Buddhism is here: it is a one-sided religion.

The mood of James Thomson is one of scorn, altogether different from the good Buddhist; still the question arises when he speaks, Is he right in regard to the nature of the case? Let us hear him state his findings:

"O melancholy brother, dark, dark, dark!
O battling in black floods without an ark!
O spectral wanderers of unholy night!
My soul hath bled for you these sunless years,
With blood-drops running down like tears:
O dark, dark, dark, withdrawn from joy and light!

"My heart is sick with anguish for your bale;
Your woe hath been my anguish; yea, I quail
And perish in your perishing unblest.
And I have searched the heights and depths, the scope
Of all our universe, with desperate hope
To find sure solace for your wild unrest.

"And now at last authentic word I bring
Witnessed by every dead and living thing;
Good tidings of great joy for you, for all;
There is no God; no Fiend with names divine
Made us and tortures us; if we must pine,
It is to satiate no being's gall."

With such a discovery, Thomson's mood seems to be much more in accord than the mood of the Buddhist. The only thing that might change Thomson from scorn to love would be the further discovery that love is the only path to quenched desire, and therefore the only way out of the City of Dreadful Night.

The fatal error in all Thomson's melancholy is that he is prejudiced, preoccupied, closed to further light; that this Universe gets no chance or a poor one, to say what it is, and what it can do for the soul of man. The experience embodied in the lines quoted, is a one-sided experience; it has indeed a tragic human value, but as a record of reciprocity of being between man and the Infinite it has no value at all. It is to be ruled out as pathological.

It must be noted that religion and art differ in essence. Art is always and legitimately a one-sided experience. When one looks upon a glorious sunset; when one considers a great work of art, one does not even raise the question of one's value for the beauty that is beheld, or the possibility of its knowing of the admiration felt for it in the sensitive soul. Beauty floods the mind, alike from the face of nature and of art, from the Matterhorn and the Great Pyramid, the beauty that knows not itself, the beauty that has no being save in the mind of the lover of beauty; as

an experience this wonder of æsthetic emotion is subjective, it involves no reciprocity; it is one-sided. There are conditions beyond the mind that make this beauty possible for experience: but they hide themselves from the human mind. It is enough for the artistic feeling to be met and to be satisfied; it is enough to be made to forget, for a few great moments, the sordidness and trouble of the world, in the consciousness, the radiant consciousness of loveliness.

Art is not religion, nor is religion ever normal when it approaches the nature of art. Spinoza's disinterestedness is shown in the famous line, in which he sums up his religion, "He that truly loves God must not desire that God should love him in return." It is very noble in Spinoza to feel and to write in this way, but why should Spinoza deny to God the nobility of loving worth in a human soul when it appears there? The truth is Spinoza puts the lover of God far above the God that he loves. Spinoza's lover of God loves God because he is worthy; and the philosopher thinks it a compliment to God to relieve him of the obligation of loving worth in the human lover of it. This will never do. It is religion under the form of art; it is the one-sided religion in which the Eternal gets no chance or a poor one to tell his name and declare his character.

In great religion God and man, the Soul of the

universe and the human soul meet in the process of life at its utmost tension; it is there and not in an abstract philosophy that the reality on either side of the experience is most clearly disclosed. There are, of course, many moods and phases of religious feeling; there is room for the austere lines,

> "Great God how infinite art thou,
> What worthless worms are we,
> Let the whole race of creatures bow
> And pay their praise to thee."

Our days are as an handbreadth, our foundation is in the dust, we are crushed before the moth; cease from man whose breath is in his nostrils, are expressions, which might be multiplied indefinitely, of man's nothingness in the presence of the Eternal. The ninetieth Psalm is one long incomparable lament over this aspect of life. Still, when religion moves upward from mere sentiment into the sphere of moral purpose, then always the personality of man is greatened in the personality of God. When crisis after crisis comes, and the human soul meets its hour of trial in the sense of the Infinite helper, the reality of the soul receives astonishing accentuation. The temptation of Jesus is the supreme example. He went into it with a vision of the meaning of his life as the Son of God; he came out of it with a Gospel for mankind. The accentuation of personality, in deep

religious experience, is written on every genuinely religious document in all history. This accentuation is two-sided; it is objective and subjective; it falls upon the personality of God and upon the personality of man, as in Matheson's great hymn:

"O Love that will not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in Thee;
I give Thee back the life I owe,
That in Thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be.

"O Light that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to Thee;
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in Thy sunshine's blaze its day
May brighter, fairer be.

"O Joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to Thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be.

"O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from Thee;
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be."

CHAPTER IV

FATHERHOOD IN GOD

I

It is well to remember, as we face the most fundamental, and the most precious of all Christian beliefs, that all views of the Infinite are of the nature of interpretations. It is well to remember, too, that on the surface, there is much to justify the several views that are in contradiction to one another. Those who find the Ultimate thing in the universe to be matter, are interpreting the Ultimate through their bodily life; those who take the Ultimate to be blind Force or Fate, construe the mystery through Will abstracted from intelligence; those who conclude that the Eternal is mind, but impersonal mind, use as the instrument of interpretation mind, alienated from the form in which we know it, personal mind; they who believe in God as a bare unit, a pure egoist, employ the individual man as their standard, while they who find in the Deity a social nature, the basis of the social nature of mankind, look at God, as Jesus did, through the family relation. There is no way of approaching the Supreme reality except in, and through, and by the nature of man. It is either this phase of our human na-

ture or that, — body, will, mind, the egoistic man; or it is the entire man, the social soul which we employ as our standard of interpretation.

It is not implied here that the process is in any case arbitrary. The thinker who believes that the Ultimate reality is matter, in the sense of chemistry, or physics, does indeed use the phase of his experience which we call body as the medium of his appreciation; but he thinks he is justified in his procedure and conclusion by the facts of scientific observation. The idea of the universe as Will cannot be understood apart from the consciousness of will, in the thinker; still this thinker insists that the one feature in the Infinite that appeals to him is will, nothing more, nothing other, nothing less. The case stands the same with all the other varieties of interpretation. There is no approach to a possibility of knowing what lies beyond us except through some phase of our own experience; but the phase of our experience selected need not be an arbitrary selection. It may be a selection made in pure homage to that which we take to be the truth, or the nearest approach to the truth possible to mortal men.

Here we raise another question. Since all things that exist, exist by the Will of the Infinite, which power within our life, or without our life, yet falling within our experience, shall we select and employ as our principle of getting at the Su-

preme character of the Eternal? Shall we employ the whole confused mass, and say all is God, and God is all? The result will be unethical pantheism. Shall we use the lowest that we know, and declare that the essence of being is the atom, or that which goes to make the atom? The result will be that the basis of all highest life, science, art, love, wisdom, is an unthinking somewhat. Shall we select something higher, mind, but refuse to think of it as magnanimous and compassionate mind; shall we hold with J. S. Mill that it is mind, but mind clearly unequal to the task of perfecting the universe? The issue will be a pale, ineffectual theism, capable indeed of organizing as helper of this cosmic mind, laboring with a task too great for it, the resolute and audacious spirits among men, but utterly incapable of inspiring worship, winning trust, imparting consolation, and creating hope. Shall we begin by doing homage to the Infinite mystery? Shall we begin by laying it down as an axiom that God must be as good as his own best work? Shall we go on to declare that the best work of God known to us is the soul and the ministry of Jesus of Nazareth? Shall we contend that God must be as good as Jesus, as much on the side of humanity? Shall we make the great venture of construing the character of the Eternal mystery through the highest that we know? If we make this

choice, the issue will be essential Christianity as our philosophy of life, as our confession of faith.

We must at this point ask another perplexing question. How do we know that there can be any progress in thought? On what ground are we justified in holding that one body of opinions is nearer the truth or further from the truth than another? Here is a body of traditional opinion; if you wish to upset or abolish that body of opinion, on what ground is your wish or your effort to be approved? Christians have inherited certain beliefs from the past about God and about God's dealing with mankind. There is the Calvinistic system. Another order of thought is rising out of the troubled life of our time opposing and supplanting that older Calvinistic belief. Why should the new set of opinions be nearer the truth than the old? On what ground do we claim advance for one set over another? Is there any other test than like or dislike? Consider any group of human beings in a church, and a large number of them in other respects intelligent people, but stupid here, will say, "I prefer the faith of my mother and my grandmother, my uncle and my aunt, to this innovation." Such persons prefer a sentiment to the use of their intelligence; they run their business by their judgment and their religion by an inherited feeling. Like and dislike are here the only sure tests of truth.

If we appeal to the Bible and say here is the test, we get into new difficulty. There is the God of Israel who sanctioned the extermination of the Canaanites; there is the God and Father of Jesus: which is the true view about the Infinite? There is the pessimism of Ecclesiastes and there is the Gospel of John: which is the truth about human life? There are the imprecatory psalms: "Happy shall he be, that taketh and dasheth thy little ones against the rock," [1] and there are the Beatitudes. Which is the truth? Both views are in the Bible.

We here discover that a fundamental principle is necessary in order that we may know when we are retrograding in belief and when we are advancing, and that fundamental principle is the perfect goodness of the Deity, the absolute love of God. That is the assumption of Christian faith. It cannot be proved. There is much to be said in its favor, but it is still left in mystery. Without that assumption Christian faith could not last. The perfect character of the Infinite explains all that is best in man's nature, individual, domestic, communal; it underlies all that is greatest in the heroism of history, all that is richest in the life of the Christian centuries; it is the master-light of all our seeing, and it accounts for the life of the Perfect man, Jesus. Without this as-

[1] Ps. 137: 9.

sumption that the Deity is perfect we cannot decide between one set of opinions and another. With this assumption as a standard we may hope to revolutionize the world and finally expel every base superstition, every unworthy belief, every thought that degrades the character of God and the character of man in the presence of God.

Consider for a moment how this principle has operated. The idea of the God and Father of Jesus is finally getting into the mind of our leading Christian people. Look how it has met and expelled the opinions that I am about to name. Within one hundred years it was held in this city of Boston, and all over the Christian world, that those who died without having heard of Jesus in this life, without having accepted him as their Saviour, were turned into eternal hell. They had no chance to hear him, they had no opportunity to accept him, they did not know that he ever existed, but that made no difference. Take for example our greatest missionary society, the American Board, the society that is in the vanguard of our world service today. It was founded by men who believed that God was carrying the wicked people of the world on a Niagara current to their doom, and that Christian people on earth must speed to outspeed God. Less than one hundred years ago babies were baptized, as Benjamin Franklin was in the Old South Church in

Boston two hundred years ago, as soon as possible after they were born that they might avoid perdition in case they died in infancy. Of all the uncounted millions of human beings that have lived in this world only the elect were saved and the rest went to their doom. Further, among church members, among decent, devout people, only those who were consciously converted, who had a distinct, conscious, religious experience, had any reason to believe that they were accepted of God; further, it was held that all religions outside of the religion of Jesus were idolatries, and hateful to God.

These opinions reigned in New England and elsewhere within a hundred or a hundred and fifty years. They have all gone. What has driven them to their doom? The presence of the mind of Jesus, with his great, fundamental principle of the absolute love of God. The conviction has spread that no idea is to be admitted as true which degrades the character of the Infinite Being.

We note here what we have a right to demand of our religious teachers. I sometimes think that any mountebank can go into any church, and if he is a glib talker, that he can carry any congregation with him. Serious men and women will say, Was he not great? Against this sort of calamity we must appeal to our tests. We must ask, Does

a teacher of religion deepen religious feeling, augment the power of the Christian heart as it bears upon the will in its fight with evil? Does he add to the volume of worthy feeling and to the power of worthy purpose? Is he a creator under God of a great religious experience? That is the first test; and the second is this, Does he exalt the mind in all its thinking about the character of God? Does he fill this exalted mind with a determination to admit no idea as true that degrades the conception of God, that blasphemes his perfect Love?

If these two things were demanded by all our churches of their religious teachers there would be fewer clowns and showmen in the Christian pulpit. I do not speak thus to give an opinion in advance, but I ask the reader to judge on this principle every revivalistic adventurer who may come to town. Many, in their large charity, wonder if after all he may not be heaven-sent as well as heaven-born. Let men ask themselves these two questions: Does this new apostle deepen in the soul the finest Christian feeling? Does he add to the power of the will against every kind of evil? Does he help one to hate not only lust but lies, not only foul living but foul speech; does he exalt one's intelligence, elevate all one's thoughts of God and all one's thoughts of man's world as it lies in the sunlight of God's presence?

II

When we approach God, we recognize at once that he is known as Omniscient Mind, Almighty Will, Absolute Spirit, Eternal Ground of all that is, and, as the Nicene Creed says, magnificently, "Almighty Maker of all worlds, visible and invisible." These are some of the great designations by which God is known. We have for God a higher name; He is our Father, our Father in heaven, the Infinite Father of mankind.

What do we mean by Fatherhood in God? In the first place we use Fatherhood as a symbol. We take the highest feeling in the heart of a human father, his feeling for his children, of love, of tenderness, of compassion, of loyalty, and we use that as a symbol; we read through this human feeling the feeling of God toward mankind. The Psalmist says, "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him." [1] The Psalmist takes the highest human feeling, holds it up as a symbol, and reads the feeling of God toward men in that way. So the prophet reasons, "Doubtless thou art our father, though Abraham be ignorant of us, and Israel acknowledge us not." [2] The feeling of fatherhood in man is here the symbol through which we read, irrespective of human ignorance and the

[1] Ps. 103:13. [2] Isa. 63:16.

place we occupy in time, God's feeling toward men as his children. And so Jesus says, "Our Father, who art in heaven." The first meaning therefore of Fatherhood in God is symbolic; the purest parental affection is taken as a guide, an index of God's feeling for mankind.

In the second place, amid infinite differences between God and man, there are certain fundamental, everlasting identities between them. We are thinkers; so again, as the Psalmist says,

> "How precious are thy thoughts, O God!
> How great is the sum of them!
> If I should count them they are more in number
> than the sand:
> When I awake, I am still with thee."

Thinker here answers to Thinker, the finite to the Infinite. Here is one identity covered by fatherhood. Further, every normal man is a moral idealist; till he becomes a moral idealist he is not a man. Every normal person has a moral purpose to be expressed through his thought, his feeling, his action; a moral programme to be embodied in his career; a moral character to be won and imbedded in his life as a rational accountable spirit; a moral ideal to be pursued, to be served, and as far as possible, to be overtaken. We conclude that the true man is a moral idealist. So

[1] Ps. 139 : 17–18.

we conceive God; so the grand old hymn represents him:

> "Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
> And vex'd with trifling cares:
> While thine eternal thought moves on
> Thine undisturbed affairs."

We are poor, weak, inconstant, vagrant, moral idealists; God is the steady, Eternal Idealist; he is at once eternal ideal and eternal fulfilment. That is another identity between God and man covered by Fatherhood in God. Here is still another. Every normal parent seeks a mind of wisdom and a heart of tenderness toward his children. Thus we conceive God, so we mean when we call him Father; he has a mind of infinite wisdom and a heart of infinite tenderness toward the children of men as his children. The second meaning, therefore, of Fatherhood in God, is that amid infinite contrasts between God's being and man, there are certain fundamental and abiding identities.

In the third place we mean by Fatherhood in God that he is the responsible Author of our human life. There is something very great in this. What is the foundation of our feeling as father, what is the foundation of our obligation? That we are the responsible author of the life of another human being like ourselves. Here is the most solemn obligation that can be laid upon the con-

science of a human being. What do we owe that life whose responsible author we are? Protection, enlightenment, education, the highest moral influence that we can bring to bear upon it. One finds it hardly possible to overstate the obligation of a parent to a child on the physical level, on the intellectual level, and on the spiritual level. This is, from every point of view, the most tremendous thing in the life of mankind; a bad parent is the closest approach to the worst evil that we can name; a bad parent is about the meanest wretch looked down upon by the sun, or carried by the travelling earth through space. A parent is the responsible author of the life of another and therefore under the most sacred obligation to care for that life.

We apply this to God. As I have looked, for more than forty years, upon the reasonings of men concerning the character of God, I have met apologies for God that were the deepest insults. God can do as he pleases; so can any rascal if he has plenty of power. Whatever God does is right; exactly what any blackguard might say when he desired to justify his course in tormenting mankind. These apologies for God I call simply well-meant blasphemies. God is the responsible Author of the being of mankind, and as such he is under infinite obligations to the race that he has made.

I confess that I stand nowhere more at peace than I do on this ground. When I implicate the honor of God, and involve his whole character with the tragedy of time, I am sure that I am rendering him the homage of the absolute truth; I thus declare my belief that he will stand by his infinite obligation to his rational creatures in this world. If that is not homage I do not know the meaning of the word.

If a man tells me I can do as I please, and that whatever I do is right, I know he is a liar, and that he is not praising but insulting me. If a man tells me I am under solemn obligation in the whole circle of relations in which I stand, that it will be ill with me unless I honor my obligations and discharge my duties, that man strengthens me and honors me through and through. We honor God only when we reverently hold him as the responsible Author of the world's being, and recognize his obligation to human souls.

In the fourth place we mean by Fatherhood in God that our lives are essential to the meaning of his. Take again as example a human father at his noblest. Does he love only his strong children, his bright children? Does he wish his weak, dull children, his children who are easily tempted and led into sin, to go to the wall? This mood is simply the utmost blasphemy against the best in humanity. Suppose we approve the will to

power, and suppose we mean by *power* physical might; in that case we initiate a movement back to the blackest, the foulest, the cruelest kind of barbarism. The will to power so understood is the doctrine of a man who has shed his humanity. A father, the nobler he is, cares for the weak as well as the bright, and if there is a particularly ungifted, unfavored, handicapped member of his family, his heart goes out to that one, in unwonted tenderness.

The essentiality of men to God is on this basis. The feeblest rational being, the most wayward, the being smitten with the greatest outward calamity, and sunk under the weight of the greatest inward calamity, is under the special care of the Highest; if God is the Father of men, all souls are essential to the meaning of his life; thus I am as sure of human immortality as I am of the Fatherhood of God. Every new grasp that I get on the Fatherhood of God is a new assurance that souls live forever. If we can believe that human souls are essential to the meaning of God's life, we may rest assured of the immortality of man. It is well to recall the wail of a typical father, "Me have ye bereaved of my children: Joseph is not, and Simeon is not, and ye will take Benjamin away." In that case the meaning of his life was gone. That is the universal human truth; the meaning of a parent's life is gone if permanently

bereaved of children. What is true in man at his best, our faith in the Fatherhood of God says is true of God always.

Once more, Fatherhood in God means that he and he alone knows what is best for man. All the difficulties that men must face, all the heavy burdens that they must bear, all the loneliness and the desolation of life, are to be illumined by the faith that he, and he alone, knows what is best; as our world runs through the hours of the day and as it enters the dark at sunset the great universal force that controls it in the light controls it in the dark, guides it through the unillumined hours, even when pelted with storms and racked with hurricanes, guides it through the sombre shadows into the light of the morning. In joy, success, fulfilment of desire, growth along all the lines of our aspiration, we are able to recognize that God is good; God is our Father in these experiences. That is only half of human life; when we confess the Infinite Father we must look for his purpose in the darkness as in the light;

> "The sun set
> And all the ways were dark."

Yet the old world kept on its way, preserved by the benignity of the over-ruling powers. In the experience of every human being, the day is followed by the night, and faith in the Fatherhood of God means that this order is best.

III

On what grounds do men believe in the Fatherhood, or absolute love of God? To me existence seems an evidence of the love of God, because it is good to be alive. The Buddhist and the modern pessimist would deny that existence is good; they would claim that it is evil and the source of all evil. I believe that both are in error, and that the pessimist is not serious in his contention or if serious that he is speaking out of a devitalized body or a manhood wasted in sin. Besides, these pessimists marry, and bring children into the world, which they would not do, if they believed existence to be an incurable misery. The only logical programme for the pessimist is suicide. Life wisely understood and reverently regarded is a vast good.

Even if we hold that in giving us existence God's love is unwise love, still it would appear to be love. Everywhere creative power comes up out of the fountain of love. Consider Phidias working on his head of Jove, Michael Angelo hewing out the great form of his Moses, Raphael painting his immortal Madonna; in each case the glow upon the artist's face reveals the love that inspires the brain and guides the hand. All creative activity in all departments of our civilization has this origin; — in music, architecture,

sculpture, painting, poetry, — it is love that guides genius, supplies motive, and goal. Even in the arts that are not fine this contention is true; political institutions, achievements in science, great organization of human thought, in theology and in philosophy, all have their primal impulse in love.

Passing to the world of life we find that the lower animals are actuated by this instinct. Watch a hen brooding her young, or an eagle covering her nest; the same instinct works in both. You note the domestic animals, the dog and the cat, and their fondness for their offspring. You observe the same passion at work in the lion and the tiger. It seems to be a law of nature, that wherever creatures have the power to give existence to another creature of their kind, they are laid under necessity to love what they have brought into being.

When we come to human beings the case is not otherwise. All normal human beings love their children with a love that now resembles the ripples of the sea on the beach in a perfect calm, and again like the great sea in tempest; a love that is mild as a summer day, and then that goes in the fury of a great passion. Human beings are laid under the necessity of loving, serving, defending that which they have brought into being.

Thus analyzing, and thus understanding the

creative instinct in man and in the brute world, I judge that because God made us he loves us. We came up out of the impulse of his creative good will; having brought us hither, I judge that he loves us, now with the breath that is perfect peace and again with the fires and hurricanes of his Eternal truth.

Another evidence of God's love for mankind I find in the power which he has given to men to improve their existence. Human existence is not complete when it comes from the Creator's hand; it is then like the gold as it comes from the mine. It is theirs to make it like the gold, fit for the mint. Our bodily life is susceptible of great increase in efficiency, and in vitality; wisely treated our physical being may be for the most part a distinct joy. The senses may be trained in acute, alert, accurate, rich observation; when so educated they add to the volume and worth of our conscious existence. Memory may be so enlarged that it shall become a kind of granary for the winnowed wisdom, the gleaming truth that men have hitherto harvested in the fields of time. Imagination may be so amplified and elevated that men shall be able to dwell among the universal forms of beauty. Men's judgments may become sound and true, disinterested and wise, and as such become large and essential forces in the worth of existence. Above all, human char-

acter may pass from egoism to a noble altruism, from self-seeking to a great and pure love. This power which the Creator has lodged within man of taking his existence from the creative hand and improving it, is to me another evidence that God loves the life that he has made.

Another evidence still of God's love for man I find in the power which he has given to him of making his escape from the trouble, the tragedy of the world. Perhaps examples here are better than mere statement; there is the great hero of the Old Testament, Job. We find him, at first, prosperous, wealthy, with a large and happy family; he is famous, the centre of the homage and fidelity of his world. That is one picture. We see him again, and this time under repeated disaster, with his prosperity gone, his family annihilated, his fame no more, and in place of the confidence and homage of the community, their suspicion and contempt. In the heart of it all we hear him singing, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord"; again, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." That man had found a path out of woe into the world of peace.

It may be said that this is an ideal and not a reality. Let us then go to reality; we find it in a confession made by a Hebrew prophet, wrung out of his soul in the midst of the calamities that were

coming upon his race and upon all that he held dear. "For though the fig tree shall not flourish, neither shall fruit be in the vines, the labour of the olive shall fail and the fields shall yield no food; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stall; yet will I rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation."[1] Here is a path of escape from a world of sorrow authenticated through the biography of a real man.

The tragedy of history is seen at its blackest in the experience of Jesus. He did the world its greatest service; he deserved of it its best homage and its highest consideration. His reward was to be crucified between two thieves, to be crushed out of the world as a malefactor. How did he bear himself in his world of inversion of values, and blackest tragedy? The answer is in these words, "Father forgive them; for they know not what they do." "Father into thy hands I commend my spirit." When we read the great tragedies of the world, and find characters looming up all light against the background of gloom and terror, are they to be taken as mere dreams of the imagination, and not as revelations of the freedom and peace which are open to man in his world of tragedy? Because God has given to man this additional power, this power of escape from

[1] Hab. 3: 17–18. Print from English Revision.

the tragedy of the world, I judge that he loves man; loves him not in a sentimental or near-sighted way, — loves him as the general loves a hero whom he sends through the thunder and fire of battle, that on the other side in victory he may see that hero's face again.

Still another evidence of God's love I take to be the friends whom he has sent to enrich our lives. To an educated and noble mind all become friends who have done great things for this world of ours. Take for example all the great interests of man, industrial, political, artistic, philosophic, religious. Look at the great spirits who have made our world what it is, whose genius and power set others to work, the outcome of whose industry is our present habitable, civilized and prophetic world. The educated mind, thus expanded through education, takes into its friendship and solace these mighty ones of the earth. The educated person may go forth every day with the light of this standard upon his spirit, with a sense of life's dignity won in the presence of this world character and achievement. Good men are able today, as in all past ages, to thank God for the friends he has sent them, historic and contemporary. Friendship is an immemorial witness for the love of God and the God of love.

I judge that God loves men because of the

hopes which he permits them to entertain. It is a great thing to have a hope. As I go about among people, the thing that seems to me to make old age pathetic beyond words, is that hope for this world is nearly exhausted. Therefore, if the lamp of hope can be replenished in some way, if that light can burn more and more brightly, not only will it add to the worth and joy of existence, but it will become an evidence of his Character, who supports and who feeds existence. We are permitted to entertain the hope that this world shall become one day the realization of truth and righteousness. We are permitted to hope that some day there will be a new heaven and a new earth wherein righteousness shall dwell; that "Sorrow and sighing shall flee away," "The ransomed of the Lord shall return with everlasting joy upon their heads." We are permitted to entertain that hope for our kind; only those in whom the hope is strong know what it means for existence to be thus provided.

We are permitted to entertain the hope that we may, individually, make some small contribution toward the coming of a better state of society in time. The exhilaration that issues from this hope, and from the endeavor initiated and sustained by it is among the purest and most abiding of all human satisfactions. Men need not be fanatics, or blind optimists to possess this

hope; sympathy for human beings, the passion to relieve distress and the purpose to create power in the distressed, are the sole qualifications needed. In all the humane professions this hope is a creative hope; it is the fountain of the chief civilizing energy of the world; the indulgence of this hope, in service, is the spring of the best life, and the purest happiness of our time, and it does not fail because it is fed from the God of hope. If it be said compassion and compassionate activity are instincts, I reply that instincts of this sort are the inheritance from the godly.

We are permitted to entertain a hope for the world to come. Here there is more agitation and more concealed unbelief than anywhere else in the whole Christian creed; more fear lest death end all, more suspicion that beyond the grave there is nothing. If I may speak for myself, if I may take my existence as an evidence of the love of God, my power to make my existence good as an additional evidence of the love of God, my capacity to escape from trouble and woe as still another evidence of God's love for men; if I may read God's heart through the friends whom he has sent me; if I may entertain the dream of a better world in time, for future generations, and serve that better world as it lives in my dream, I seem to myself to have massed a great body of impressive evidence in favor of the

goodness or Fatherhood of God. If I am right in this view of the character of the Infinite, I conclude that I am permitted to hope that I am made to live with him in eternity. What is a cobweb in the path of a planet hurled onward by the power of the universe? What is physical death in the pathway of the Lord and Giver of life? If he wills that I live after death, live I shall.

In summary of the grounds of faith in the Fatherhood of God, let it be said, that he has given to men the dower of love, and we think that we cannot be wrong in believing that the Infinite is better than our best. We take the heart of the world at its best in the family life of mankind, and looking into it, what honor, what devotion, what self-sacrifice, what capacities for heroism we find here! And again we think we cannot be wrong in our belief that the Being who sent this bright effluence into the heart of the world is better than the heart of the world at its best.

Once more, Jesus lived out of his sense of his Father; his mind, with all its splendor, came out of that consciousness. His character was created out of the sense of his Father; his ministry of mercy and pure humanity came out of that same consciousness. Jesus is the product of his sense of the Infinite as his Father; we think we cannot be wrong in believing that God is as good

as his best gift, that God is as good as Jesus Christ.

In 1869, several years after his great bereavement, Thomas Carlyle wrote the following letter to his friend, Thomas Erskine, of Linlathen.

"Dear Mr. Erskine: I was most agreeably surprised by the sight of your handwriting again, so kind, so welcome! The letters are as firm and honestly distinct as ever; — the mind, too, in spite of its frail environments, as clear, plumb-up, calmly expectant as in the best days: right so; *so* be it with us all, till we quit this dim sojourn, now grown so lonely to us, and our change come! 'Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name, thy will be done'; — what else can we say? The other night, in my sleepless tossings about, which were growing more and more miserable, these words, that brief and grand Prayer, came strangely into my mind, with an altogether new emphasis; as if written, and shining for me in mild, pure splendor, on the black bosom of the Night there; when I, as it were, read them word by word, — with a sudden check to my imperfect wanderings, with a sudden softness of composure, which was much unexpected. Not for perhaps thirty or forty years had I once formally repeated that prayer; — nay, I never felt before how intensely the voice of man's soul it is; the inmost

aspiration of all that is high and pious in poor human nature; right worthy to be recommended with an 'After this manner pray ye.'"

The doctrine of Fatherhood in God is a doctrine of faith; it is not a demonstrated truth. It is a belief about the interior mystery of the Infinite supported by much, and opposed by much, in the experience of mankind. It is a belief about the universe, in behalf of our human world, supported by all that is best in that world; it is fitted to elevate, energize, gladden and console human beings; it is the belief that generates and justifies all other high beliefs. If God is the Absolute goodness and compassion, our human world is his concern, all righteousness has his approval, all efforts at righteousness are followed by his sympathy, all sin must reckon with his endless enmity, all penitence may count upon his pity, all strivings at reform may be sure of his inspiration, all union in the endeavor to cleanse the earth of moral evil may move in the tides of his Spirit, all grief may find consolation in his infinite love, all loss may hope to become, in the courses of the ages, eternal gain in him. If Fatherhood in God is the ultimate reality in the Infinite, as the Infinite is related to our human world, that world is glorious with meaning and with hope.

This is our faith; we cannot prove it true beyond doubt or question. We see clearly the opposing forces in the world-experience of men; we see, too, that these opposing forces lifted to supremacy over thought, would wreck society; we further see, that these intractable forces, these experiences that protest against Fatherhood in God, are amenable to the great generalization, found in nearly the same words, in Plato and in Paul: "All things work together for good to those who are dear to God" — the Platonic form; "All things work together for good to them that love God" — the Pauline form of the moral axiom.[1]

In the field of experience, therefore, Fatherhood in God would seem to have the merit of the best working hypothesis, and this is enough to secure its intellectual standing.

The deeper the working the deeper the assurance; that would seem to be the true account of the matter. A theory of swimming can never be satisfactory, even when it is clearly the best among theories, till one takes it into the water. There it is either refuted or confirmed; there experience, when it does confirm it, gives it an axiomatic character. It is so with faith. The theory of Fatherhood in God must be taken into the deep waters; it must be tested when all God's

[1] *Republic*, 613; Romans 8:28.

waves and billows are gone over us; it must be subjected to the profoundest and bitterest experiences, — as with Jesus, to rejection, contempt, outrage, crucifixion; and when it is proved adequate there, it issues as the fundamental truth of the world, — again as in Jesus at the end, "Father into thy hands I commend my spirit."

The Lord's Prayer comes authenticated out of the highest experience of the ages; it is besides, the best that man can say about the Infinite, the best he can say to the Infinite concerning the world of men. It is the deepest voice in history; the burden of humanity is in it; all that is highest in us cries aloud in its great words. It stands for the race of man, conscious of the depth of its humanity, calling upon the Eternal humanity, to cover it with his good will and peace.

Our Father who art in heaven,
Hallowed be thy name;
Thy Kingdom come,
Thy will be done in earth
as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread,
And forgive us our debts,
As we forgive our debtors.
And lead us not into temptation,
But deliver us from evil;
For thine is the Kingdom,
And the power, and the glory, forever.
Amen.

CHAPTER V

MAN THE HOST OF THE INFINITE

I

In philosophy, but nowhere else, one meets a mysterious kind of being called a solipsist. This person who gets his name from the combination of two Latin words, solus, alone, ipse, self, holds that the human mind can know nothing beyond its own states; he denies, therefore, that man has or can have a knowledge of minds other than his own. Such depth and height, length and breadth of metaphysical scepticism I have never met in a living human being, not even in an asylum for the insane. Solipsism is the philosophy of the absolute human egoist; it is the philosophy that abolishes, as far as knowledge goes, universal reality, and that fills the void thus created with the "I am" of the ineffable egoist who is all in all.

I have, however, met many times the sort of person who believes that he alone is worthy, that while other minds exist they do not count. Even so great a man as the prophet Elijah appears to have fallen into this mood. He cries out to his God: "The children of Israel have forsaken thy covenant, they have thrown down thy altars and slain thy prophets, and I, even I only am left."[1]

[1] 1 Kings 19: 10.

Symbolic of this state of mind is the familiar Scottish story: "Is it true, John, that you think that you and your brother Sandy are the only real believers in all Scotland?" "Aye, and I begin to hae my doots aboot Sandy." That sort of doubt is widely prevalent among earnest persons, still in the inhospitable stage of development; other minds do indeed exist but they do not count.

A wonder of this sort is suggestive to an awakened intellect. Think what we should be if we altogether ceased to entertain minds other than our own. What would a human home be, unvisited by any part of "the beauty and the chivalry" of its own generation? Who would wish to live in a home so detached and desolate? What would the individual mind be, unvisited by any of the higher minds of its own time, unvisited by any of the greater minds of the past? Could there be any acuter misery than this solitary self-imprisonment, than thus to be an outcast from the supreme intellectual fellowship of mankind? Milton's words of sorrow over his sightless eyes, seeking yet failing to find the light, would express a profounder grief and gloom:

> "But thou
> Revist'st not these eyes, that roll in vain
> To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn."

These reflections would seem to justify the

conclusion that hospitality, discriminating and yet generous, is one of the greatest of the intellectual virtues. It is a virtue that meets with many disappointments. Apollo now and then turns out to be no Apollo at all, but a humbug in the disguise of the god of light and sunbeams. He eats our bread, consumes our time, refuses our benediction and leaves behind the strong scent of the polecat. On the other hand hospitality has its divine surprises. The first Hebrew sat at the door of his tent in the cool of the day, and two young men came to him to whom he gave high welcome. These young men proved to be messengers of the Highest. "Forget not to show love unto strangers: for thereby some have entertained angels unawares."

The double character of our capacity to entertain minds other than our own has been hinted at; the range of both capacities runs through the universe. We are sadly familiar with the issue when the young man or woman entertains the wrong guest. Here is the system of education that recruits hospitals, reformatories, jails, all the black battalions of crime. Here is the deepest cause of the inexpressibly sorrowful waste of noble endowment and prophetic human life. The wrong guest has been invited and welcomed. When the mistake is of tragic magnitude, it appears thus:

"Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me from the crown to the toe top-full
Of direst cruelty! Make thick my blood;
Stop up the access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose. Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark
To cry, Hold, hold."

This is hospitality toward the immeasurable evil about and beyond us; this is the terrible call of the trumpet of blackness assembling to the aid of the depraved soul, the available wicked minds of the world. It suggests by the law of contrast the appeal to the good spirits, the cry for fellowship, on a grand scale, with the high minds of the race, the invocation sent through eternity calling for the help and presence of the Infinite Mind:

"So much the rather thou, Celestial light,
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
Irradiate, there plant eyes, all mist from thence
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight."

II

The apparently fantastic question returns upon us, How can one know minds other than one's own? Till that question is clearly answered, it would seem to be premature to think of entertaining them, especially of lifting our hospitality

toward the Infinite Mind. Is man as an intellectual being purely an individualist, and one without a universe, with no contact with the Eternal; or is he by nature social, a member of a kind, and does he live in "the being of the Eternal silence?"

Here are two notable women, historic or of the imagination, both beautiful, both supremely noble, Ruth and Naomi. The story of their love is among the precious possessions of mankind. How did these two friends come each to know the other? In the first place by pure assumption. Certain signs form the expression of the individual mind, the fire in the eye, the light on the brow, the glow on the cheek, the motion of the hands, the articulate sounds of the voice, the movement of the entire body. These signs one knows as the forms of the expression of one's mind when intellect is awakened and feeling stirred. When, therefore, one sees similar signs coming from a foreign centre of life, one infers that as in one's own case, so here, there is interior mind as the source of the expression. Interpretation of signs, guided by personal experience; that is the first step into knowledge of our friend. The assumption is made that the friend is real. In the second place each friend lets out toward the other a tide of feeling. The sea comes flooding in till you find it many miles back in the country; the great river rolls out into the sea and

you discover traces of its sweet waters far out in the deep; thus souls seek and search each other by their tidal sympathies, and become profoundly aware each of the being of the other. Finally a common ideal is beheld, a common task is acknowledged. Together these friends pursue and serve the ideal, together they work at the task; they bring to pass by their joint vision, sympathy and toil, some beautiful and vital result. In this way they become clear and indubitable realities to each other. Through instinctive interpretation of the sign-language of the personal mind, found coming to one from an alien centre, through the flow and counter-flow of sympathy and through co-operative creative wills, Ruth and Naomi rise into a fellowship of souls whose reality no sane mind can question. From the one personal centre to the other comes the cry of endless affinity, a cry surely among the most exquisitely beautiful in all history: "Entreat me not to leave thee, and to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me."

In this way men find the living God. When the heritage of faith has lost its power, when the

habit of belief has sunk to a soulless mechanism, when Eternity has become void and the spirit in man, in universal bereavement, is moved to examine anew life and life's infinite environment, where the re-examination does not end in vanity, the issue is something full of wonder. Here is sign-language, in the earth and in the depth of space; here is an ordered cosmos "where day unto day uttereth speech and night unto night showeth forth knowledge." Here is a world in covenant with man, seed time and harvest in impressive recurrence; air for his lungs, earth for his home and servant, the friendly skies for his ally with sternness enough to prevent sloth and to keep him in motion toward higher power. Here, too, in hill and valley, mountain, sea and stream, in flower and star and bird is beauty for his heart. In the history of his kind there emerges that which is best known as moral law, in the sphere of mind the grand analogue of gravitation in the physical order. Purpose, ascension, seem to be clear over wide tracts of time, and while origins and goals are lost in the cloud, the intermediate movement is a tragic sign-language of utmost moment. Vast, impressive, benign and yet terrible, as a whole, boundless and inscrutable, is this aggressive appeal. Is there any way of getting behind it, of grasping its meaning? What if it is the infinite counterpart of that sign-language

used by the speaking mind of the individual man? What if we are here in contact with Cosmic mind, Historic mind, Absolute mind? Assume this to be so and begin the search. Here emotion, sensitive, penetrative, far-reaching, comes into play. The Deity behind the boundless sign-language comes through it to meet the seeking heart of man. Sympathies merge, Divine compassions and human thanksgivings blend, like two streams, the White Nile and the Blue Nile, the Euphrates and the Tigris, and make one river, the river that makes glad the city of God. The co-operation of creative wills follows, as when all planets and stars join the great sun in the illumination of this earth. The Kingdom of God, the reign of God as love in the hearts of men, by their joyous consent and co-operating might; — there is the region where the Eternal mind is known as the life, strength, companion and consolation of the world. In Judah God is known; words symbolic of the vital movement here described, beginning in the assumption that behind the immeasurable sign-language in nature and in humanity there is Eternal mind, going forth in sympathy toward a great discovery and ending in the assurance of the fellowship of creative souls.

III

Our next question concerns human hospitality toward the Infinite Mind. How do men become the host of the Highest? In two ways, the first of which is inevitable. Here is a child, fortunately born, let us say. Its mother's being lives in it inevitably. In Carlyle through his entire career and in the delirium of death his brilliant and pious mother lived; she was in the constitution of his being, ever-present and potent. So with another great man. Monica held her place in her son Augustine's life till all that was inconsistent with her character was driven from that passionate soul. Here the son entertained the parent inevitably. Thus God the creator lives in the laws of logic by which we become sure of truth, in the intuitions of the mind by which we know reality, in the movement of moral reason upon the good and in its sense of the relation of right to the good; in the movement by which man discovers his goal and the way thither; in the social constitution of human nature by which men gather into families, communities, nations, races, one distinct kind. One classic expression of this inevitable indwelling of God in the being of man is in these familiar words:

"Whither shall I go from thy spirit?
Or whither shall I flee from thy presence?

If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there:
If I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there.
If I take the wings of the morning
And dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea,
Even there shall thy hand lead me.
If I say, Surely the darkness shall overwhelm me,
And the light about me shall be night;
Even the darkness hideth not from thee,
But the night shineth as the day:
The darkness and the light are both alike to thee." [1]

So a nameless soul, lofty and profound, discovered five and twenty hundred years ago, and perhaps more, the unescapable presence of the Deity that dwells in the constitution of man as an intelligent and moral being.

The second form of hospitality toward God is through personal invocation and welcome. Again let me use the human analogy. When I came to the Old South Church in Boston in 1884, a young man of thirty-one, finding the religious community in theological panic on my poor innocent account, finding it unable to give me credit for a single good quality as a religious teacher, and unwilling to cash a cheque in the bank of character for ten cents, knowing not where to go for a wise and strong friend, I turned to the spirit of my Scottish father, a farmer who had then been three years in his grave. His mind became my honored guest; he told me how to define my

[1] Ps. 139: 7–12.

task, how to attack it and how to play a man's part in a gravely responsible position. The clearness of his mind, the counsels of his experience, the energy of his character and the unsurpassable courage of his heart did more to help me than all the living put together. Here the mind of a wise and invincible father came to his son as an invited and welcome guest; that mind came to enlighten and reinforce life.

I believe this experience represents a family tradition. Carlyle writes: "I can see my dear father's life in some measure as the sunk pillar on which mine was to rise and be built. . . . I might almost say his spirit seems to have entered me, so closely do I discern and love him: I seem to myself only the continuation and second volume of my father." [1] The sun looks down every day and the stars every night upon like experiences working mightily in human hearts. The mind of the wise parent returns a strangely vivid, a profoundly welcome guest; it lights up the nature of essential good, and tears the mask from the face of essential evil, girds for duty, consoles in sorrow and covers the head in the day of battle.

Plainly we touch here the great question of education. The solipsist, unless he is the infinite, is doomed to eternal sterility. Education means discriminating intellectual hospitality; it means

[1] *Reminiscences*, Norton's Edition, p. 32.

that the inferior mind becomes host to the superior. Whenever a great mind becomes one's guest, and one entertains its conception, ideal, method, achievement, energy, along one line, one begins to rise to the dignity of an educated intellect. Broaden the scope of this hospitality, welcome a goodly company of the representative minds of the world, and one is in time bound to be a richly educated person. This is what Jesus did for his disciples. He found them fishermen, he took them into his companionship, into the inner circle. They went about with him and his endeavor was to get as much of his mind into them as he could upon all the great moral and spiritual interests of life. With what result? He found them fishermen, he left them apostles, permanent religious teachers of the world. We speak of them as illiterate men; we are mistaken. These men had for their teacher the Supreme Teacher, they had him, let us say, for nearly three years. Did any class of students ever have such a Master? They became finally the host to the mind of Jesus; that was the ultimate secret of their education.

You venture to invite and welcome as your guest the mind of Jesus. You do it precisely as you would invite and welcome any other great mind in history. The process is the same whether it be Plato or Socrates or Jesus. It is the same

whether the guest is the mind of the living or the dead. The reality of the mind is reached through the grand hieroglyph in each case; in the case of the dead, by the hieroglyph of written language, persistent tradition, continuous influence, a representative cause potent and engaging in the world of today; in the case of the living who are beyond our fellowship, by the very same signs as in that of the dead; in the instance of our closest friends, by interpretation of the expressions of their power. All other minds, living or dead, near or far, are hidden behind hieroglyphs; by reading, brooding, deciphering, daring, we attain to the vision of mind living and dead. When one thus deciphers the hieroglyph behind which the mind of Jesus stands, one is free to welcome and to entertain and to be transformed by that mind.

True hospitality extends from the finite to the Infinite, it rises from man to God. Here, too, the process is the same. The universe, cosmic and human, is a hieroglyph; and the question is, Can we decipher its meaning? Is it essentially like our human hieroglyphs? May we not find the method by which its significance is construed? Is it not the messenger of mind? If we can so decide, if our interpretation eventuates in mutual sympathy and co-operative living, the image of the Eternal mind such as we are fitted to receive, may be invited and welcomed as our guest.

Dante is here an illustrious example of this law of the hospitable mind. His education was in communion with the best intellects of his generation; through this communion he passed to fellowship with the highest minds in Roman and Greek literature. He constructed his Paradiso on this principle of hospitality; its various circles are peopled with appropriate companies of extraordinary minds. The poet's education is in traversing these circles, in meeting these companies of elect spirits. At length he comes to the great apostle, to the mind of the Redeemer, to the Beatific Vision, to the Mind of God. Time and space are cancelled; the distinction of living and dead is done away. The vast adventurer, the great soul whose hospitality was open to wise minds everywhere, and to the Infinite Mind, looked only for the significant hieroglyph. His question was, Is there any sign of minds other than my own, whether named living or dead, human or divine, finite or Infinite? Read the sign, brood upon its meaning, be swift to recognize the hidden spirit, be instant in reverent welcome whether it be the spirit of man or the Holy Spirit of God.

The conclusion would seem to be that God is our guest exactly as our parents are; first, by the constitution of our being, he is inevitably our guest; second, by the consent of our will, again

precisely as other minds are, whether of kindred, contemporaries near or remote from our abode, whether living or dead. Indeed there is here no question of space or time, life or death. The hieroglyph is here and if we can attain contact with the mind hidden in it, all is light, influence, expansive power, life.

IV

This is called mysticism, and in one sense rightly. We must not forget, however, that there are two kinds of mysticism, a false kind and a true. False mysticism is fog within looking upon fog without and trying mightily but unsuccessfully to believe that the fog without is reality. One will often hear that cloudland of utter indefiniteness and immeasurable unreality called mysticism. That kind of mysticism is to be disregarded.

The other kind of mysticism is part of the supreme experience of the world. It means sure conscious contact with reality; it means the ultimate intuition of the intellect as it turns upon itself, the cosmos and God; it signifies the primordial mental report that becomes the basis of all reflection, all reasoning, all organization of ideas into system. Upon analysis of our intellectual powers we discover that the final power is the sense of reality, the eye that knows itself and

that transcends itself, that claims sure conscious contact with reality. This is the fountain of our intellectual life; this is the spring whose ceaseless flow provides a vast body of material for use, a pond, a lake. The primitive and universal form of genius is the genius for reality, cosmic, human, spiritual. Nothing is philosophically profounder in Aristotle, the great master in logic, than his constant claim that we cannot demand reasons for everything. When one asserts that the same thing cannot be and not be, in the same sense and at the same time, and another denies the truth of this axiom of contradiction, what happens? Suspension of intercourse between these persons. Here is a final law of the mind; if it is not seen or not acknowledged that ends the discussion. If a man is blind one cannot give him the sensation of color; if he is deaf he cannot be made to appreciate music. An operation upon the eyes and ears of this person is the primary demand. This is what Aristotle virtually comes to in the case of those who deny the truth of the axiom of contradiction. Let such a person use significant speech, let him affirm that his father and mother are visiting him or that he is hungry. Then one can refute his previous denial by confronting him with the nonsense that it makes of his recent affirmations. His father and mother have or have not, in the same sense and at the

same time visited him, and he is or is not hungry. The simple truth is that the ultimate rational endowment of man is a sure instinct or intuition or genius for reality. A story to the point is told of the bewildered tailor who claimed that he made the trousers in litigation. Daniel Webster, so the story goes, said to the witness that a reasonable man should be able to give a reason for his beliefs. Mr. Tailor, you say you made these trousers? I do. Do you take longer stitches than other tailors? No. Do you take shorter stitches than other tailors? No. You take stitches equal in length to those of other tailors? I do. Then tell me how you know that these are your stitches? Good heavens! Don't I know my own stitches! The reply was final. The cat knows its own kittens but cannot tell why; the human mind knows reality whether it can or cannot give an account of its knowledge.

Vagueness is present in all the beginnings of knowledge; the process is like the sailor approaching land. For a long time there is certainty that no land is seen; then follows a period of uncertainty: the appearance on the horizon may be land or it may be cloud. Eventually assurance comes, the land is descried, yet in a form extremely vague. It is there without doubt but it is indistinct; at length all vagueness is gone and the firm-set island or continent looms in

perfect clearness. It is much the same with all knowledge at the first. We know when the reality is out of contact with the mind; there is a time when we are not sure; finally, we are sure, and yet we are vague about it, and unable to give, what Socrates was always demanding, a rational account of our contact with reality. That is the task of the intellect surely, and no mind should rest content without a serious endeavor to lift what is vaguely known into rational order and clearness. Still the initial vague contact with reality holds in potency the entire subsequent issue as the adult body is potentially in the original living matter from which it is developed. The farmer who drove four miles to hear Dr. Fairbairn preach a series of Discourses on the deeper things of the Christian Faith, was philosophically justified by his reply to those who made fun of him for his zeal, and who declared that he could not understand what he heard. "Maybe, aye, and maybe, no; but man it's grand to sit in the front o' the laft [gallery] and catch the sough o't gawn past yer lug."

When we come to the Kingdom of the spirit the same law obtains. As reality it lies about us at first vaguely; yet it is there and potent. The office of the prophet is to render in clearness and strength what lies, if never so vaguely, in the consciousness of every spiritual man. Here men

are divisible, not into mystics and non-mystics, but into men immature and men mature in spiritual insight and understanding. The great spirit comes, and the reality that was present as a mountain in cloud now stands wholly clear. Here is the voice of an immortal prophet of the kingdom of truth: "Ye are not come unto a mount that might be touched, and that burned with fire, and unto blackness, and darkness, and tempest, and the sound of a trumpet and the voice of words." All that belongs to the rude grandeur and wild tumult of the sensuous sphere. "Ye are come unto Mount Zion, and unto the city of the living God, and unto innumerable hosts of God's messengers, to the general assembly and church of the first born who are enrolled in heaven, and to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus the Mediator of the new covenant." Here the invisible and eternal Kingdom of reality is given directly to the minds of humble human beings; God, Jesus, the spirits of just men made perfect and the whole realm of the spirit are presented as in clear contact with their hearts.

V

The greatest thought that ever entered the mind of man is the thought of the God and Father of Jesus, the Lord God of our fathers,

the Eternal Mind inhabiting and yet transcending the universe, the Infinite Good Will that is the ground and hope of humanity. Among our thoughts there is none comparable to this in majesty, tenderness, and power. Where this thought has been seriously and habitually entertained it has produced the most exalted, the most beautiful and the most beneficent type of human being. It has been the great creative force in human character in all the Christian centuries; it has disinfected the mind as the sunshine disinfects the air in the hovel and lane in the unspeakable Oriental city; it has kept within bounds social plagues that otherwise would have exterminated our race. When the idea of God enters the mind unclean ideas vanish, like Macbeth's witches, into thin air.

This presence that means psychic disinfection, means likewise the orderly development of the entire capacity of man. Plato is true to the deepest law in the soul when he teaches that only in the man who lives in the vision of the Absolute good do the appetites and desires fulfil their normal function; the force of spirit, courage, daring attain its end; and reason becomes nobly wise and potent over the course of life; he is profoundly true to social law when he contends that only when our rulers live in that same vision can they discover the order that should be impressed

upon the society of man. This teaching of Plato is in full accord with the whole endeavor of Jesus. That endeavor was to found a Kingdom in which the sovereign influence should be the idea of the Eternal compassionate God, the Infinite Father of Men. He believed that hospitality of mind toward this idea would change the character of the individual man and ultimately the order of human society. So far this hospitality has been wanting on any large and worthy scale; so far it has been the mood only of elect spirits. Even so the result has been impressive; by this path have come the man of God, the prophet, the saint, the goodly fellowship of those who have attained a mind above the world, who have felt that here they were strangers and pilgrims as all their fathers were, that here they had no continuing city, and who sought the city whose builder and maker is God.

The great reforms, the truly effective systems of education, the vital salvations have always thus arisen. The refrain has been:

"Hear, O Israel; the Lord our God is one Lord; and thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might. And these words which I command thee this day, shall be upon thine heart: and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine

house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up. And thou shalt bind them for a sign upon thine hand, and they shall be for frontlets between thine eyes. And thou shalt write them upon the door posts of thy house, and upon thy gates." [1] What eloquence we have here; let us add, what wisdom, in the system of education outlined. Where shall we look for its equal outside the teachings of Jesus? Induce the human mind early and habitually to entertain the thought of the All-Perfect; in this way there shall arise a generation of children, youth, men and women such as the world has never yet seen. Men are by the law of their being the children of the Infinite; when they awake to this fact and welcome the Ineffable as guest, the soul of man, individual and social, shall indeed be the temple of God.

The immanence of the Absolute Spirit in his universe, is the philosophical doctrine underlying the discussion in this chapter. The doctrine is contained in the great ascription of Isaiah: "Holy, Holy, Holy is the Lord of hosts; the whole earth is full of his glory." [2] Great philosophy and great religion are seldom at variance. The universal presence of the Divine Mind is the warrant for the intelligibility of all worlds; in particular, it is the assurance of the rationality of

[1] Deuter. 6: 4–9. [2] Is. 6: 3.

man's world. The same idea provides society with a ground, not in an aggregation of atoms, but in the Divine world-mind. Its science, art, order, insight, goodness and faith are justified out of the Infinite whose spirit is manifest in them. This idea of a Divine world-mind creates hope in the individual that his desire to transcend his individualism is not vain. His life is in the social mind of his world; it is in the Absolute mind inhabiting all worlds; therefore hospitality is the law of his being, answering to the Eternal Mind, whose inevitable indwelling may be augmented by the invocation and welcome of the free soul of man.

The philosophy that reduces mind to the position and grade of an incident, that elevates to the place of permanence and sole reality the mindless, is in dead opposition to all the highest interests of our human world. Such a philosophy, when in earnest, is a crusade against man, and man's essential life. It can prosper and prevail only where man has lost insight into his own world, only where man has lost faith in the highest attributes of his own being. Again, this philosophy plunges in unrelieved mystery the origin and worth of mind, and the highest products of mind; it becomes the negation of philosophy, the demonstration of the futility of thought. For what is incidental in being can never attain to

the vision of what is essential in being. Once more such a philosophy is the suicide of intellect; conscious impotence becomes misery, misery when continued must find a cure; if the curse is the supposition that thought is other than incidental, the cure is the disregard of the incident. These philosophies antithetic to the fullness of man's world, the greatness of its meanings, charm only for a time; they are cut flowers; they swiftly wither and die.

The philosophy whose insight discovers that mind is Ultimate and Eternal, that discerns that all worlds are built in mind, that they spring from mind, that the special world of man has its being in mind, and cannot be understood apart from the Eternal Mind, alone does justice, alone provides that justice shall one day be done to the sacred interests of our humanity. The universe the bloom of mind; the Infinite Mind in the life and bloom of the universe, the Absolute spirit in all the transformations of finite existence, in life and growth, in decay and death; here is the philosophical insight that accords with Christian faith; here are the philosophy and the religion that promise justice to the fullness and worth of human life.

CHAPTER VI

THE HISTORIC REALITY OF JESUS

I

The consideration of the historic reality of Jesus raises many questions. Reality has many meanings and lives in an ascending order of meaning, culminating in the sense of the universal and final reality. There is the question of the reality of the objects of sense, the laws of nature as announced by science, the physical world, the universe as a phenomenon in space and time. We inquire again as to the reality of minds other than the mind of the inquirer: the reality of art, of the field of ideas; the reality of the spirit in man and in the universe. The question of reality is our universal and ultimate question; upon our answer will depend the truth or the nothingness of the world in which we live, the ideas we think, the experiences of which we are the subject, and the beliefs and hopes we entertain. The inquiry concerning the historic reality of Jesus is thus a single aspect of a universal human interest.

When we raise the issue of reality we come into the presence of one of the subtlest and most difficult of all our tasks. When instinct and common sense are set aside, and when to replace these

powers reflection is brought into service, we are at once thrown into confusion. There are those who ask, may not life be the great illusion and death the great reality, may not life be death and death life? This complete reversal of the ordinary view is a reversal that has been made by a multitude of superior minds, from Socrates down to our own time. To these minds our present existence is like the existence of a man under water; he is choked, half-drowned, death is like the bringing of such a person to the surface and to land, where he can breathe the air purified and gladdened by the infinite sunlit spaces.

There is, too, our trouble about visions. Are they unreal? Some of them are doubtless unreal; others it would be foolishness to class among unrealities. There is, for example, Paul's heavenly vision. In which of our two great categories shall we place this experience? Till this vision came, Paul was in the grip of a fatal dualism; his nature was divided; he was torn this way and that, and his existence became for him an insupportable misery. His cry of despair has gone through history, O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death? His vision was the answer to this cry. It first of all reconciled the man to himself, gave him the standing of self-respect in the presence of his moral ideal, wiped out progressively the division in his

heart, and filled him with courage, energy and hope.

The vision did more: it turned Paul from a destructive to a humane, constructive force; it developed and organized the faculties of his soul, and so directed them that he became one of the greatest men in universal history. Nor did the vision end its work here. It brought Paul into happy relations with the universe, made him able to look beyond the wild seas and tempests of his time and world, to the splendor, the eternal sunset out there. Surely these were marvellous achievements. A vision that reconciles a man to himself, that turns him from a destructive to a humane, constructive energy, that so calls forth his latent faculties and directs them as to lift his life to the highest account, and that brings him to the mood of trust and peace toward the Infinite Mystery, cannot safely or wisely be called unreal. Such a conclusion would fill our minds with utter confusion. We should say with deeper emphasis to our sceptic, what the Irishman who had just landed in New York said to his brother who had preceded him and become a citizen and a politician, and who tried to drag the greenhorn from the spell cast over him by Frederick Douglass, the mulatto, "Come away, Tim, he is only half a nigger." "Faith," replied Tim, "if half a nigger can spake like that, what would a whole

one do?" If a mere vision, a dream, a shadow of the mind thrown outward can act in the way that it did in the history of Paul, what might we not expect from a pure, full-blooded illusion? This is perhaps enough, at least to suggest the subtle and difficult nature of the inquiry that undertakes to determine the characteristic marks of the real.

Here it is well to recall the prerequisite of the great critic and in a word to describe his task. The true critic must be a lover of reality over the whole breadth of experience. Nothing but reality can count with him; his faith, homage, worship, service can be given only to the real, and to the real in the ascending fullness of its being. For this type of human being nonentity is the superlative abomination; all avenues that lead thither are ways that take hold upon death. The realm of the senseless, the meaningless is the fit abode only of those who have sold their souls to Beelzebub, and the king of shams.

The task of the critic is to let nothing unreal pass as real, to allow nothing real to pass as unreal. The critic is thus himself on trial. During the last hundred years historical criticism has made many notable additions to sure knowledge; it has delivered the open mind of the world from many superstitions, and impositions. The historical criticism of the Greek classics and the Bible are instances that will at once occur to the

reader. The literature and religion of Greece lie in a far clearer light, and many mists that hitherto hung round them have been blown away. About the Bible this is more conspicuously true. Its folklore, legends, myths, inimitable stories, have been delivered from the bondage of dogma. Now all men may be charmed by their poetry, and sometimes by their humanity. The moral and religious, domestic and social development of the people of Israel has been written with learning and power in a thousand books. Here the critic has shown how well he could do one part of his work, — to let nothing pass for other or more that it is, to let nothing unreal pass for reality.

Since Kant published his monumental Critiques, the critical mind of Europe has accomplished great things, in science, in the field of philosophical ideas, and in universal history, and especially in the history of religion. The terror by night and the arrow that flieth by day have done their work well. It is only when one looks on the other side of the critic's task, — to allow nothing real to pass as unreal, that one discovers along with an amazing critical achievement, an amazing critical failure. What the literature of Israel is not, what the books of the New Testament are not, has been shown with great learning and power. What these literatures are, why they gained and why they have held their unparalleled

sway over the imagination and heart of the best and greatest souls, what is the substance of their teaching and the secret of their influence, are questions that have been, on the whole, poorly answered. It must be added that the signs are few that the critic is profoundly alive to the duty that commands him, to let nothing real pass into the limbo of unreality. Criticism here is sorely in need of criticism, and that of the deepest and most unsparing sort. When one confesses, in the most generous way, the good deliverances that Biblical criticism has wrought, there is occasion enough left to censure the heaps of wild guesses, pure conjecture, unsupported assumption and absurd invention that have been put forth, under the name of science, as sure knowledge. The literatures preserved in the Old Testament and the New rose out of insight and feeling, and took their form from imagination and judgment working upon unusual experiences. The professional scholar is under the influence of the idols of the theatre; nothing could supplement his technical equipment and task so well as to listen to a lover of the literature in the Bible as he might recount the reasons for his love; the layman here is indispensable to the really great scholar. Historical criticism has been, perhaps, too critical of received opinions, and far too uncritical of itself. The second half of the critic's task — to let

nothing real pass as unreal — is sure to receive new emphasis in the next fifty years.

Hospitality to the world of learning and thought, with individuality of mind and independence of judgment clearly maintained, is here the great object of desire. The imitative mood in philosophy whether as controlled by the Scottish school or by the Germans, particularly Hegel, was broken by William James. He was widely open to what was going on in all parts of the world of intellect in his own department, but he was nowhere an imitator. He looked at phenomena with his own eyes, invited help in understanding them, always, however, reaching conclusions that were his own. He was a liberator from the tyranny of imitation. Dr. Royce has followed in the same path. Profoundly influenced by Hegel he has again looked at life with his own mind, felt his obligation to life, made his contribution to human thinking, with whatever helps from other sources, in a thoroughly independent spirit. These two American thinkers are examples of a great number who are equally free from the imitative mood, who consult phenomena, as the matter of all serious philosophy, and who work to conclusions by the energy and individuality of the free mind.

The same sort of thing has broken out in British thought, never at any time wanting independ-

ent thinkers, but for a third of the nineteenth century under the domination of the German mind. To be closed to the wealth of ideas lying in German idealism as was the case with the British mind in the first third of the nineteenth century, was a serious loss. The manliness and vigor of J. S. Mill hardly compensated for his thinness and meagreness. It was a good thing to let in the richness and novelty of German idealism, even if it came as the final philosophical gospel, and in a somewhat uncritical way. John and Edward Caird served their generation well as free-traders in ideas, as prophets of German thought; yet it was evident at the time, and it is still more evident today, that they were trying to replace one philosophy by another; they were in mind subservient to the intellectual invader. The Hegelians of the two decades, 1874–1894, have faded chiefly because their work was imitative and given forth in the spirit of the advocate. Even Thomas Hill Green, by far the ablest of the group, apart from his critical Introduction to Hume, and his Prolegomena to Ethics, works too much as a loyal disciple of foreign masters. The greatest merit, perhaps, of F. H. Bradley in his "Appearance and Reality," and in his recent book, "Essays on Truth and Reality," is the revolt from intellectual servitude. Mr. Bradley is under immense obligations to Hegel; doubtless

his mind has been formed and informed by the really greater thinkers in the entire course of history, but he is free, and criticism has made him free of the masters nearest to his type of thought. In Bradley British philosophy once more abjured the imitative mood, revolted from subjection to foreign masters, and called to arms the metaphysical genius of his race. His opinions are not mine always, perhaps not fundamentally; they need not be any one's opinions, and still it is clearly possible for candid men everywhere to recognize his great services in behalf of independent, critical, thorough intellectual work.

A similar state of mind is sure to prevail, sooner or later, in British and American historical criticism. In notable instances it prevails today, it has long prevailed; still the imitative mood here is the popular mood. What is native to the German mind, and thoroughly independent, has in great masses been taken over and adopted by British and American scholars without critical concern or conscience. As German theories change almost every decade, and change through incessant critical ferment, the British and American translation and adoption becomes a wearisome task. What laymen would like to see, in this interesting discipline, is the production of a great American work, not necessarily more conservative, rather more radical, but raising the

whole business of historical criticism, especially as it concerns the New Testament, and again as it regards Jesus, to an issue of doubt. What has it surely done? What promise does it reasonably give of doing anything beyond destruction? What are its assumptions, guesses, methods, and what is their rational worth? A work of pure scepticism, directed against historical criticism, in the department named, would greatly clear up a confused, an almost intolerable situation. Analysis and elimination, on the basis of arbitrary personal like and dislike, have done their work; the theory that in order to get to the historical situation represented by an ancient literary production, it is necessary first to reduce it to ribbons, perhaps to tear it to tatters, is beginning to lose its interest for sensible men. Canon Cheyne, about eighteen years ago, published an edition of the book of Isaiah, in which he marked off the chapters, and even the paragraphs in the same chapters, which he was sure belonged to different times and seasons, sometimes centuries apart, by various colors, — red, pink, green, purple, pale blue, very pale. This struck me at the time as the possible truth, and if so, that here was a task that only the omniscient God could profitably and safely undertake. Besides, what are we to think of such a method of literary production? It was said, by the scoffer, that Emerson was in the

habit of writing down his thoughts as they came to him, and of throwing all the thoughts into one drawer of his desk. When an essay was called for, the drawer was emptied, the thoughts shuffled and arranged, and the essay was thus produced. This caricature of Emerson is seriously applied to Isaiah and his ancient editors. It would seem that one is hardly justified, except as a last resort, thus to reduce author or editor or both to lunacy or want of conscience, in order to buttress a theory. General cleavages are evident, grand outlines obviously declare their difference; it is another matter to reduce criticism of ancient documents to the play of a puppy with a rag. On being shown Cheyne's colored Isaiah, the late Professor Fisher of Yale remarked, "these colors will fade."

There are many great works, by British and American scholars, to which these remarks have no application. Beyond this elect company whose judgment is as wise as their learning is great, the imitative mood still prevails. Again let it be said that historical criticism needs criticism; that it needs to be called to account in its assumptions, methods, uncritical hospitality; that it needs to be censured out of its subserviency to authority, and into self-respect and independence. "Son of man stand upon thy feet"; let us have your own mind upon the phenomena

in question. Separate your sure judgments, supported by evidence, from your guesses; deliver us from the greatest of all humbugs, — the spirit of the age, — into the spirit of good sense, careful and weighty opinion, and if possible into the pure love of attainable truth.

II

How can we be sure of the historic reality of a person who is said to have lived two thousand years ago? In reply it must be admitted that here the intellect cannot be coerced. Aristotle admits that in regard to the law of contradiction, the law that says it is impossible for the same thing to be and not to be, at the same time, and in the same sense, it is impossible to compel belief.[1] If the opponent shall make a significant statement, he can indeed be caught and impaled; but such opponents know better than to venture a significant statement. The contentious mind, when raised to its maximum of power, cares little for a contradiction, and nothing at all for unreasonableness. The old story of the debate between the Englishman and the Scot as to which country was the greater, England or Scotland, is a case in point. The Englishman having apparently got the worse of the encounter, and recalling the fact that while England is over fifty thousand

[1] *Metaphysics*, book III, chapters 4 and 5.

square miles in extent, Scotland is only about thirty thousand, launched his final drive thus: You will admit, will you not, that England is larger than Scotland? Immediately came the counter-drive: No, not if all the mountains were levelled with the sea. Perversity of mind is proof against both history and geography.

Ignorance is mighty, is indeed irresistible. In my mission field in Temple, Maine, there was a person, of some intelligence, who stood out against the theory of the diurnal rotation of the earth. He affirmed that he had, by experiment refuted the theory once and forever. There stood on the green in front of his house, a pole. This person sat up till the family retired for the night; he then went and placed an apple on the top of the pole. He sat up till morning watching the experiment. If, said he, the earth rotates every twenty-four hours, that apple will be on the ground when the pole points downward; if the apple remains secure on the pole at sunrise, and just where, and as I put it, then the idea of the rotation of the earth is pure, unmitigated humbug. If such minds are to be occasionally encountered in the field of exact knowledge, there should be no surprise when they are met in the sphere of probable knowledge. High probability, moral certainty, is the best that can be said for any event or person in universal history.

In this connection it may be noted that it is only in relation to important events and persons in the past that we feel any concern or anxiety. The dead names in history excite neither anxiety nor curiosity. Consider the lists of the kings in the early Egyptian dynasties. If one is not an Egyptologist one does not care whether these names denote shadows or real men. They have all of them become shadows, they have ceased to have any meaning for the contemporary world. The king whose mummy one sees, in the most splendid of all the tombs of the kings at Thebes, with an electric bulb casting its light upon his poor grinning face and shrunken frame, in spite of imagination and sentiment, becomes a sort of ghastly joke.

> "Imperious Cæsar, dead and turn'd to clay,
> Might stop a hole to keep the wind away,
> O that that earth, which kept the world in awe
> Should patch a hole to expel the winter's flaw."

This contrast is indeed impressive between imperial power and dust; yet the dust of Imperious Cæsar, were it known, would stir imagination and awaken feeling impossible in the case of the Egyptian King, because Cæsar is still part of the living world of men. When the man under question is unimportant, we say, let him pass for something or nothing as you like. When the greatest person that ever lived, according

to Christian belief, is under question, another method must be followed.

We return therefore to our question. How can we be sure of the historic reality of any man who lived generations ago? How can we be sure of the reality of any man who lived two thousand years ago? The answer to that question is threefold. First, by the effect of his life upon the life of his people and his time. Second, by the image of his career in the literature that he inspired and created. And, third, by the permanence of his cause, especially when his personality is bound up with the method and the spirit and the goal of his cause.

Many Christian scholars, altogether too many to name, among vast fundamental contrasts have yet recognized many striking resemblances between the Athenian Socrates and Jesus of Nazareth. Both were born in lowly life, both were bred to a trade: Socrates was a sculptor, Jesus was a carpenter; both obtained a remarkable education in an independent and an original way; both reacted against the prevailing intellectual and spiritual condition of their time, both exerted an immeasurable fascination upon elect spirits of their own generation; both had a momentous cause, both arrayed against themselves finally the conservative, the orthodox, the powerful class in their respective communities, and both died by the

hand of the State. Two such deaths are without parallel in the history of mankind. The death of the Athenian was simple, grave, human; it was serene, humble in faith and yet victorious. The death of Jesus opened up hitherto unsuspected depths in the life of humanity, it filled the world with the sense of his tenderness and majesty; it brought to new light the whole tragedy of human life, and the conscience and pity of God.

In answering the question, How may we get a reasonable assurance of the historic reality of Jesus, I take the way that to myself is clearest and most impressive. Others would take a different route; my purpose is to use the historic reality of the Athenian Socrates to introduce and illustrate the historic reality of Jesus of Nazareth.

III

How can we be sure that Socrates really lived? He wrote nothing. We cannot be sure that a single word in the Greek tongue is really his. How can we know that this life, lived all of it except one year in the fifth century before Christ, was a real life? In the first place because of the effect of his life upon the life of his time. He called round him a great company of the brightest minds of his time; he amazed them with his acuteness and by the originality of his character

and the sereneness and the greatness of his purpose.

He went about trying to learn from the men of his time reputed to be wise, from the sophists, from poets and politicians, and he found that their pretentions were groundless. He reduced them, in the presence of these young men, to humiliation by his relentless and humorous exposure of their ignorance. He attached to himself these young men who followed him, he delighted them, he became their great master. He thus inaugurated a new life of the intellect among the Greek people; he lifted it as the sea is lifted in storm, tossed it hither and thither, till it testified everywhere of the power of his presence.

We may see something of the impact of the life of Socrates upon his time from the schools that rose in consequence of his life and teaching. Aristippus, a disciple who came from Cyrene and who went back there, took with him one of Socrates' ideas, happiness, as the chief end of life; he built a school round that idea. Another disciple, called Antisthenes, took the Socratic idea of virtue, as the chief end of existence, and built at Athens a community of thinkers round that idea. Another disciple, Euclid, who was with him when he died and listened to his last conversations with his friends, founded a school at Megara; he took the dialectic of Socrates, his

art of controversy, and built round that method. Then came Plato, who took over his master's method, spirit, ideas, and bound them in the great volume of his own philosophic work and genius.

From these four schools came four others. From the school founded by Aristippus came the Epicureans; from the school founded by Antisthenes came the Stoics; from Euclid and his school came the sceptics; from Plato and the Academy came Aristotle and the Lyceum.

Eight communities of scholars and thinkers, if not more, owe their existence to the impulse of Socrates. His spirit was the fountain from which all drank; but for him these schools would not have been, nor would they have become what they were, even if we were to suppose for them another originator. We are here in the presence of the creative power of a great personality, a personality that began a revolution in the method and direction of philosophical inquiry, and that stirred the mind of his own race as it had never been stirred. Standing in the presence of this first line of evidence, his influence upon his own time and people, it would seem that no sane mind can doubt the reality of Socrates.

The second line of evidence we find in the image of Socrates as that image is reflected in the literature that he inspired. There is Xenophon's

"Memorabilia." It is not a great book; it is not a book written from much first-hand information; it is composed mostly of conversations in which Socrates figures, that Xenophon had learned and collected from those who knew the master better than he knew him. No doubt Xenophon knew Socrates; no serious doubt can rest upon the story that he tells in the Anabasis about consulting Socrates whether he should join the expedition of Cyrus against his brother Artaxerxes. No doubt Xenophon revered Socrates and sacredly cherished all that he had learned from him and all that he had been able to gather concerning him from closer friends. Whatever we may think of the picture which Xenophon has drawn of his master, his book is surely a good witness for the reality of that master. That conclusion holds, even if we contend that the "Memorabilia" as we possess it has in many places been interpolated, and in all edited with the freest hand. The Xenophontean tradition living in the book is enough for our purpose, and that tradition cannot reasonably be denied.

To this must be added the testimony of Aristophanes, the greatest comic poet of antiquity. It need not be believed that Aristophanes disliked Socrates, although it is reasonable to think that he disapproved of his method and ideas. Aristophanes saw in Socrates a rarely good subject for

comic portraiture, and in the "Clouds," he has done his comic work with admirable humor and power. He pictures Socrates as living in a notion factory, as walking in the air, talking immeasurable nonsense; and again as making the worse appear the better reason, and corrupting the youth of the time. This caricature is a witness to the reality of Socrates, and a contribution to the understanding of the man; no writer will choose to caricature a fiction, and the caricature is simply the over-emphasis, the exaggeration, the distortion of the real feature of the person caricatured.

Business men will remember that in 1907, when the business world was agitated in expectation of a panic over the words of Colonel Roosevelt, then President of the United States, about his purposes, and when the country was living in anguish Colonel Roosevelt added to the anguish by saying, "I intend to keep this up to the end of my term." Whereupon "Punch" appeared with a cartoon representing the American eagle covered with soapsuds and the President turning a stream of water from a hose upon the surprised and dismayed bird. The President grinning at his work says, "I intend to keep this up to the end of my term." The bird looks up and replies with horror, "Jehosaphat!" Two hundred years hence, or more, that caricature would be a good witness to

the reality of President Roosevelt in 1907. In the same way, the caricature, life-like, laughable, tremendous, of Aristophanes is a witness to the reality of the great Athenian.

Plato, in addition to his amazing philosophic insight, is one of the greatest dramatic artists that the world has known. The entire movement of Greek philosophy till his own time is represented in the Dialogues of Plato. His approach to the history of thought among his people is by the method of Socrates. That method transfigured, and made part of the highest literature, rules every great dialogue that Plato wrote. What ideas Plato carried over from his master to his own work is matter of dispute; that he carried over the method, the dialectic of his master is self-evident. Indeed it would be impossible to account for the writings of Plato, if the reality of Socrates should be denied. Socrates and Plato are inseparable in their reality and in their work; no scholar will ever be able to divorce either from the other, or to show how much of Socrates is Platonic, or again how much of Plato is Socrates. Plato would have it so, and the world must be content.

There is the witness to the reality of Socrates from the permanence of his cause. John Stuart Mill said that students of philosophy should not forget that the philosophic movement of Europe

began with a man whose name was Socrates, who lived in the fifth century before Christ. The vitality of this movement today testifies to the living source whence it issued, as the movement of the ever-broadening river bears witness to the fountain high up among the mountains in which it took its rise. When, therefore, one looks at the dynamic of Socrates upon his age, at his image as reflected in the literature that owes its inspiration to him, and at the permanence of his cause, one must say that to doubt the reality of this man would be to proclaim one's self a victim of pathology.[1]

IV

We turn now to what seems to me the immeasurably more important question, How can we be sure that Jesus of Nazareth really lived? He wrote nothing and the words that we trace to his lips on account of their wisdom and their beauty, their preciousness and their power, we trace through others who brought them to us. There he stands out beyond the written word. How can we know that he really lived?

First of all by the impact and power of his life upon the life of his people and his time. He, too, fascinated the prophetic youth of his generation, calling them round him in great numbers; he, too,

[1] Quoted by Harnack. *What is Christianity*, p. 1.

had an inner circle from which came his apostles. Apostles and disciples, inner and outer circles alike, went with him everywhere, heard him preach, and teach; saw him as a great healer, knew him as a wonderful friend, knew him as the inaugurator of a new life in God. Many of these disciples survived Jesus a whole generation; they carried in their mind, in their heart, in their life, the witness to the transcendent influence which Jesus wielded upon his time. Then came soon after the death of Jesus, Stephen, the first martyr, who was the first to see the universal meaning of the message of the Master. Stephen was followed by Saul of Tarsus, whose career was completely transformed by the influence of Jesus. To this there swiftly succeeded the planting of new communities in Palestine, in Asia Minor, and in Europe as far as Rome and beyond, in the name of Jesus. For twenty or twenty-five years after Jesus died there were no writings about him; only memoranda of his parables and his sayings existed, cherished by those who heard his wonderful words, written down with pious care and held in a memory that could not lose a single precious utterance. Only these scattered memorials of Jesus were in existence for twenty or five and twenty years after his death; yet to me as I think of them those twenty or five and twenty years are the most wonderful in the history of the world.

Go to the edge of that epoch and stand there; — there is as yet no written gospel, no epistles, no literature; there is however a new epoch of life in men, in communities of men in God; there is an oral history of Jesus and his time, an oral biography, an oral gospel, all supported, like a mighty fleet, on the vast deep of the new life from God working in the world. This new life is the great thing in that old world; it means moral power, moral fidelity, moral cleanness, moral joy, the sense of a Moral Deity, a triumphant human soul singing its way through all sorts of hardships, and the song is a lyric and an epic in one. That is the first tremendous witness to the historic reality of Jesus. Any man with imagination, sympathy, humanity and power to reach the causes of things cannot but be immeasurably impressed with that primitive, vital, creative, divine testimony to the reality of the Lord.

We turn now to the image of the career of Jesus in literature. There is not a word about Socrates, so far as I know, outside of the Greek tongue. What scholar cares for that? Barbarian testimony is of little account anywhere on any subject. When we are reminded that there is hardly anything about Jesus, outside of his own race, why should that count? There is a sentence in Josephus about Jesus, half spurious, half genuine. Suppose there had been more, what could

a man like Josephus know about Jesus? There is a sentence in Tacitus whose genuineness is not open to reasonable doubt, which gives the Roman point of view; Christianity is for the greatest of Roman historians an execrable superstition, and its Author was a shameful criminal justly put to death. The literature that Jesus inspired and created is chiefly found in the New Testament; for wisdom, for faith in a moral Deity, in a moral humanity, here is the most precious book in the possession of mankind; and the central figure in it, everywhere, is one and the same. One can hardly turn a page of any gospel or epistle without coming upon the personality of Jesus. Jesus pervades, fills and transcends this body of literature.

Mark sees Jesus from one point of view; Matthew from another; Luke from another; the fourth gospel is a philosophy of his career, a metaphysic of him and his religion. These documents, alike in much, are yet characteristically different. Paul presents Jesus in experience and also in theory; the great letter to the Hebrews gives a distinctive, independent construction of the same personality. There are many differences of view in the New Testament; the books are however at one in this: — these writings are shadows cast by the Lord; they are images of his mind, perfect or imperfect; they are productions of the genius of Jesus working upon the men who wrote them.

This simple, impressive, monumental witness to the reality of Jesus strikes home to the heart; every time that one looks into one's New Testament one may say, "Here is a body of literature, spiritually the most precious in the world, humanly the most precious in the world, ethically the most precious in the world. This great body of literature never would have been but for the reality of the Great Inspirer."

There is the cause of Jesus and its permanence. His ideas have survived; his church has survived. His great word for the institute of his gospel was the kingdom of God, the kingdom of heaven; as he was the Son of Man he might have called it the kingdom of man. However named or defined his cause has survived. It is the faith not only of the Christian Church: it is the faith of the civilized world so far as that world has a faith; the only good outlook for humanity is the outlook which they have who still cherish Jesus' vision of the kingdom of God in the hearts of men and in human society. Those who accept this kingdom, and who make it their faith, find in the companionship of Jesus their greatest incentive and their clearest guidance.

One example of the continuity of this kingdom will suffice. Scholars differ widely as to the meaning of the Lord's Supper. No sane scholar ever denied that Jesus instituted that feast; it

was instituted at the close of his final observance with his disciples of the great national feast of the passover. There is room enough for difference of opinion about the meaning of this sacred meal; about the fact there would seem to be no reasonable doubt.

Consider therefore the fact. Across the boiling stream of time that simple religious rite stretches like a bridge from the Upper Room to the Church of Christ today; it has been, in one form or another, continuously observed from the beginning till now. One end of the bridge rests in the Upper Room where Jesus celebrates the Supper with his disciples, the other in the communion table today. This one simple selection from many that might be made is an impressive witness to the continuity and perpetuity of the Master's cause, and to the historic reality of the Master.

I have several times used the word *sane* scholar, as if any scholar could be anything else! Let me say a word about that. It will be recalled, readily, that Daniel Webster, in his great eulogy on Massachusetts, in his second speech in reply to Colonel Hayne, used these words: "There is Boston and Concord and Lexington and Bunker Hill; and there they will remain forever." And yet Webster was born when these events were seven years old; he received at second-hand evidence of their existence; we are far away from

"Boston and Concord and Lexington and Bunker Hill," and as the generations advance Americans will find themselves farther and farther away from these events. What did the orator mean by saying, "and there they will remain forever?" They remain forever for all sane-minded men, who ask only such evidence as can be given in the circumstances and who are swayed by reasonable expectation and influenced by reasonable considerations.

In the case of Jesus, the epoch that he created by his personality, the literature that he produced by his inspiration, the permanence of his cause with which he is forever associated, tell not upon the man who wilfully rejects evidence or who asks for more than can reasonably be demanded; these considerations are for open-minded, reasonable, candid men. For candid men the historic reality of Jesus is as clear and sure as that of any leader in all history. "Probability," not demonstration, as Butler said, "is the guide of life." The evidence presented here is not meant to compel belief. No evidence, not even mathematical evidence, can do this; it is such as will clearly show, I am convinced, that the denial of the historic reality of Jesus is foolish, that the same sort of denial would reduce to fiction every great character in history, that it would make historical science impossible.

V

When we have vindicated the historic reality of Jesus we are still far from the vision of him that has been the beatitude of the disciple in all the ages of Christian faith. Is it possible to see Jesus? Further, is it possible to so present him that others shall see him? Granting that the Gospels are genuine memorials of Jesus, trustworthy in general outline and in substance, they are nothing more than symbols, a sacred hieroglyph that can be deciphered only by imagination and sympathy. We are nearly two thousand years away from the person and the times of Jesus; whole worlds of thought, tradition, custom intervene. Has Jesus been misunderstood, actually concealed by the homage of his church, and is it at this date possible for one to do other than accept or reject the ecclesiastical tradition? Is it possible to test this tradition by the personal vision of the great Master? I believe that it is possible; at the same time I am keenly aware of its difficulties. Carlyle's Norse myth may serve our purpose here:

"Balder the white Sungod, say our Norse Skalds, Balder, beautiful as the summer-dawn, loved of Gods and men, was dead. His Brother Hermoder, urged by his Mother's tears and the tears of the Universe, went forth to seek him. He

rode through gloomy winding valleys, of a dismal leaden color, full of howling winds and subterranean torrents; nine days; ever deeper, down towards Hela's Death-realm: at Lonesome Bridge, which, with its gold gate, spans the River of Moaning, he found the Portress, an ancient woman, called Modgude, 'the Vexer of Minds,' keeping watch as usual: Modgude answered him, 'Yes, Balder passed this way; but he is not here; he is down yonder, — far, still far to the North, within Hela's Gates yonder.' Hermoder rode on, still dauntless, on his horse, named 'Swiftness' or 'Mane of Gold'; reached Hela's Gates; leapt sheer over them, mounted as he was; *saw* Balder, the very Balder, with his eyes: — but could not bring him back." [1]

It may be admitted at once that an adequate view of Jesus is impossible, that to see him as he was, and to show him to our time as he appeared to his most intimate friends in his own time, is beyond the power of man. This confession is, however, not peculiar to Jesus, as Carlyle's Norse story plainly shows. It cannot be claimed that any scholar has the genius to see any great hero of antiquity as he was seen by those who knew him best; still less can we allow to any writer the power wholly to present his vision.

[1] *Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches*, by Thomas Carlyle, p. 12.

Here we touch the root of the endless quarrel over the three portraits of Socrates that have come down to us. We cannot allow that Xenophon's plain, prosaic narrative at all accounts for the great Athenian rationalist and mystic. Nor would it be safe to conclude that Socrates was all that Plato in all his dialogues represents him to be. Nor again can we accept the comic picture of Socrates drawn by Aristophanes as the truth. What then? Are we compelled to admit that we have three fancy sketches of Socrates, and that the mind and character of the real man are forever inaccessible to us? Whatever answer we return to this question, we shall agree that it brings before the mind the impossibility of gaining an adequate view of any great man belonging to a vanished world, and the difficulty of getting any view that shall be a reasonable, living likeness.

Our trouble does not end here. The difficulty of gaining anything like a fairly adequate view of the mind of a contemporary is very great. Even where the material is abundant, the intercourse prolonged and close, the task of interpretation is certainly not easy. One evidence of this fact is the comparatively small number of good biographies, books that reveal through the material presented the mind of the man thus recalled. Probably there do not exist in any language a

hundred really good biographies; records that carry in them the meaning of the career they depict, that conserve and present the veritable soul of the man as he lived and toiled in the fields of time. The main reason for this vast failure is not usually the lack of material; the chief reason is far more serious: it is the quality of imagination, imagination unvitalized by sympathy, unfilled with the discerning eyes of love, unused to the great art of brooding its subject, as the spirit of God brooded the chaos, bringing from it in due time a world order. The genius that comes from love and patience, that works upon collected and ordered data, is the only human power that can tolerably recall and re-vivify the past. Without this power the historian gives us mummies, not men; scholars give us in Jesus, not the supreme prophet and character but a mangled wraith brought hither from the Judea of bare, blind fact.

As a preliminary every ancient document must be approached by the aid of grammar, lexicon and the history of the times; but such approaches are only preliminary; they will not conduct to the goal, the vision of the life behind the document. There is a more excellent way along which they must go who wish insight. This way I may describe, as it appeared in the light of experience, many years ago.

In the autumn of 1878, a friend of mine went

to Harvard College to study, chiefly Greek and philosophy. He had completed his course in the Divinity School, and had served a year as a Home Missionary in Maine. He was eager to know something more of the great world of thought, and to be guided among its mazes by candid and competent teachers. With this purpose he came to Harvard, at a time when the foundations of the intellectual life of the world were being moved. He selected his courses and his teachers; he soon found that his teachers were extraordinary men, experts in their vocation, friendly and kindly, beyond all, lovers and servants of the truth. He found, too, that his courses brought him into comparison with the best and the worst that had been said about man as a spiritual being, that they set in battle array the strongest in behalf of the spiritual interpretation of the universe and the strongest against it, to be found in the records of human thought. This was the opportunity upon which he had set his heart; the great hour of trial had come.

Our student thought it wise to provide himself with spiritual food for the journey. All beliefs about the universe, about the value and the destiny of human life, had indeed been declared, for the time being, provisional and in question; still the practical conduct of existence remained a necessity, and there must be, to sustain the spirit

in its moral struggle, daily bread for daily need. Our student had been bred to revere the Bible; he had been fairly well trained in the serious study of the New Testament. He could use his Greek Testament with ease, and the outside of that wonderful collection of books lay reasonably clear in his understanding. Neither was he altogether destitute of glimpses into the region of the spirit represented by this body of literature. He concluded that as the time of crisis had come, he would set apart one half hour every morning for close and inward study of the Gospels. He had inherited the belief that Jesus was the highest mind that had ever appeared in the things of the soul; he thought it only fair to this inheritance to stand by it, till under test it should either give way, or come forth rationally approved.

The method of study was roughly somewhat as follows. A section of a chapter in the Gospels was carefully read in the Greek. The topography present or implied in the portion read was minutely and vividly imagined; the scene including the face of nature and the light and color that rested on it, the groups of human beings, their needs, quest, distress, as they stood out against the national life, and the figure of the Master were reproduced as clearly and simply as possible. Then came for consideration the wisdom, influence and power of the Teacher and Healer. What

he was said to have done was noted, and the question came, Can he do anything now? Can he help a soul to find light, certainty, wisdom, moral security and progress? He was described as a Teacher sent to his people from God. Could he lead a seeker after God, in the nineteenth century, to his goal?

These questions could not be answered in a day. The urgency of the questions kept our student going for months, for years, for decades, in the use of the method described. The Gospels, the Epistles, the entire New Testament became a series of symbols, an order of sacred hieroglyphics, whose meaning, if they possessed any profound and everlasting meaning, must be discovered by the action of the whole mind. Grammar, lexicon and history must lead the way; the sifted data must be seen in perspective; the unessential, such as the miracles, and especially that which certain scholars of today make fundamental, all apocalyptic words, must be disregarded, not as necessarily untrue, but whether true or false, as unintelligible. Upon this ethical, ideal, spiritual residuum imagination was applied, as the organ of sympathy and love. Brooding inquiry took the place of dialectic, the passion to understand of the desire to criticize. The result was the surprise of our student's vexed life; slowly there dawned upon him that sacred Syrian

land; slowly its ranges of hills and fertile plains fell into due order; slowly the light of the sun and the stars rested upon them; life and color came again to the face of nature; the people lived once more among whom Jesus walked and taught; and slowly there rose the strange, mysterious person of the incomparable friend of man and Prophet of the Soul of the universe, till our student thus led felt it to be not presumption but the simple, august truth to cry out in his joy, "I have seen the Lord face to face."

Paul's method must have been something like this, only richer and greater. He went into Arabia; he took all that he knew of the earthly life of Jesus, all that had come to him, as by lightning flashes, out of heaven, from the soul of Jesus, with him into Arabia. There he visualized, we may well believe, the earthly aspect and the heavenly; there he brooded upon the mystery for three years; there he related it to the history and hope of his nation; there he related it more and more profoundly to his own human problem; there he wondered as to its bearing upon the humanity of man. From this seclusion, and from the use of this method, Paul returned with a vision of God's help in Jesus for his nation and for mankind. It was an interpretation conditioned and unconditioned; it had a soul clear as truth and permanent as the spiritual need

of man; it had a body built out of the intellectual and religious world in which Paul lived. There are many atmospheres and some are clearer, others dimmer; but all atmospheres, at one time or another, enable those who look through them to see the bright and everlasting stars. All ages have their intellectual moods, customs, conditions; if men are to see the Eternal it must be through the temporal. Some ages are lighter, some less light; but all conditions admit, some of the time, the beatific vision.

Horace Bushnell, a great spirit in the religious life of our country, came one day from his study into the room where his family was; there he stood with a face lighted like the sunrise. His wife said to him, "What have you seen?" His reply was, "I have seen the Gospel!" That vision cannot be gained from mere history or from mere reasoning on historic data; only by brooding, only by the opening of the whole nature to what is brooded upon, only by candor, that rarest quality in the human mind, by sincerity, invocation of the truth, whatever the truth may be, and readiness to go with the truth whithersoever it may lead; only thus can men come to the great final achievement, not only to see the figure of Jesus with the historic eye, but to behold something of the meaning of his soul for the world.

This dicussion may fittingly end with the great

warning of the Master as to the sure way to approach the universal meaning of his Soul and message. No one knoweth the Son save the Father. No human soul can be understood apart from God; no man's higher nature can be apprehended except in and through the being and love of God. Mere animals all men will remain, creatures of time and space only, workers and sufferers under the sun, shorn of all transcendental import, till they are seen through their relation to the Infinite love. If this is the case with men of ordinary magnitude, how shall we approach and lay hold of something of the significance of the one sublimest Soul in all history, unless we come to behold him in his relation to his Father?

CHAPTER VII

MAN AND THE MORAL IDEAL

I

The moral ideal may be described as the insight or dream as to what life should be, and by human endeavor, in a friendly world, may become. It is the vision, according to one's light, of the supreme good, or some important aspect of it, conceived under the form of privilege and obligation, and reflected in the colors and splendors of imagination. That the ideal is conceived as privilege is plain since it is seen as the sovereign good; that it is regarded and felt as obligation is clear, since one is under bonds to lift life to this complete satisfaction. The moral ideal unites the awe that duty inspires, and the gladness that goes with the sense of privilege, because duty and privilege alike rise out of the vision of the Eternal good. That this vision may command the whole power of feeling and appeal to the will with the greatest might it must be reflected in the hues and fires of the imagination.

The indestructibility of the ideal appears from the fact that mankind are guided by the sense of the future, by the expectation of good. If the ideal were to die all movement and action, other

than purely automatic, would vanish from the world. Absolute pessimism means absolute stagnation and death. Truth is sought as a satisfaction, that is, as a good; so beauty is sought, inward worth, conformity of will and being to the Highest. All these are ideals: they allure under the form of the future; because they remain imperishable, science lives, art lives, philosophy continues to advance and religion retains its unquenchable interest for human beings. Where the ideal dies the man ceases to hope. If one becomes a sceptic as to the validity of scientific conclusions that moment science ceases to be a serious concern, and if pursued, it is pursued as the result of habit or as an amusement. Still more evidently feeling enters into Art. The day that beauty ceases to excite the hope of its appropriate satisfaction, that day beauty dies and Art is no longer a possibility. The wonder of the Universe inspires philosophy, and the hope of seeing a little way into this soul of wonder sustains the philosopher at his task. When he has lost faith in the possibility of any insight whatever into the Universal mystery, his career is ended. The hopeless philosopher is a paralytic; he leads a dying life. Religion at its highest justly conceives God as the God of hope. The future is the sphere of hope; all ideals look to, and are versions of the future, and the God who was and who is, — the

Ancient of Days and the contemporary Deity,— is also the God who is to come. All ideals have their origin, their chastisement, their support, and their realization from God. They are, therefore, as imperishable as the soul is surely a pilgrim of the world that is to be, as imperishable as the being of God. Hope springs eternal in the human breast, because his Maker has put eternity in man's heart.

It is strange that the feeling of unfulfilled desire, reflected in imagination and projected into the future should be the central moving energy in life. Yet so it is. It is perhaps still stranger that when this desire is defeated on one level of existence it should rise to another, transform its character and again govern our actions. It is strangest of all that when the desire of good has been defeated through the entire experience of the individual, and in the case of the race, over the whole breadth of history, this same desire of good, this passion for the ideal, wise or unwise, should renew itself in the youth of the world, and that the ideal itself should rise as from the dead, reappear in the van of humanity, and like a pillar of fire, light with alluring brightness the great future. Here is something inevitable. Is it the irony of fate or the fresh apocalypse of God?

The moral ideal is indestructible; its life is coeval with the life of humanity. This indestructi-

bility reveals itself through a history of mutations. What Shelley's "Cloud" sings of itself is true of our highest ideals:

> "I am the daughter of earth and water,
> And the nursling of the sky;
> I pass thro' the pores of the ocean and shores,
> I change but I cannot die."

Our highest ideals change, but they cannot die.

Consider the highest dream of Christian faith that God is on the side of Humanity. The early Christians seized on the death of Jesus: "He that spared not his own son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not also with him freely give us all things." [1] Then came the Christian reason, if such it can be called, and its endeavor to account for the value of the death of Jesus as proof that God is on the side of our sinful race. The death of Jesus was a ransom paid to Satan; so it was held. In consequence of the fall of Adam, the race being implicated in that primal calamity, the devil owned mankind. One glorious death, voluntarily endured, provided by the Almighty, bought back into freedom a captive humanity. As time passed this form of the meaning of the great witness of God's love for man became incredible. The view that the death of Jesus was an expiation offered to an offended Deity followed; in consequence of this offering, God's

[1] Romans 8: 32.

good will to man returned. That view could not last, although it showed a sad vitality and died hard. Then came the idea of substitution; the temporal death of Jesus was substituted for the eternal or spiritual death of man. That view, while uncovering the great principle of vicariousness inseparable from the life of love and service in time, did not work, and passed away. The death of Jesus, so it was next held, satisfied the injured majesty of law; man could thus obtain pardon when his doom would otherwise be that of an eternal outcast; God could thus be at once just and merciful, not winking at or making light of sin, and yet full of pity toward the sinner. As men continued to think in the atmosphere of the teaching of Jesus and in the light of their own best experiences, this view seemed utterly vain and was accordingly dismissed. As successor to this view there came the moral idea of Jesus' death. Jesus died in fulfilment of his vocation; his death was the sovereign expression of his faithful soul, and of the soul of God who enabled him to be faithful. Last of all something far simpler has come. The redeeming passion in Jesus that carried him to a glorious death, is the image of the redeeming passion in God. This view is read out of the substance and soul of the life of Jesus; it is read up into the soul of God, since all that Jesus was, he was by the gift and grace of

God. This idea of the value of the death of Jesus may be read, out of every high soul in the service of man, in one degree or another; and again into God's life who is the ultimate Inspirer and Sustainer. The ideal of faith, that God is on the side of man, has passed through all these mutations, rising higher with each new manifestation, till it is seen to be essential to the life of a spiritual humanity, essential to the life of God, conceived to be the Infinite Father.

Heaven and hell are primarily ideals of future bliss and woe, ideals absolute and in absolute realization. The transmutations through which these ideals have passed disclose the permanence of the ideal amid its variable forms. It is strange to find in Omar Khayyam, that magnificent poem of atheism and wild mockery, a form of the ideal that cannot pass away:

> "I sent my soul thro' the Invisible
> Some letter of that After-life to spell:
> And by and by my soul returned to me
> And answered, 'I myself am Heaven and Hell.'
> Heaven but the vision of fulfilled Desire.
> And Hell the shadow from a Soul on fire."

Here there are two images in the mind, one of infinite joy, and the other of infinite woe. In his teaching we find Jesus presenting his ideals of the future world by means of the popular beliefs about Hades. In Hades there were, so to speak,

two departments, each within sight of the other, the one a place of happiness and the other a place of misery. The rich man is in Hades, in torment; Lazarus is in bliss; they are within sight of one another; they speak and answer across the fixed gulf that separates the regions in which they live. There is no more reason to think that Jesus believed in Hades, other than as a symbol, than to suppose that Plato believed in Tartarus. Primitive views were crass in their materialism; the happiness was physical, as in the happy hunting ground of the Indian, the misery was physical torture as in the Inferno of Dante. When spiritual ideas arrived they could be effectively presented to the mind of the people only through the mythology of the popular belief. Hence the Platonic myth, and the Parable of Jesus. The great Judgment Parable of Jesus [1] is made and used to communicate spiritual conceptions of man's life here and hereafter; the fate of that Parable at the hands of interpreters shows how slow the human mind is to rise to the vision of the Eternal reality through the temporal symbol. Jesus' words to the penitent thief deliver the idea of the future and the ideal of life in the future, from all but the barest sensuous forms: Today shalt thou be with me in Paradise.[2] Here we have the idea that heaven and hell are in essence, opposite states

[1] Matt. 25. [2] Luke 23: 43.

of mind, within the compass of the Infinite mind.

> "The mind is its own place and in itself
> Can make a Heav'n of Hell, a Hell of Heav'n."

Here again in following the ideal issues of life, the ideal is subject to many changes; yet it is still true to say of it — "I change, but I cannot die."

There is a Hebrew lyric of exquisite beauty, concerned simply with the return of the exiles from Babylon across the seven hundred intervening miles of desert to their own beautiful and forever hallowed land. That song is a purely temporal song, filled though it be with faith, but it has become the symbol of the return of the individual soul to God, the return of society to the divine life, the return of humanity. Here it is as it has sung its way in English for three hundred years:

"The wilderness, and the solitary place, shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose.

"It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing; the glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it, the excellency of Carmel and Sharon; they shall see the glory of the Lord, and the excellency of our God.

"Strengthen ye the weak hands, and confirm the feeble knees.

"Say to them that are of a fearful heart, Be strong, fear not; behold, your God will come with vengeance,

even God with a recompense; he will come and save you.

"Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened; and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped:

"Then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing: for, in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert.

"And the parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water: in the habitation of jackals, where each lay, shall be grass, with reeds and rushes.

"And an highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called, The way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it; but it shall be for those: the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein.

"No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon, it shall not be found there: but the redeemed shall walk there.

"And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs, and everlasting joy upon their heads: they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

That return was never accomplished; on the temporal level it was a defeated ideal. Those who were carried into exile died in exile, most of them; only their children, and not by any means all of them, returned. Those who did return, returned to live in the old home under Persian, Greek, and Roman rule successively; they were a subject race till the Temple was destroyed and Jerusalem razed to the ground. Then as a race they were dispersed to the ends of the earth. This lyric of the glorious return sounds like ce-

lestial mockery or a sweet chant in a lucid moment, from an incurable inmate of an insane asylum.

What has happened? This exquisite lyric of the return of an exiled race to its own dear country has become the symbol of the return of man's spirit from the life of sense to the life in God, from the exile in time to the home of the soul and the race of souls in eternity. Men have said, Time is our pathway; the years are the milestones; some have passed but few of them, many have passed many. We are trudging on together, in the morning, under the heat of noon, in the quiet of the evening, over level paths, perhaps up steep mountain sides, trudging on together, through clear, fine weather or through storm and gloom. How shall we go? Dumb, inarticulate, with no sense of the epic dignity of our pilgrimage? Shall we go with a song in our heart, cheering one another as we go, setting forth life's meaning to one another as we bear the burden and face the hardships of the way? The Hebrew lyric has become a "Road Melody" in the onward march of a spiritual humanity. The defeated ideal retreats to rise to a new level and to wield its undying fascination there.

Here is the mystery of the moral ideal. In one aspect it is only the image of unattained good, in the imagination of man. It seems at one time the

vaguest, most fugitive, most uncertain notion in the world, — a mere dream of a higher soul in a better world. Again, and in retrospect of all the aspiring and moving centuries, it appears the one deathless force in the dying world of human beings. This image of good in the mind of man, the motive force of society when purified by insight, exalted by wisdom, and widened by experience to the compass of the whole higher need of the soul, is nothing less, nothing other than the human version of the Will of God for mankind.

II

Our human world is reducible to four great orders of experience. There is first of all the system of relations in which we live. As human beings we live in the relations of husband and wife, parents and children, friends, fellow-workers, fellow-citizens, fellowmen and in the august relation to the Infinite and Eternal. This order of experience is fundamental; it is like the keel of the ship from which the ribs are sprung; abolish it and you make human life impossible. Secondly, there are the ideals that rise out of these great human relations as their meaning; this meaning is perceived by moral insight and later it is reflected in the gorgeous colors of the moral imagination. In the third place these ideals that thus rise out of the generic human relations are seen to

be and felt to be our obligations. We are in duty bound to make these ideal meanings the creative forces in our life and in the life of the world. Fourthly, there is our obedience, the homage of the consenting will, the devotion of the power in man that brings things to pass, that turns ideal into actual and thus transfigures the relations from which this high meaning first drew its existence.

It appears from this exposition that the moral ideal is the second order of experience in our human world. Again let it be said that our ideals are the meanings, the system of meanings of the great relationships in which we live. They are first beheld in the white light of moral insight; they are later presented in the beauty and fire of the moral imagination; they thus become at once the source of the deepest wisdom and the foundation of the clear and radiant poetry of man's life.

Human nature is great with immanent mind. In the method and struggle of experience nature is earnestly trying to get its secret law and meaning uttered. This nature of ours is deeper than conscious mind, yet it cannot thrive without the aid of conscious mind. Our being, in the process of experience, is not unlike a deaf mute. It is charged with intelligence yet cannot get that intelligence expressed; it is aware of its own structure and law and still is unable to deliver its bur-

den to the free conscious mind. How to impart what it knows to be its ultimate meaning is its problem; a problem solved only in part, in the happiest endeavor, — in many cases it remains unsolved. Like our deaf mute, who succeeds now and then, after mastering a system of signs, by persistent effort, ingenious device, resourcefulness and hope, in uttering something of the deep content of his soul, though never more than a fraction of it, and who must often go as if his heart were empty, because of the unsympathetic and impotent mind by which he is surrounded, our human nature is able only here and there, after great effort and much suffering to get itself understood in part, while in general the conscious intelligence by which it is encompassed remains dead to the mighty secret that longs to make itself known. The true spirit in which to approach our humanity with its immanent mind, seeking earnestly and too often vainly to deliver the burden of the good to the conscious, personal mind, is given in Wordsworth's great line, "We feel that we are greater than we know."

From another angle of vision it may be said that in the total intellectual life of the race the true order would seem to be reality, feeling, reason. The infinite thing is the universal reality. We touch this reality first of all in feeling. The feeling is indeed penetrated with intelligence;

still it remains feeling. It rises in the forms of interest, curiosity, surprise, desire, expectation, confidence, and the spirit of prophecy. From this psychic confusion of great riches, issue clear conceptions, valid insight, sure knowledge. Reason is the latest born in the psychic family, and it remains forever overshadowed in life by its elder brothers — feeling, and the reality of which feeling is the witness.

That we are in a real universe is an assumption upon which we live; that we feel this real universe before we are able to think it, is an obvious fact in our experience; that we think, even at our best, not only something immeasurably smaller than the total reality, but also something that is nothing more than a fraction of the content of feeling, is a statement too plain to call for argument about it. When one sees a child playing on the lawn in front of its home in the sunshine, as the days lengthen into its second summer in the world, three things are clear. There is the enfolding sunshine; there is the sense of life heightened by the sunshine; there is some dim consciousness of the relation of cause and effect between the sunshine and the experience of exhilaration. We have here, one may presume, a hint of man's life as a spiritual being. There is the divine reality; there is its effect upon feeling; there is the account of the connection between

these two. The contention is that the divine environment is the ultimate and infinite wonder; close to this stands feeling truly inexhaustible in its content; last of all comes reason, inevitable in the mature human being, and inevitably behind in its work.

Originality would seem to begin in feeling. Copernicus has a feeling that the Ptolemaic system is all wrong; Newton that there must be some bond of union among all worlds; Berkeley that Locke's idea of matter is an absurdity; Kant that a true psychology should consider the action of the mind upon its object no less than the action of the object upon the mind; Darwin that life must have a history, that it must be an ascent. Feeling is the first sign of genius; to feeling in men of great genius we are indebted for the beginnings of the achievements that have made their names illustrious. The feeling for nature has given us our greatest scientists; the feeling for man our supreme poets; the feeling for God several of our weightiest philosophers and all our highest prophets.

When Jonathan Edwards contended that genuine religion consists largely in the affections, he did not mean to confine religion to a mere subjective circle. For him, as for every other wise man, the heart is not a possession out of all relation to universal Being; it is the organ of closest

contact with universal Being; of intuitive intercourse with it or him; of response to immediate impact; it is the organ of a storehouse of intimations, appeals, and gifts. The subtlest forms of mind work here, and they bring into the spirit of man experiences, assurances, and hopes of a transcendent character. From this world of religious feeling, reason elaborates its world of meanings, concepts, beliefs; still the primary world of religious feeling remains unsearchable in its richness, unfathomable in its depth.

In pressing nature for its secret, we are working to gain insight into the sort of being we men are. God is with us, God is within us, and we can understand ourselves only as we attain some idea of his purpose in the orders of our life. When the secret of our being becomes insight, and when the insight gets into the imagination, we have made great attainments. The moral life is then no longer a mere affair of human convention; it is seen to be what Plato and Aristotle and the Stoics saw it to be, what Butler and Kant held it to be, a life ordained by nature. Then, too, religion is no longer a blind ritual, an irrational belief, or the futile attempt to fill the infinite void with Intelligence, the shadow of the soul of man projected into immensity, but insight into the heart of an ever-present Reality. Here I present, for their illuminating power, two prophets of the

moral ideal, one from the first and the other from the nineteenth century of the Christian era, — Paul the Apostle to the nations, and the English Poet Tennyson.

III

Paul was, of course excluding from all comparison his Master, the greatest moral idealist of the century to which he belonged. Near the close of his life, when old and dying, he made over as his solemn bequest to an elect youth of that generation the glorious Christian ideal that he had followed with passionate joy from manhood. This aged Idealist said, "I have kept the faith." Fidelity to the ideal was the central, shining significance of his career in this wild mysterious world.

The various stages in the experience thus gathered into the expression of enduring fidelity to the ideal may be ascertained from other utterances of this wonderful man. There came to Paul in early manhood what he called the "heavenly vision." It found him at sunrise sleeping, and it awoke him; it came as the mighty wizard, it made new his whole personal life, his view of the world of men everywhere; it made new his thought of the universe in which he lived, and his feeling toward it. That was the first state: it was the dawn of a new day, in whose light everything was changed.

The second stage records the conflict that followed between the new life and the old, the new man and the old, the ideal and the actual, the heavenly spirit and the beast in him. That conflict is recorded with monumental power in the seventh chapter of his letter to the Romans. All the serious world knows of that tremendous conflict, all the serious minds in all these generations have been familiar with the cry of despair that came out of the defeated idealist's heart, — "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" And all souls longing for victory in all the serious ages, themselves serious, have taken comfort from the further experience; he deepened in defeat his insufficient ideal in the life and power of Jesus till that augmented and glorified ideal came back to subdue his passions and rule his life. Then he was able to answer his own deepest question. His victorious shout was, "Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

The next state in Paul's experience brought him to the discovery that every human being the world over was a candidate for the life under the light of the Christian ideal. He went forth at once with one of the grandest names ever given to a mortal man; he stepped into the arena of life as the apostle of the Christian ideal to the na-

tions, a world-servant of the world-ideal of the Lord Jesus. Then came the sense that his ideal was not something abstract, floating in the air, dependent for its existence upon vivid imagination and excited feeling; that it had its home, its authentic home, as far as this world is concerned, in the soul of Jesus. He gave it historic reality through the truth, the integrity, the beauty and the power of his life; he launched it from his humanity as a genuine force, no longer in the imagination of men merely, but as the meaning of man's world delivered from his own spirit.

Jesus died and passed away. The expectation of the church of the first century that he would speedily return in the flesh and consummate his kingdom was disappointed, and this mistaken thought about the return of Jesus and the disappointment that followed reduced the ideal to a wintry glimmer. Here was a new and a deeper crisis in the life of Paul and his fellow-Christians. The first battle of Paul after he became a Christian idealist was with the forces and courses of the brute in him. The foe that he met later in life was subtler, deadlier far. The suspicion haunted him that after all the ideal was only a dream, the invention of poetic emotion, the creation of enthusiasm, the play of pale ineffectual moonlight upon the regions of eternal ice; it was a meteor shot into a world that was amazed by it

for a moment, a world, however, in which it could not live. The suspicion haunted Paul that perhaps the Christian ideal must be surrendered face to face with the grinding, mechanical, brute order of existence, that order which digs the grave alike for saint and sinner, Jesus and Judas.

What saved Paul here was the very same thing that saved him in his earlier contest. Profounder retreat upon the ideal; that was his salvation. His great cry here rings down the ages, "Even though we have known Christ after the flesh, yet now know we him so no more." The evangelical history is divinely beautiful, inexpressively precious; nevertheless the world of spirit is contemporaneous; God is the contemporary Deity; the kingdom of souls is a reality in its own name and right, and we have today immediate access to this Reality and may feel its pulses and powers in our heart of hearts. Thus the ideal renewed itself out of the ever-present kingdom of the spirit; the spirit helpeth our infirmities. Again the ideal thus restored and greatened overflowed the world and claimed all men, all time and all kingdoms as its own. In the light of this world-ideal Paul saw all souls redeemed in Christ, and Christ and all souls taken up into the life of God, made conscious persons, permanent persons, wholly transfigured persons there and God himself become All in All.

From this bare outline of the experience of the greatest moral idealist of his age, and one of the greatest of all the ages, we turn to Tennyson. He may surely represent the moral idealist of the century to which he belonged. The poet opens his heart in "Merlin and the Gleam"; he opens, too, the religious soul of his generation.

We cannot but observe the striking resemblances in the experience of the Apostle and the Poet. In grand outline the one adventure answers to the other. There is Merlin the dying Idealist; he looks upon an elect youth as Paul had done. The youth is the Mariner; he is fascinated by the gray Magician, the sea, symbol of the boundless, mysterious stretch of life, with all its appeal to adventure and wonder. The Idealist, old and dying, has a romance to relate, the deep eternal romance of the morally awakened spirit. He recalls that "the Gleam" found him at sunrise sleeping, woke him, taught him magic.

> "Great the Master
> And sweet the Magic."

His view of himself was changed; the world of men and the stern universe to which he belonged now appeared in light and beauty, purified in the splendors of the all-hallowing fire. Then came the collision between the actual and the ideal, as in the case of Paul; the beast of a barbarous society

threatened and the demon in his own nature vexed him. For a moment it seemed that the glorious possession must perish. In the heart of his distress the great whisper came, "Follow the Gleam." As he followed it, as he honored it with the fidelity of his soul, "the Gleam" brightened till it overflowed the world. In its light Merlin now saw that not only favored men and women here and there but also all human beings, in virtue of their humanity, were capable of living this exalted life. Merlin now sees this spell upon the entire world of men running

> "From the rough ruddy faces
> Of lowly labor
> . . . . . .
> To the city and palace
> Of Arthur the King."

At last "the Gleam" found a witness of its reality in the perfect man.

> "At last on the forehead
> Of Arthur the blameless
> Rested the Gleam."

Arthur, blameless Arthur belonged in part to the temporal order; he died and vanished from the world. He left no successor; no perfect soul now remained to attest the authentic truth of "the Gleam." In consequence the world grew cold; "the Gleam" sank to a wintry glimmer; the hand of ice and death was upon it. Still the

Divine whisper came, "Follow the Gleam." Fidelity was rewarded; "the Gleam" grew till the world, the universe lay transfigured in its light, till age, infirmity, woe, loss and death were discovered to be sources of new and higher being. Thus Merlin, the dying Idealist, in recounting his mighty adventure sings,

> "And so to the land's
> Last limit I came, —
> And can no longer,
> But die rejoicing,
> For through the Magic
> Of Him the Mighty,
> Who taught me in childhood,
> There on the border
> Of boundless Ocean,
> And all but in Heaven
> Hovers the Gleam."

One more call from the Idealist at the close of the vast earthly adventure to the Idealist who is about to begin his perilous experiment — the call as impressive in its truth and solemn beauty as any words could well be — and the great recital ends. After this analysis, we may perhaps read this masterpiece with deeper insight and keener appreciation. Let us try:

> "O young Mariner,
> You from the haven
> Under the sea-cliff,
> You that are watching
> The gray Magician

With eyes of wonder,
I am Merlin,
And I am dying,
I am Merlin
Who follow the Gleam.

"Mighty the Wizard
Who found me at sunrise
Sleeping, and woke me
And learn'd me Magic!
Great the Master,
And sweet the Magic,
When over the valley,
In early summers,
Over the mountain,
On human faces,
And all around me,
Moving to melody,
Floated the Gleam.

"Once at the croak of a Raven who crost it
A barbarous people
Blind to the magic
And deaf to the melody,
Snarl'd at and cursed me.
A demon vext me,
The light retreated,
The landskip darken'd,
The melody deaden'd,
The Master whisper'd
'Follow the Gleam.'

"Then to the melody,
Over a wilderness
Gliding and glancing at
Elf of the woodland,
Gnome of the cavern,

Griffin and Giant,
And dancing of Fairies
In desolate hollows,
And wraiths of the mountain,
And rolling of dragons
By warble of water,
Or cataract music
Of falling torrents,
Flitted the Gleam.

"Down from the mountain
And over the level,
And streaming and shining on
Silent river,
Silvery willow,
Pasture and plowland,
Innocent maidens,
Garrulous children,
Homestead and harvest,
Reaper and gleaner,
And rough-ruddy faces
Of lowly labor,
Slided the Gleam —

"Then, with a melody
Stronger and statelier,
Led me at length
To the city and palace
Of Arthur the King;
Touch'd at the golden
Cross of the churches,
Flash'd on the tournament,
Flicker'd and bicker'd
From helmet to helmet,
And last on the forehead
Of Arthur the blameless
Rested the Gleam.

"Clouds and darkness
Closed upon Camelot;
Arthur had vanish'd
I knew not whither,
The king who loved me,
And cannot die;
For out of the darkness
Silent and slowly
The Gleam, that had waned to a wintry glimmer
On icy fallow
And faded forest,
Drew to the valley
Named of the shadow,
And slowly brightening
Out of the glimmer,
And slowly moving again to a melody
Yearningly tender,
Fell on the shadow,
No longer a shadow,
But clothed with the Gleam.

"And broader and brighter
The Gleam flying onward,
Wed to the melody,
Sang thro' the world;
And slower and fainter,
Old and weary,
But eager to follow,
I saw, whenever
In passing it glanced upon
Hamlet or city,
That under the Crosses
The dead man's garden,
The mortal hillock,
Would break into blossom;
And so to the land's
Last limit I came —

And can no longer,
But die rejoicing,
For thro' the Magic
Of Him the Mighty,
Who taught me in childhood,
There on the border
Of boundless Ocean,
And all but in Heaven
Hovers the Gleam.

"Not of the sunlight,
Not of the moonlight,
Not of the starlight!
O young Mariner,
Down to the haven,
Call your companions,
Launch your vessel
And crowd your canvas,
And, ere it vanishes
Over the margin,
After it, follow it,
Follow the Gleam."

IV

We are now ready, I hope, for these three conclusions. In the first place, here, in the truth of the ideal, is the beginning of our humanity. The beast lives in relations, but does not know it; the beast is foodgetter, parent, offspring, neighbor; the beast is in relation to the universe but does not know it. These relations have no ideal meanings for the beast, therefore it is and therefore it must remain a beast. And while man is unvisited

by the ideal he is a beast; he is foodgetter, parent, child, neighbor; he is in relation to the universe; but these relations yield no ideal meanings and he is an animal and not yet a man; so far he is only a "candidate for humanity." When as the planets after sundown swim up out of the gloom of the evening and climb the dark stairway of night and gather, a great cluster overhead, and pour down their all-hallowing illumination upon the earth, out of these human relations ideals rise and glow and burn and assemble in the firmament of the soul and chant, in light and fire, the refrain: "This is the meaning of your life"; then man is born; then he is born as lover, as parent, as brother, as friend, as citizen, as human being. The advent of the ideal is the birth of humanity.

Here we see the beginning of faith in Jesus Christ. He is the Sovereign Idealist in time. He stood in relations such as those in which we live, and out of these relations came all-glorious meanings regarding his own soul, regarding human beings everywhere, regarding the Soul of God. These meanings were his ideals; he kept them; he put them back into life through obedience, and shot them into the world through his words, his deeds and his whole career. To know Jesus is simply to know the Supreme Interpreter of life's meaning, to join him, in his sovereign moral idealism.

Here is the beginning of all faith in God. God is the Eternal Moral Idealist, whose character of Infinite worth is won through his will, is maintained through his will; in him ideal and actual are eternally one. That gives him significance for all finite worlds, and makes him the standard character for his poor children in time struggling after higher things.

Then, too, we think of God with a programme in this world, — what Tennyson calls "the far off divine event"; we think of God as driving the interests of this finite world through the courses of time, through all the centuries and the ages toward that "far off divine event" that he may consummate the human world that he has made. To believe in God is to join him in that movement with head and heart and will, with the energies of life and the vision of faith.

How can God be known? One answer to this question is clear and sure. Here is a ship at sea, plunging into the night homeward bound. Wild waves beat upon her, the tumultuous deep is under her, the black starless night is over her. What a universe of blackness and terror that is for the lonely ship. One thing is clear; she is making headway; one thing she cannot doubt, the driving power of her life. She feels the beat of her engines in every bolt and bar from stem to stern. There can be no doubt about the reality of the

power that is driving her through the wild night on toward the distant haven of peace. In this way man becomes sure of God. In his devotion to the ideal he opens his soul to the Soul of the universe; sincerity deepens, power increases, freedom arrives; the man prevails over the brute. Some One is driving his soul through this troubled and tremendous sea of time on toward the far off quiet harbor. The idealist knows God as the driving power of his being.

At the end Paul's words were, "I have kept the faith." What did he mean? That you should have a church, that you should love it and that you should now and then attend its services? He meant that doubtless and more. That you should belong to the one true unchanging Church? He did not mean that, for no such church was in existence when Paul wrote. All the churches were unstable and no one knew what they were going to be. Did Paul mean by his final words a system of belief, the historical theology of the Christian Church? That had not yet come into existence; he could not, therefore, have meant that. Did he mean an order of ideas? That surely but also something infinitely deeper. The apostle meant that the covenant that he had made with human souls through his entire life as a Christian, the covenant that he had made with the Eternal God, he had clung to, confessed and kept inviolate.

That is the faith worth keeping. To keep the faith in any great sense is to keep faith with the souls in one's home, to keep the faith as lover, husband, wife, friend, workman, employer of workmen, citizen, human being; it is to keep one's vow and covenant with the soul of God.

Here is a human soul in relation to your soul, to whom you have vowed, in one way or another, to be true. That vow is faith in its innermost circle of sanctity. One must call upon one's self to regard the church as a servant, to look upon the best order of ideas as instrumental, to seize the solemn, ultimate fact that Christian faith is a vow made in the presence of the ideal and in homage to it, a vow to be true to all souls, to be true to the soul of the Lord, to be true to the soul of God. Our vows, in the light of the Christian ideal, are the heart of our religion; they are indeed the sacramental life of our human world. Fidelity here is momentous; to keep the faith, in this sense of it, is to keep faith with ourselves, with humanity, with the universe, with the Infinite Father of all.

CHAPTER VIII

THE REALITY OF INSPIRATION

I

When one asks for a definition of inspiration, it is enough to answer that it is the mind of man, common or uncommon, endowed with unwonted sensibility to truth, beauty and goodness, through serious and reverential, perhaps awe-struck, contact with the mind of the Infinite. The inspired mind is mind quickened to unwonted sensibility, lifted to the full maximum of its power. The avenues of inspiration, as we shall see later, are three,—nature, our human world, the Infinite; and the reality of inspiration in the presence of nature, and of our human world goes far to set in light the reality of inspiration in the presence of the Infinite.

Plato's description of the poet as one out of his head, as a madman, is of course a humorous description. It contains the truth, that all men would confess, that minds of high sensibility pass over into their object; their minds become not only objective, but also the object. The object takes possession of such minds and utters its meaning and spirit through the mind that has been lent to it. In a way this is undeniably true

of all effective intellects, scientific, artistic, philosophic, religious. The scientific intellect, in the case of a Copernicus or a Newton, is possessed by its object; through this possession the object reveals its secret. In the case of the artist of high sensibility this is obviously true. A Beethoven passes into the possession of the mystery of sound and time, and that mystery keeps him in its possession till it has laid open its heart in his symphonies. Plato passes over into the possession of the dramatic movement of the philosophic mind of Greece. He is occupied by that movement; his mastery of it is part of the possession. He is his own madman over again; his mind is re-creating the philosophic drama, endowing it with the charm of life and free movement which it had when Socrates examined the thoughts of the older and younger Athenians whom he met in the Market Place. Aristotle is clearly in the same hierophantic order. No mind in all history is more completely objective, more engrossed with its objects, whether these objects be Logic, Rhetoric, Poetics, Ethics, Politics, Natural History, or Metaphysics. His genius impels him to become the thinking instrument of his object; his object gets into his whole mind, works upon it, utters itself through it. In precisely the same way the prophet Isaiah becomes possessed of the Eternal; his spirit is carried away by its object and that

Infinite object utters its message through the mind that has passed over into its control.

This movement of mind into pure objectivity is often instinctive, or the result of habit. It is, in many high examples, a movement initiated and quickened by conscious effort. This happens oftenest when the mind faces a great task. Men then call upon God, or the gods, for help. Nothing could be further from the truth, or indeed more contemptible than to treat the invocations of the great poets, face to face with a vast and vastly difficult task, as a mere rhetorical flourish. These men were believers in the Divine; they believed that the human mind works at its surest and best only when in contact with the Divine. Their appeals for help to the gods, to a single god or goddess, are made in all simplicity and sincerity.

The Odyssey opens with this well-known invocation: "Speak to me, Muse, of the adventurous man who wandered long after he had sacked the sacred citadel of Troy. Many the men whose towns he saw, whose ways he proved; many a pang he bore in his own breast at sea, struggling for his life and his men's safe return. Yet even so, by all his zeal, he did not save his men; for through their own perversity they perished — fools! who devoured the kine of the exalted Sun. Wherefore he took away the day of their return.

Of this, O goddess, daughter of Zeus, beginning where thou wilt, speak to us also." [1] The poet here depends upon an inspiration that the old Divines would have called plenary.

Virgil speaks from the heart, in simple sincerity, and in accord with the facts in his own mental life, when he sings,

"O Muse, the causes tell! What sacrilege,
Or vengeful sorrow, moved the heavenly Queen
To thrust on dangers dark and endless toil
A man whose largest honor in men's eyes
Was serving Heaven? Can gods such anger feel?" [2]

Virgil feels profoundly the dark tragedy of his world; he feels himself unequal to the task of gaining any, the least glimpse of its inner meaning, apart from Divine help.

Milton follows, with equal step, and with more enlightened appeal, his ancient epic predecessors.

"And chiefly thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer
Before all temples th' upright heart and pure,
Instruct me, for thou know'st; thou from the first
Wast present, and with mighty wings outspread
Dove-like, sat'st brooding on the vast abyss,
And mad'st it pregnant: what in me is dark
Illumine, what is low raise and support;
That to the height of this great argument
I may assert eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men."

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[1] The *Odyssey*, book I. Translation, G. H. Palmer.
[2] The *Æneid*, book I. Translation, Theodore Williams.

Such is the highest literary and religious tradition of our human race. Face to face with great tasks, as well as when face to face with grave crises in life, the reverent mind instinctively turns to the Divine for light and availing strength.

II

Today the inspirability of man in the presence of the Infinite is denied by some, doubted by others, entirely disregarded by many more. This strange state of mind has come into existence in our time, mainly, I believe, through the operation of three causes. The first source of trouble is an erroneous idea of inspiration. Older readers will remember that Christians were taught that the Old and New Testaments were dictated by the Holy Spirit, to chosen men; that not only the message but the words were of Divine origin. The prophet was a kind of graphophone, into which the Infinite Spirit spoke; when he had finished speaking the graphophone repeated his message to the world. The prophet had little or nothing to do with it except to take it in and give it out. This is hardly an extreme statement.

When people began to think, they felt that this sort of inspiration was unreal. The human mind when it is at its best is never mechanical; it is always creative, never entirely passive. Then

again such an idea of inspiration would lead us to expect in our sacred books absolute infallibility, — anything that comes altogether from God must be perfect, — and we have no such record in the world. There is no such thing in existence as an infallible book. Thus men turned away from inspiration on account of an erroneous idea of its essential nature.

The second cause of unbelief and disregard was the habit of confining inspiration to one race; — this gift was the exclusive privilege of the people of Israel and the people of Israel for a certain period of time, and of the elect only even of this people. Adam, after he got well over his fall, was inspired, and the inspiration continued through chosen men till the last apostle of Jesus died. Here it ended; all the peoples of the world, in all times of their history, in all their men of genius, in all their men of saintly aspiration were without inspired contact with the living God. Here universality was denied to the idea or fact of inspiration, and this is one of the surest ways of turning the whole subject out of the serious and free mind of the world. Men say if inspiration is only local it cannot be real.

The third source of our trouble is in the fact that inspiration has lost its interest for large numbers of persons. These persons have been served, upon this subject, with artificialities and

impossibilities till they have become weary of the whole business. Under the shadow of this exhausted interest in inspiration, a new generation has risen up, alien in mind and in feeling to the older habits of thought. Popular indifference is the result. Inspiration has become a name for senseless traditions and preposterous claims, set up in behalf of one literature that happens to have been gathered into one volume, against all other literatures. The persons I have in mind liken the search of their fathers for inspiration to an army marching across the desert, longing for water, beholding something on the horizon that looks like a lake; the soldiers march double-quick, but when they arrive, it is found that the enchanting vision was only a mirage. Cheated again and again, in this way, hope fled from the wisest of the older generation and the more thoughtful among the new generation turn their back upon this quest as utter vanity.

Something in man protests against this easy dismissal of a great human interest. Men are environed by nature, by humanity, by the Infinite: in these three forms the power of the environment is upon them. These forms of appeal are matched by man's susceptibility. One might as well deny inflammability to kindling wood, placed over a burning coal, as to deny to the soul the power of ignition in the presence of the great

aspects of our many-sided and potent environment. It might turn out to be the fact, upon candid examination, that there is an adjustment between the intellect of man and his environment of such a nature that the environment is inevitably influential, stimulative, inspiring. This idea would seem to underlie all science, art, philosophy and religion. Wonder is excited in the soul by its environment; wonder is sustained; out of wonder comes a purified curiosity; curiosity increases through the effort to satisfy it; a whole range of effective emotion is thus brought into the field of action.

This mass of urgent, effective emotion is initiated and sustained by the environment: to this extent it is clear that the power to inspire belongs to the environment and that the capacity to be inspired belongs to the human intellect. Here is the natural, inevitable, kindling potency beyond man; here in man is the native, inalienable capacity to be set on fire. This is the root of what becomes, in the sphere of religion, the mighty tree, whose leaves are for the healing of the nations. When one has discovered the source, even if it is only the farthest fountain, one has, in a sense, discovered the river, the possibility of the river, at least. There is in the environment of man, considered as a totality, a supreme wonder, a highest aspect. It may be that sensibility to our

world environment, under its highest aspect, profound receptivity of soul to its appeal, means much more than it seems. All that men have ever been clear about, concerning inspiration, may be coiled up here, as in a mainspring.

Reciprocity is the great law of the world. It obtains and holds everywhere; it is the mystery of man's relation to nature both on the physical and the æsthetic levels of existence; it is the tie, the ultimate tie between man and man, and because of its influence, we are a race, mutually educative, upward and downward, and not an aggregation of hard, exclusive atoms; it is this force that keeps the many in the One, that gave Paul the right to say, "In Him we live and move and have our being," that justified Wordsworth when he sang of the truths that

> "make
> Our noisy years seem moments in the being
> Of the Eternal silence."

Whoever would make good his denial of inspiration must first make good his denial of all reciprocity in the life of the universe. As it would be madness to make this denial, as reciprocity is a self-evident law, the reality of inspiration stands fast.

III

Man is by the constitution of his being inspirable; he is inspirable in the presence of nature, in

the presence of the world of human beings, and in the presence of the Infinite and Eternal. Inspiration means elevation of feeling, illumination of mind: the issue is a clear and sure vision. It also means that the source of this inspiration is in each sphere the object of thought. Nature, in the case of the ordinary man, in the case of the scientist, in the case of the artist, is the source of that exaltation, that quickened and assured vision; the world of men as the object of thought is the source of the mental illumination; the Infinite as the object of the mind is the final and highest source of insight and devotion.

We have as a result three types of the inspired mind, the naturalist, the humanist, the prophet of the eternal. We must consider each of these three types of inspiration; they will show us, I think, how universal this great force is, how constantly it operates in all living minds, how surely it stands as the essential condition of man's best life, and how truly it comes to be the consolation of the human spirit.

Man is inspirable in the presence of the wonder of nature. Ordinary human beings are moved in the presence of the sea on which the tempest has lain for many days, in the presence of the starlit evening, sunrise and sunset, the vast mountain range, the ineffable murmur of the river, the silence of the mighty forest or the anthem rung from

it by the strong wind; the solitary heavenly note of the hermit thrush coming up from the silent depths of the woods; in the presence of these wonders ordinary men are exalted in feeling and quickened in intellect. Upon this table-land of ordinary experience the peaks of genius rise and soar away, like the Alps that rise from the valley of the Engadine, which is six thousand feet above the sea level, and soar away in the case of Piz Bernina to fourteen thousand feet.

The cosmos gets into the feelings, the imagination and the intellect of Copernicus and soon a new solar system comes to mankind, so sure that we can hardly take in the fact that human minds have ever believed in any other. The cosmos gets into the feeling, imagination and intellect of Newton and again comes the permanent discovery of the universal force of gravity. The movement of life on this planet fascinates Darwin, gets into his feeling and imagination, enters his intelligence, and once more there comes a new natural history of life on this earth. The scientists who are advancing human knowledge in all departments of research are men standing in the presence of the wonder of nature; first of all they are fascinated by that wonder. Nature has got into their feelings, their interests, their enthusiasms, their imagination; they are lovers waiting till the great secret rises like a star in the devoted intellect.

Nature inspires the scientific mind, keeps it working at its maximum of insight and power, sustains it by the interest it awakens till the fact is seen and the law made clear. As science is inspired by the truth of nature, art is inspired by the beauty of nature. Here again the ordinary mind precedes the artistic genius. One evening, some years since, I was coming home between eight and nine o'clock, and as I was about to turn into the street on which my house stands, my eye was caught by the most extraordinary star in the heavens. I said to myself, that star must be Sirius. I stopped to make good my impression. There hung from the roof of the night, the great constellation of Orion. From the star in the east corner of the square of Orion, according to the diagram in the books, a straight line led to Sirius, shining there blue, wildly beautiful, incomparable. I wanted to call my friends to see the great sight, to enjoy with me this transcendent stellar splendor, to be awed and lifted, as I was by this superlative wonder of the night. Thus I, representative of the common man, in æsthetic sensibility, felt; here is the same feeling greatened in the heart of the poet, who joins in one fellowship two heavenly lights:

"Star Sirius and the Pole Star dwell afar
Beyond the drawings each of other's strength:
One blazes through the brief bright summer's length
Lavishing life-heat from a flaming car;

While one unchangeable upon a throne
Broods o'er the frozen heart of earth alone,
Content to reign the bright particular star
Of some who wander or of some who groan.
They own no drawings each of other's strength,
Nor vibrate in a visible sympathy,
Nor veer along their courses each toward each:
Yet are their orbits pitch'd in harmony
Of one dear heaven, across whose depth and length
Mayhap they talk together without speech."

Or this on Orion, the guide to Sirius:

"How oft I've watch'd thee from the garden croft,
In silence, when the busy day was done,
Shining with wondrous brilliancy aloft,
And flickering like a casement 'gainst the sun!
I've seen thee soar from out some snowy cloud,
Which held the frozen breath of land and sea,
Yet broke and sever'd as the wind grew loud —
But earth-bound winds could not dismember thee,
Nor shake thy frame of jewels; I have
At thy strange shape and function, haply felt
The charm of that old myth about thy belt
And sword; but most my spirit was possess'd
By His great Presence, Who is never far
From his light-bearers, whether man or star."

The power of nature over poetic sensibility of the first order may be seen perhaps at its best in Shelley's "Cloud." Here the poetic inspiration, from nature, is clearly transcendent; it has risen into another world from that of ordinary æsthetic experience:

"I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams.

I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under,
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

. . . . . .

"The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning star shines dead;
As on the jag of a mountain crag,
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle alit one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings.
And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
Its ardours of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest, on mine airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

. . . . . .

"That orbèd maiden, with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer;

And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these."

Here is a poet, standing in the presence of nature, controlled by its spirit of beauty. Who can read his lines and deny the reality of inspiration as man stands in the presence of nature? The reality of inspiration here is first part of the life of normal man, and second, it is in unique degree, the unshared privilege of genius.

We come now to another phase of our subject. Man is inspirable in the presence of the wonder of the human world. All the great things that have come to us in literature, the great humanities, have come to us from men who have been set going in their intellect and in their interests, set going in a marvellous way, by the appeal of our human world. The greater ethical insights, the profounder political ideas, the ideals that have initiated human reforms and that have promised better days for men as men, have come from the humanists who have been thrilled and filled by the glory of our human world.

The greatest humanist in English literature is Shakspere. How vast is his vision of that human world in which we live, in depth, in com-

pass, in tragic grandeur, in ineffable beauty! He did not make that world but he loved it and he had the capacity to receive part of its immeasurable meaning. There is the witness of his great Sonnet on Love:

> "Love is not love
> Which alters when it alteration finds,
> Or bends with the remover to remove.
> O, no! it is an ever-fixéd mark
> That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
> It is the star to every wand'ring bark,
> Whose worth 's unknown, although his height
> be taken."

Or, again, those words that Hamlet wrote to Ophelia, true through the whole lurid mistake and horror of the drama, true, everlastingly true:

> "Doubt thou the stars are fire;
> Doubt that the sun doth move;
> Doubt truth to be a liar;
> But never doubt I love."

The human heart has this capacity; we know it has this capacity, and Shakspere, standing in its presence, glorified it in his great words. And Cordelia, beautiful Cordelia, overwhelmed with misunderstanding, caught in the black tragedy of life where her very goodness became a fatality, listen to her:

> "And what shall poor Cordelia do?
> Love and be silent."

Are not these words very near to those of the Apostle Paul, when he wrote, "Love never faileth"?

There is another humanist, second only to Shakspere, who is a witness to the truth of the contention that I am making that while all men are affected more or less in emotion and intelligence, by the wonder of our human world, men of genius see things that we do not see. Go with Robert Burns to that gathering of mendicants in a Scottish inn or grogshop where they pawn their extra clothing, "their orra duddies," and spend the night in a revel of whiskey drinking, and what do you see? Squalor, vice, disgrace, shamelessness, something utterly hideous to your nature. All that is there, but there is something else there which the poet alone sees; that is humanity intact though soiled, humanity courageous though rough and coarse, humanity still capable of covenanting and loving, humanity capable of redemption; by his insight and sympathy the poet lifted that world, all damaged but yet human, into a great poem, into a great revelation of the soul of good in things evil.

Go with Burns to a scene of an opposite character, "The Cotter's Saturday Night." You see the humble man coming home from his week's work, with the mud on his shoes, all over pretty well covered with mud. He is not a very impres-

sive sight to you. You note the children as they come out to meet him; they are poorly clad and perhaps not very clean. You see the humble woman, the mother and wife; there she is in plain clothing; she is worn with hard work and worry; the bloom has faded from her face. You watch as the meal is prepared, — the evening meal, and it seems bare and poor. You look about you and see the little room lighted by a rush light; you notice the glee, the content, the clean quiet mirth of the family; the gathering of friends later, and you are affected in some degree by the piety, simplicity and humanity of the scene.

How does the scene affect the poet Burns? He sees the beauty and the sanctity of wedded love; the serious joy of the husband and father, the poetry that lights up his work and its drudgery; he notes the budding love in the new generation, the Highest at work in the hearts of the young preparing for a new apocalypse of himself; he sees the religious faith that overcomes the world, that binds it back to the Eternal.

"The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
How Abram was the friend of God on high;
Or, Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny.

. . . . . .

"Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme:
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
How He, who bore in Heaven the second name,
Had not on earth whereon to lay His head.

. . . . . .

"From scenes like these, old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad;
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
'An honest man's the noblest work of God.'"

There is your humanist, inspired by the wonder of our human world. Under this inspiration he lays open to the depths the beauty that dwells with true souls, the beauty that even fate cannot drive from man's world. The best of Burns' songs have the same value; the poet passed over from all that was gross in his nature into the power of the beauty of the world of love; he was for the time being, at least, made pure by what he saw, by what took possession of him; his voice became the lyric of the purest and dearest humanities; as for example,

"My love is like a red, red rose
That's newly sprung in June:
My love is like the melodie
That's sweetly play'd in tune.

"As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in love am I:
And I will love thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

"Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun:
And I will love thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run."

We thus approach the last and highest sphere of inspiration. Man is inspirable in the presence of the Infinite; of that there would seem to be no doubt; all religion attests it. The Infinite as a reality confronts man every day; he may call it fate, matter, force, moral order, impersonal mind or personal spirit. There it is; no one can deny it, no one wishes to deny it while he is sane. As men stand there all have at times a sense of awe. "When I consider I am afraid." This wild, boundless universe; we have our dreams about it, wondering what its inmost character may be. Many are bewildered by it; they have this thought about it and that; which is true and which is false they cannot tell; they are simply bewildered. This amazing totality, this infinite universe, in part benignant and in part wild terror; who can deliver any sure insight concerning it! Men of supreme religious genius come to our help here; they are carried away by the Eternal; the Infinite interests them as nothing else does; their heart and their soul go out to it, they gain certain transcendent experiences under the impact, under the inspiration of the Infinite. This experience which they receive from the heart of things, which is their noblest strength, their abiding consolation, their supreme joy, they shape into speech and deliver as God's word to them, as God's message through them to the world.

Such is the prophet, not the ordinary prophet, but the supreme prophet. He is caught and carried away by the Infinite, as the artist is by the depth and beauty of human life; and God tells him his name, his character; gives him an experience of such wealth and worth and power that it transforms his entire existence. This as I have said he shapes into speech and delivers as the oracle of God. Such were the highest of the Hebrew prophets. They began their prophetic vocation by the profoundest, the most central, the most interior religious experience; their life became a new thing to them under the impact of the Infinite. That was God's oracle to them; God's oracle to them became his message to their race and to the world.

Here is the secret of Jesus. He was the child of the Infinite; he was always in the Eternal; he was sensitive to the Highest beyond our utmost dream. He knew the Highest was on the field when it was a blank to every one else. His whole soul rose in openness, in trust, in adoration, in obedience to the Infinite, and the Infinite told him his name Father, Eternal Love; the Infinite shaped himself into an experience in the soul of Jesus which for clearness and sureness is unlike anything that we know. That experience came forth as God's word to Jesus; as God's gospel through Jesus to mankind.

The disciples of Jesus followed the example of their Master; they opened life to the Infinite. This was the meaning of their belief in the Holy Spirit. They came to hold in their hearts a secret experience; it was slight at first, a mere brook ankle-deep, issuing from the sanctuary; later it became a river to swim in. Through the ages genuinely religious people have attained to a fullness of heart, a Gospel all their own. They have seen something, they have felt something, they have experienced something, and that something shaped itself into the genuine word of God to each one of them. Something shaped itself so that a mother could give it to her children, a friend to his friends, a preacher to his people; God's word to each became God's message through each to others. That is the innermost reality, the essential heart of the whole matter.

Our little bit of immediate inspiration, immediate experience under the training and brooding of the Eternal, we get enlarged by joining it to the great world experience of Jesus. Here is a small inland sea; it is beautiful, and it gets out into all the seas; the Black Sea finds a way into the Sea of Marmora, the Sea of Marmora into the Mediterranean, the Mediterranean into the Atlantic; thus the local greatens itself in the universal. In this way will men enlarge their little bit of personal experience. They greaten it in the

bigger and the yet bigger till they merge it in the soul of Jesus, in the Eternal Spirit; then it becomes part of the great ocean of experienced divinity that goes round the world.

The Soul of the universe and the soul of man are kindred; that is the basal idea lying in the heart of all great religion. There is, there must be reciprocity, of one kind or another, of one degree or another between man and the Eternal Spirit. Emerson, in four exquisite lines, expresses the inevitable law that underlies the inspirability of man. He is singing of the Harp, the æolian Harp, the symbol of man's soul in a kindred, friendly universe, and this is his song:

> "Speaks not of self that mystic tone,
> But of the Overgods alone:
> It trembles to the cosmic breath, —
> As it heareth so it saith."

All varieties of speech, as the result of the impact of the Infinite upon human sensibility, are here provided for, from Pope's untutored Indian,

> "Who sees God in clouds
> And hears him in the wind,"

to the supreme prophets of the world, to him whose whole life was lived in the moral grace of the Infinite, whose spirit revealed the love of his Father, whose speech remains the highest wisdom and the divinest music of the world.

What is our gain from this insight into the reality of inspiration? In answer to this question it may be said that in inspiration we see the origin of all high scientific discovery, all great art, all true religion; here, too, we see the fountain of that joy in truth and beauty and goodness that is the noblest satisfaction of all normal human beings. Surely it is something to see that from the way in which the greater aspects of the mystery of the universe affect us, and from our capacity to be thus affected, the whole higher life of mankind issues. Our possessions are thus won; if our sensibility were deeper and finer, our possessions might be richer and more precious, and our delight in them correspondingly increased.

Which form of inspiration is standard for the definition of all the varieties of the experience? That question will be answered differently by the several exclusive devotees of truth, and beauty, and goodness. Scientific inspiration proceeds by exact methods, to exact results; it ends with the ascertainment of fact and the discovery of law. While science remains science it provides no vision for art, and no Soul of the universe for religion.

Art is man's creative response to the beauty of things; Art sees and feels the beauty of the world; it is stirred to creative power by its vision and its passion. Art confesses its inspiration as the con-

dition of its vision of beauty and its creation of beauty, but it is without a philosophy of the nature of the ultimate ground of beauty. Here is a simple fact, inspiration, vision, creation; the pure artist need go no further; he rarely goes further, unless indeed he becomes more than an artist. Keats speaks for the entire guild of pure artists:

> "Beauty is truth, truth beauty, — that is all
> Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

Religion, great religion, lives in another manner, under its form of inspiration. The universe in its totality is interpreted by its highest aspect. That highest aspect is Soul, answering to man's soul, possessing infinite worth, of infinite compassion, perfect in every attribute of truth and beauty and goodness. The object of religion is the ultimate reality that lives in and behind the facts and laws that engage the scientific mind; it is the Infinite origin of the beauty that fills with delight the spirit of the artist; the inspiration, therefore, under which religion lives, and the insight in which it issues, is the highest and surest. While it leaves them in perfect freedom, religion supplements both the scientific view of life and the artistic; it completes these two partial views in the vision of the whole.

Can anything clear and sure be said on the form which the Infinite assumes in great religious

experience? Why should great religious experience shape itself into the assumption or insight that the Infinite is a soul? That it does so shape itself, in all great religion, with the exception of Buddhism, would seem to be a fact. Why? By what right or justification?

I suppose, by the fact that the Ultimate Reality can become intelligible to man, or be of intelligible value to man, in no other way. I take it all views of the universe are ultimately interpretations, and that these interpretations are made, now by one aspect of the human personality and again by another. Fate, Force, Matter, Impersonal Mind, are all interpretations of the universe, through aspects of the human personality, abstracted from the whole. The abstraction attempts to justify itself in the facts that look toward a universe of fate, force, matter, impersonal intelligence; none the less is it an endeavor through one category of the mind or another to construe the nature of the Eternal mystery. Religion disapproves of this abstraction, this mutilation of the instrument of interpretation. The soul of man is satisfied by the Infinite, and it is held that only the Infinite as Soul can satisfy man as soul.

Experience runs inevitably into this august personal form. The profound experience of the great prophets of Israel is all of this character;

the experience of Jesus is, with perfect spontaneity, in form always personal. The Infinite is to Jesus the Father; the universe is his Father's house. In the great religious souls of Christendom the experience issues, usually as the result of struggle, in the same personal form. The parable for it is the wrestling of Jacob. In the night of the soul, the struggle begins; the reality is at first nameless and unknown. The contest continues through the long watches of the night; it becomes clear to the human soul that a man is wrestling with it, a soul other than, higher than and yet answering to itself. The character of this soul is finally discovered; the Infinite has run into the form of human personality, glorified by eternal goodness. The issue of the vast, mystic experience is in the triumphant cry, "I have seen God face to face and my life is preserved." In great religious experience two souls are present, — the soul of man and the Infinite Soul. The religious man thinks he cannot be wrong in trusting the voice and verdict of his profoundest and best life.

CHAPTER IX

THE DUALISM IN MAN

I

One great aspect of the mystery of our life lies in its dualism. It is neither the one thing nor the other. Man's being is neither wholly animal nor wholly spiritual; it is a combination and often a confusion of both. It is this dualism that vexes our existence, that makes it so inscrutable, that puts before us the most vital of all our practical problems — that of personal character.

At first this dualism is accentuated by the religious ideal. There is the harmony of the unmoral life and there is the harmony of the life that has fought its great battle and won, whose task is to secure and ennoble the conquest that has been made. There is besides the dualism of the human nature breaking into a sense of the life of the flesh and the life of the spirit. It is this dualism that is often deepened by the vision of the Christian ideal. The impossibility of the existence of interior moral order, of meeting the demands of the ideal often seems absolute, and creates in many persons something like despair of goodness. The great prophet of Israel sees the moral ideal and his primary response to it is in these words: "Woe

is me! for I am undone; because I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips: for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of Hosts." [1] The most eager and the frankest of the disciples of Jesus said, "Depart from me, O Lord, for I am a sinful man." The presence of the moral or religious ideal not only deepens the sense of worthlessness, but also accentuates the apparently ineradicable contradiction in the human soul. Swift with his keen eye upon this contradiction and what it leads to, and with grim tragic humor, writes: "But a broomstick, perhaps you will say, is an emblem of a tree standing on its head; and pray what is man but a topsy-turvey creature, his animal faculties perpetually mounted on his rational, his head where his heels should be, grovelling on the earth." [2] The same writer remarks elsewhere that "we have just enough religion to make us hate, but not enough to make us love one another." [3] The religious ideal seeks to undo the inversion of which Swift speaks, and to create the love that conquers hate; its presence and endeavor bring into view, at first, hardly anything more than the immensity of the problem. Begin to clean the interior of the great ship, pour the hot water through the entire hold, and the

[1] Is. 6:5. [2] "A Meditation upon a Broomstick."
[3] "Thoughts on Various Subjects."

number of unsuspected rats that will run to the deck will make you aware, for the first time, what sort of creatures have been mixed with your cargo.

As we face this ultimate dualism, watch its aggravation under the presence of the religious ideal, and note its persistence, we see clearly the origin of two great errors that prevail concerning the meaning of man's nature; we can see, too, the plausibility of the reasoning advanced in support of these one-sided and erroneous beliefs.

There is the naturalistic error. The animal knows no schism in his being, he is a pure self-seeker, limited by parental instinct and limited in a measure by social instinct, but in all and through all a pure self-seeker, undisturbed by any sense of wrong, or sin, in the evolution of his egoism. Many have endeavored to construe human life in this way. They say man is an animal, like other animals; he was born here, he breathes the air of this planet, lives upon the food supplied by it, finds a mate as the birds do, expresses his being in other organisms, like his own, as do the animals, grows old, wears out, dies, turns to dust, and as he began here so he ends here. The mind that he has is given him simply for economic, domestic, social and political utility; it has no transcendent meaning. What character man has comes from the struggle, the suc-

cessful struggle for existence; he comes to know when it is wise to tell the truth and when it is best to lie. Love is simply an incident of the physical organism which swells in youth and maintains itself through the years and fades out with old age. Many human beings have tried to think out human life in this way and multitudes in all lands and among all races are trying to live human life on the animal hypothesis. The religious ideal is here an alien, a troubler of our animal peace; it is to be expelled as an alien and as evil.

This simplification of our total humanity to the level of the consistent self-seeker is met by four great protests. There is the protest from the sense of beauty; the beauty of nature is rich, endless, and normal man is sensitive to it. There is the beauty of the world of art, created by man's genius. What possible relation has the sense of beauty to the mere animal struggle for existence? From a purely economic point of view the money spent upon art is sheer, clear waste; if beauty be not the consolation of man's spirit, if it be not a means of exaltation, if it be not a ministry of dignity, sweetness and grace to the human soul, then it is waste; it does not further the mere fight on the economic field.

There is the protest of truth. Man is a being capable of pure, theoretic interest. What is science but intellect consecrated to the discovery of

the fact, the whole fact and nothing but the fact, whether the fact be against or for humanity. What is philosophy but the endeavor to discover the meaning of our human existence, whether that meaning be what we should like or the reverse of what we should like. Here, then, is a theory, an interest, pure, unstained, having nothing to do with the struggle for existence. The superior thinker is evident by his freedom from bias; his passion is for truth, burning, and wearing forms of splendor as in Plato; profound, unobtrusive, all pervading, inexhaustible as in Aristotle. Bias does not mean a sense of the dignity of our human world; prejudice does not signify the vision of the worth of humanity. Bias is party spirit, prejudice is a form of perversity; the real stain upon the thinker is the wish to see things other than they are, to play the advocate by concealing the momentous and by elevating to the chief place the incidental and the trivial.

Here, too, is the love that the naturalist caricatures in the fortunate young people who are about to found a home. This is surely one of the most moving, one of the most beautiful things in the world. There is nothing that a wise man delights in more than in the marriage of fit persons. And there is the love that comes with children; infinite tenderness comes and an altruism as pure as the stars. There is the love that supports man-

hood and womanhood under the heat and burden of the day; there is love in old age, often the best form of love, seen in grandparents. Their love is wholly disinterested; gain other than the delight of loving is far from it. There is the love that breathes out its fire in death. When Tennyson was on his death bed, his physician told him this incident that had lately happened. "A villager, ninety years old, was dying, and had so much pined to see his old bedridden wife once more that they had carried her to where he lay. He pressed his shrunken hand upon her hand, and in a husky voice said to her, 'Come soon,' and soon after passed away himself." [1] Such an incident carries in it an experience wide as the bounds of time; it is this experience that lies enshrined in one of Burns' loveliest songs:

> "John Anderson my Jo, John,
> We clamb the hill thegither,
> And monie a canty day, John,
> We've had wi' ane anither;
> Now we maun totter down, John,
> And hand in hand we'll go,
> And sleep thegither at the foot,
> John Anderson my Jo."

Here is a protest with the breath and passion of humanity in it against the naturalistic simplification of our existence.

To this must be added the protest of religion.

[1] *Life of Tennyson*, vol. II, p. 427.

Religion means man's interest in the Infinite, his hunger for the love of the Eternal, his worship of the Absolute worth; it means man's vision into the pure, sacred Fire at the centre of all being, and his high resolve coming from this vision, to make his pilgrimage through time "in honor and clean mirth." These protests of beauty, truth, love and the sense of God utterly wreck the naturalistic interpretation of our existence. Such an interpretation empties that existence of all those things that make it worth while, reduces it to a remnant and a mean remnant at that. We must not confuse the land and the sea; the land supplies the bed for the ocean, but the ocean is distinct from the land, having tides of its own, the "wild wave's play" that belongs to it; it has a life peculiar to itself and a freedom. So it is with Spirit in its bodily organism.

There is the other grave error to which indeed we are not now so much exposed as men of former days, the error of a one-sided spirituality. Unless I misread the signs of the times the danger here is remote; still certain ideals continue to allure in this direction. Those who found sainthood upon ignorance of the animal substructure of human existence are unwise. Life is insecure when it is lived in disregard of the animal; all the tides in the animal world rise and fall in human hearts and he is among the silliest and weakest who

thinks he is pious and strong when he is merely shutting his eyes to the fact that the brute in him is large and terrible. Then, too, there is the idea of sainthood by seclusion from the world. The only persons for whom there is legitimate seclusion from the activities of the world are the sick, the disabled, the incompetent, and they only till they recover. What is a human being without a home, his own, or at least the home from which he has come? What is a home that does not play into other homes, thus creating sympathies and promoting activities wide as the world? I recall how I revolted in my youth at the idea of a saint. I think I never met a saint in my life with whom I cared to spend an hour. There are a few saints in history, like St. Francis, whom I love; there are many who are labelled *saints* whom the name does not fit. The popular idea of a saint seems to be a ghostly creature, anæmic, something like tepid water, one with nothing positive in his human endowment, incapable of magnificent rage, who carries no guns that strike terror to the hearts of evil-doers, whose broadsides are not even puffs of smoke in the terrible battle with unrighteousness, whose nature, in no way, represents the great world of men. The abstract, purely spiritual life is, for a human being, an impossibility. Our Maker has taken the highest in the universe and the lowest

— mind and matter — and constituted man of both. We return, therefore, from these errors to recognize ourselves as we are, body and soul, animal and man.

II

This dualism in man sets the problem of man's life. That problem is to unify this discordant existence through the vision and experience of the good. The object of all impulse, and all will, is the good. No will could be moved were there not an object in view conceived as good. One rises in the morning, goes to work, returns from business, meets his friends, dines out, spends the evening at the theatre or club, attends church on Sunday, because the object in each case appears, on the whole, desirable, that is, it appears as a good. Normal men eat and drink not only under the category of necessity but also under the category of the good. As member of a family, as partner in a business concern, as a citizen, as a being with social sympathies and intellectual tasks, as a religious person, all that one does, one does because it seems to one good. Everywhere and always the vision of the good moves the will; indeed so clear is this that it is inconceivable that it should be otherwise.

At first sight this idea of good seems to provide a swift and easy escape from our human dualism,

and surely we find here the reasonable hope of the ultimate mortal unity of the soul and of society. Still the hope must be, in the nature of the case, a deferred hope. We very soon discover that there are two kinds of good; there is good apparent and there is good essential. There is that which is good for a small part of our nature and good only for a brief period. This good aggravates the schism between the senses and the soul, and besides, brings among other woes bitter disappointment. Here the Garden of Eden story is a clear example. The woman saw that the tree was fair and good for food; it so appeared and the fruit so tasted. But the tree and its fruit were good only for sense; it brought the consciousness of schism in a moral nature bound to set reason above appetite, bound to keep faith with the moral ideal of life. It brought the sense of disunion and it issued in bitter disappointment; it was therefore good apparent and not good essential.

Strong drink is a good; so it appears, so it tastes to those who like it. Later the illusion becomes evident. Devotion to this good breaks down health, muddles the intellect, destroys character, separates a man from his best friends, from selfrespect and growth in the confidence and esteem of worthy persons. This apparent good is at last seen to be an essential evil. Thus it holds of the egoistic life in general; it seems good, but it

will not cover the whole personal sphere, it will not work socially; finally it is pronounced bad and an effort made to abandon it.

It is experience that sets in two eternally opposite categories, good apparent and good essential. Antecedent to all experience all desirable things are good. Feed your child on sweet wine; it seems good; feed it on poison done up in sugar and again it appears good. To Judas those thirty pieces of silver seemed a kind of summum bonum; it was his later experience that disillusioned him. Peter denies his Master because it seemed good so to do; later he is unable to endure his own denial. Intemperance, sensuality, unfair dealing, dishonesty, all lust and all shame, all greed, all cowardice and all treason have their psychology here. They appeal to the will as good; later they are shown to be nothing but evil under the form of good. All human experience thus becomes a revelation of the difference between moral appearance and reality.

We here discover where the idea of right comes in, and what it means. I said the will is moved by the vision of good and by nothing else. I said that experience reveals two kinds of goods, one illusory, the other real. Good is thus the goal, the ultimate end of all choice, the ideal satisfaction of the soul, and right is the way to this ideal satisfaction; it is therefore the sense of loyalty to es-

sential, eternal good, and as such becomes essential and eternal right. You have the vision of a perfect geometrical figure, a circle or a triangle; you wish to see this in a drawing or in material form. There is only one way to draw or embody that geometrical figure, and that is to draw or build, as nearly as possible, in absolute fidelity to your vision. There is the vision of the end, and the end is the good; the right is loyalty to the good in the act or series of acts whereby the good is to be attained. Paul's experience illumines both ideas: "I count not myself yet to have apprehended, but one thing I do, forgetting the things which are behind and stretching forward to the things which are before I press toward the goal unto the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." Here the idea of the goal, as the infinite good, is imperfectly apprehended; the movement of the intellect is ever toward a richer and more adequate vision of the ultimate satisfaction, and the idea of the right means loyalty in this high and endless pursuit to the indefinable greatness of the end pursued.

Conscience as a complex of desire and reason has to do both with good and right; it has to clear of mistake and illusion the idea of the good, and it has to disclose the solemn authority of the idea of right. Conscience has therefore come, and justly, to represent the end and the means of the

spiritual life, that which should be our human goal, and that which should be the chosen path thereto. Conscience means in the conscientious man the sovereignty in thought of the idea of good essential, and the sovereignty in purpose of the idea of right.

Conscience, first of all, reflects the dualism in man's nature; "the good which I would I do not: but the evil which I would not that I practise." Here is the terrible antinomy lying deep in man's being, and brought to full view by the conscience. Conscience has been called a superstition, a maligner of life, an enemy of human comfort, a baseless and yet baleful importation of the discredited theologian. The fact is conscience is first of all a mirror held up to nature; it simply announces what it finds in the psychology of man. Two goods are reflected in it, one an illusion and the other real. Two states of will are mirrored in it, one a will toward illusory good, and the other a will toward real good. In addition it announces the habit of life and the moral strength or weakness that has issued from that habit. Conscience is not to blame; it reads the record and in normal man reports what it finds.

If it is true, as it surely is, that conscience brings to light the tremendous contradiction in man, it provides for the elimination of this contradiction. It is the physician who discovers the

nature of the disease from which we suffer, and it is the wise practitioner who prescribes the way out of the malady into health. We should be unaware of the schism in our heart but for conscience, and should sink to the life of the brute, without however the content of the brute, rather with the undefined discontent of a high nature, cheated of its legitimate satisfactions. Without conscience we should never know our need of reform, nor should we have those programmes of life, those far-shining ideals that are the moving forces in our higher human world. A man in a street car pretty nearly drunk, yet with the sense of chivalry in him, rose to give his seat to a lady who had just entered the car. Before the lady could take the proffered seat, another person took it. Our intoxicated friend protested. The answer he got was this: "You are drunk, keep still." Our friend rejoined: "I know I am drunk, but I will get over it; you are a hog and you will never get over it." In the first person conscience told him the fact and held before him a better future; in the second person there was no conscience and he was, without knowing it, not only a beast, but an incorrigible beast. The surgeon and his knife frighten the child; they may be painful to the wise man who knows his need, yet are they welcome as the promise of the new and better future.

III

The problem before us here is eonian and it cannot be solved by speculation. The intellect defines, the will solves our problem; such must be our sure conclusion. The intellect defines our tasks, as in Kipling's lines:

> "We are very slightly changed
> From the semi-apes who ranged
> India's prehistoric clay;
> Whoso drew the longest bow
> Ran his brother down, you know,
> As we run men down today.
>
> "Doub," the first of all his race,
> Met the Mammoth face to face,
> On the lake or in the cave,
> Stole the steadiest canoe,
> Ate the quarry others slew,
> Died — and took the finest grave.
>
> "When they scratched the reindeer-bone,
> Someone made the sketch his own,
> Filched it from the artist — then,
> Even in those early days,
> Won a simple Viceroy's praise
> Through the toil of other men."

The eonian selfishness is thus defined; the defining faculty can do no more, the creative will must declare war upon this ancient iniquity and "lay the proud usurper low." In this task of the moral will there opens the vista of one of the chief glo-

ries of human life, the persistent, undiscourageable endeavor to eliminate the contradiction in experience, overcome the dualism, and establish in the soul a spiritual unity, a divine peace. Three great orders of experience confront one here. There is the unity of the United States before the war; there is the tremendous national dualism that followed the attack upon Fort Sumter; there is the glory of the unity re-established upon the field of Appomattox where a valiant and great foe laid down his arms. In between Fort Sumter and Appomattox there is the glory of the vast, bloody, often defeated, and yet on the whole, victorious struggle to wear down the dualism in the national heart. Some day the man of genius will come with eyes to read the moral grandeur of those four intermediate years, and with the gift of expression to put before the world this epic of blood and tears, this agony and bloody sweat that eventually issued in American re-union. In the individual over the wide world there is a similar conflict. In youth nature breaks into contradiction; the animal is on one side and the man on the other. The issue is joined and the great conflict goes on in the depths of life, unseen save by the Eternal spirit. Nothing appeals with greater power to the moral imagination than this campaign against personal dishonor, lust and lies. It is the fight of intrinsic

worth against intrinsic evil; it concerns the things of utmost moment for personal character; it is a struggle that underlies and conditions the entire breadth of society. Those true souls that oppose the domination of the animal in them, that give it battle, that will accept no defeat as final, that hang round it in ever-greatening moral power and passion, that wear it down and drive it from shelter to shelter till they can see in the future its annihilation, are doing great things for themselves; they are winning one of the chief glories for the character of man; they are running under the social whole like subterranean streams, giving beauty and fruitfulness to the human fellowship that rests upon them.

The call here is for the destruction of nothing native to man; the call is for order; it is to put everything in its place, to bring in and make availing a just perspective of values; it is to set one's soul in order, one's house, business, politics; the call is, in addition, to do what one may to put the entire human world in order. Realization of the immanent divine plan, through the new discipline to which the heterogeneous forces of our nature is subjected, is the great end. As in the mason's spirit level, when the level is really attained, the eye reveals the fact, so when our nature is brought into order, the immanent divine idea looks up into our faces. We eliminate

nothing essential to nature; we crush nothing; we simply place in subjection the inferior, and in authority the superior. The higher in man should rule, and the lower should serve, as in the David of Michael Angelo, the idea of the great artist is sovereign in the marble that it has subdued to its own high uses.

Here is the chief glory of life; here man refuses to be the victim of the senses, the slave of lust, the servant of dishonor, the hireling of wild egoism, the bondman of space and time; here he asserts his nature as spirit, lifts up his eyes to the splendor of things intrinsic, — love, truth, beauty, strength; aspires to a growing share in the best life of his kind, guards his birthright as the child of the Infinite, surveys all goods, all gains, all goals, all worlds as the pilgrim of Eternity, and claims for himself the transcendent life.

On this level we get a glimpse of the meaning of temptation against which men protest and over which they repine. Even great souls among all the greater peoples of mankind have entertained the vision of a world from which was eliminated all strife, all struggle, all pain. Thus one great soul sings: "No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon, it shall not be found there; but the redeemed shall walk there. And the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon

their heads, they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away." Another great spirit sings: "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun strike upon them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall be their shepherd and shall lead them unto fountains of waters of life, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." These souls have lived in the vision of an ideal world, whether in the future of this earthly existence or in the sphere of eternity; and in the name of this vision in the great crises of life they have sung to one another: "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God, speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned, that she hath received of the Lord's hand double for all her sins."

This strifeless, painless, untroubled, ideal world is not the world in which men are living to-day. Our world is a world of struggle and of ceaseless, serious pressure. And we are led to ask for the meaning of this order in which we exist, and especially for the meaning of that section of the universal struggle to which we give the name of moral trial — temptation. It may appear that our ideals of the untroubled existence are premature, that the veritable ideal world is in the world of conflict.

There is the temptation of Jesus. Why was he tempted? He was in a world at war with the integrity of his spirit, and with powers to which that world could appeal, and therefore, his temptation was inevitable. He was tempted in the regions of appetite, self-confidence, ambition; there was his field of battle. The immoral world had bribes to offer; these bribes met with his sure and withering scorn. He passed through his trial into victory, and thenceforth, his integrity was his integrity established. In his hour of victory over evil the Messiahship of Jesus burst into bloom. Here was the great initial victory that qualified and commissioned him to undertake the mighty task of laying the foundations for the spiritual victory of mankind.

It may be said that in the mind of youth everywhere, all that is distinctive, original, prophetic, begins to show itself in the first great moral struggle. If the young man is true to himself, then the greatest things will rise in his nature, and for him and his time there will issue a surprise of power; within him there will be the lyric of victory, and without the melody of service. A dissolute youth means a vast deduction of power; genius has suffered here beyond all computation. Genius is, fundamentally, sensitiveness to reality, sympathy, insight, love; and the immoral life "petrifies the feeling," puts out the

eyes of the mind, or veils them in the presence of the divine side of things. All genius is dependent for its integrity upon morality; no soul can see and feel, as it might have seen and felt, if that soul has become the slave of the brute. The conservation of genius, like the conservation of talent, is in the victorious campaign of the man against the animal.

IV

The ideal of unity initiates this grand conflict in the soul and sustains it in all times of its distress. Wise men follow it as they did the star which they saw in the East; it leads now as then toward the Highest; it still travels over and shines upon a divided and troubled world; the consolation it offers is light and a far-off but glorious goal.

The unattained is the source of all movement in the human spirit, that is to say man is a being of ideals. These ideals are mental images of the good which he desires. A great idealist has an intellect like the midnight sky, splendid images in great array alluring from afar. Man "looks before and after and pines for what is not"; this is one of his chief distinctions. Here in this present moment, year, century he has no continuing city; he is forever seeking the absolute satisfaction, the city that hath foundations. The Nicene

Creed expresses well, and in its high manner, this idealism inseparable from the spiritual man: "We look for the life of the world to come." We regard time as a gymnastic and say with Paracelsus: "I go to prove my soul." We reflect on the divine discontent in our life and say with one for whom the infinite mystery was illuminated only at a very few points, "He hath set eternity in their heart." [1]

Man's ideals are as numerous as his interests; they are economic, domestic, social, political, scientific, artistic, philosophic, religious. Men seek Eldorado; they cherish visions of the home they mean to found; they dream of the ideal friend who has not arrived; they look for a better nation. There is the scientific ideal, — a cosmos understood; the artistic ideal — the union of perfect idea and perfect form; the philosophic ideal — a universe intelligible and in its idea and law comprehended; there is the religious ideal — life in God perfected and at peace.

All these separate ideals are united in the vision of the highest good, and the form for this good is freedom. The substance of the supremely desirable is the good and the essential form is freedom. We must be free to enjoy the fruits of our toil, free to enjoy the home that we found, free to meet our fellowmen on equal terms, free

[1] Eccles. 3: 11.

in our citizenship, in our art, science, philosophy, and in our religion; but in each case the substance is the good; the form under which the good is enjoyed is freedom.

Freedom means an unimpeded existence, unimpeded either from without or from within. It has therefore a personal aspect and a social. It concerns the bodily life and means without sickness, without pain, continuous, victorious health. Aristotle's refrain comes to one here: no man can energize continuously, which means that we live under restriction and that our freedom is limited by bodily conditions. This freedom concerns the intellect; ignorance is bondage; freedom is possible only to knowledge and insight. The will is involved, of course, in the question of freedom. Sin, mistake, desire, insubordination of the passions, the wanton rule of the irrational, the power of evil habit, all are forms of bondage. Social conditions and influences complicate our question. The pressure of unrighteous custom, the power of majorities, the force of unjust law are obstructions in the path of freedom. The death of Socrates is one of the monumental examples of the denial by the state of freedom to the individual citizen.

Freedom is the image in man of the life in God. He alone is free; he alone is absolutely unconstrained from without, wholly unconstrained by

evil from within; he alone is unimpeded in his inward activity, unimpeded in his self-expression in reason and in love. The best insight and endeavor of the highest human being look toward the future. Paul's comment upon his own life applies to all: "hindered hitherto." In God freedom is real; in man it is an ideal.

Yet as an ideal it is precious and is the spring of all progress. The elimination of pain is the ideal alike of the medical profession and the prophet of religion: "neither shall there be any more pain." [1] The elimination of ignorance upon all vital concerns is the ideal of education. The elimination of sin, the discipline of desire, the exposure of mere apparent good is the ideal of all serious moral endeavor. The life unimpeded from without and from within is the ideal of religion; "Your peace shall flow like a river and your righteousness shall be as the waves of the sea." The vision of the seer is the faith of the religious soul, the Holy City descending from above, God's unity invading man's duality, gradually abolishing it, and prophesying complete victory at last. The Kingdom of God is the ideal that allures and inspires the religious man. It does not mean a monism that like the lean kine in Pharaoh's dream devours the whole world of difference; nor a pluralism that implies a mere congregation of the dis-

[1] Rev. 21:4.

persion, a mere mental aggregate of existences essentially unrelated and fugitive. It means the reign of the moral unity of God in the multitudinous worlds of living souls who have overcome their dualism and won the freedom of the city of God.

CHAPTER X

MORAL EVIL AND RACIAL HOPE

I

Somehow the faith has taken firm hold of the Christian mind of this age that in the courses of time, in this world, good shall defeat evil. Our faith today is faith in the ultimate sovereignty of truth over falsehood, right over wrong, good over evil. What justification in the experience and capacity of mankind there is for this belief we seldom pause to consider. We take the ground that the highest interests of man ought to triumph and we declare that what should be all-triumphant shall be. An imperious and splendid instinct is thus at the heart of the best faith of our time. It advances upon all the continents of wickedness as the tide advances, joyous, multitudinous, irresistible in its sense of the Infinite within and behind it.

The tide itself has limits and there are doubtless limits to our mightiest faith. Instincts are feelings that have been installed in the individual mind by the operation of collective reason; they must be refreshed and renewed from this collective reason. Otherwise like cut flowers they will wither and die. We are not called upon to sur-

render our great faith when we consult the wisest minds of the world; we are, I think, chastened and elevated in our belief. From even the briefest remembrance of ancient wisdom we return to clear our moral outlook for man of inherent impossibilities.

The two greatest among Greek philosophers divided the universe into things perishable and things imperishable. Man they classed with both orders of existence; his human world was in part temporal and in part eternal. Perfection for man or for the society of men in time was no part of their vision. Indeed time seemed to them insignificant when set in the presence of eternity. There are few passages in the literature of mankind more impressive than those words in the second chapter of the sixth book of the "Republic" in which Plato unfolds his idea of the human soul as the child of eternity. The words in which he exalts man throw into littleness man's earthly environment; the Infinite that Plato claims as the field and home of man's spirit almost cancels the importance of the entire world of time. What was supposed to be the whole range of reality is shown to be only a meagre, arbitrary circle in the infinite expanses of spiritual being.

The Hebrew prophets are the exponents of an inspiring social and political ideal. Yet their sense of the tragedy of existence is so deep, their

openness to the facts of life is so constant that they are compelled again and again to readjust their glowing vision of the future of their race to the moral breakdown and disaster of their age. Their general attitude of mind is like an April day, — sun-bursts of splendor and hope quenched in universal gloom; again the gloom is broken into fragments by the victorious light.

What was the attitude of Jesus here? I believe that he looked forward to a long development of his kingdom in time, and to a substantial triumph of good over evil. So I understand the Parables of the Mustard Seed and the Leaven. The Parable of the Leaven might be pressed into teaching the complete victory of good over evil, — "till the whole is leavened," till society as a whole is penetrated, changed, transformed; so long must the Christian work. But we must not forget that the last vision that Jesus leaves with us is of a world in time divided, and standing thus at the judgment of eternity. Universal righteousness in time is no clear and sure prediction of Jesus; his kingdom if it is ever to be completed, if it is ever to rule over all, must have a programme in the world beyond time.

We must not forget the teachings of common reason. There was a time when this planet did not exist; there will come a time when it will have ceased to exist. Our world is divisible into things

perishable and things imperishable; our campaign against moral evil and woe is for time and eternity. We do not expect complete victory here; nor do we believe that this earth is the cradle and the grave of mankind. We hold our faith in a great future for our race chastened and exalted by the august sense of eternity.

II

John Bunyan understood life deeply because he was a great human being. He knew that in himself there was represented the moral conflict of the ages. He knew that for every serious individual soul there is, at some point of its progress, a Doubting Castle kept by Giant Despair, and he knew that for society in its struggle and faith there is the same castle and the same keeper.

The sense of moral bankruptcy overwhelms at times every great soul. Paul with his despairing cry, "O wretched man that I am," represents many; Augustine in his idealism and slavery is the type of multitudes; Luther at his task with his conscious incompetence is another representative nature. In the moral despair of the individual there is suggested an immeasurable social collapse. Generations of human beings surrender the social hope of a new heaven and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness, because they see no force in existence equal to the realization of

this moral dream. This Inferno in which all high hope of better things for poor suffering souls is abandoned is the home of uncounted millions of our race. Mankind has to this extent suffered a moral breakdown; the root of this despair is the fact that there seem to be no resources equal to our social and racial need.

When we look closely at the subject the sources of this despair seem to be mainly two. The first source would seem to be trust in ideas without action. When we imagine that the dream is enough, the vision sufficient in itself, the ideal of a new humanity irresistible, Christian faith all-triumphant apart from the agony and bloody sweat of the moral process, we are doomed to disappointment. Here is the original difficulty, — the substitution of idea for action, the assignment of the whole task of life to the intellect, the profound and disastrous elimination of will. Already in idea the forest is broken into a thousand lovely clearings; already in vision homesteads are built and the wheat in every field ripens under the benign sunlight; already in dream untold wealth and comfort are here, but in point of fact not an axe has been lifted, not an effort been made, not a single incursion upon the primeval wilderness has been undertaken, not one sign of the victory of man over nature exists, and in spite of the dreamer's joy want and misery

are eating the heart out of the whole despairing settlement.

The second main source of our moral despair is in the deepening sense of the brutal forces in man. During the last three light-hearted decades, we have been smoking the opium pipe of evolution, telling the world how far it has risen, chiefly by its own force, from the depths in which it began, describing the speed by which it has mounted under our sage and dreamy eyes, and prophesying of its complete ascension in the near and sweet bye and bye. Recent events have broken the opium pipe and dispelled the delusion. Cosmic evolution, unsupplemented by the austerity of the moral process is a vain ground of hope. The world as a series of facts is once more gaining solemn recognition. We face again the nameless eonian shame of our cities, the alcohol curse, the economic hardness of heart, the plague of the idle rich, the shallowness and insincerity of the religious classes, the inhumanity of man to man, and the occasional outbreak, as at present, of the wild beast in our race. As at sea in a storm one will sometimes awaken to the fact that only an inch or two of iron shell are between him and the wild flood so one is now and then made aware of the thinness of the civilized wall that protects all that men hold dear from the immeasurable fury of the surrounding brutality.

Let us make haste to add that in the statement of the problem, we must not exaggerate or lose sight of mitigating incidentals. We must apply Punch's humor to the situation. To Mike, home from the front, battered, broken, half-dead, a benevolent idler remarks, "This is a terrible war." "It is indeed," Mike replies, "but it is far better than no warre at all!" We must not lose the sense of human heroism. Nor must we forget the opposite fact that the sufferings of men do not always weigh heavily upon others. A Boston fireman, to whom I had given for years the tickets that I had bought to the firemen's ball confidentially informed me on one occasion that his wife had received a great fright on my account. Dr. A. J. Gordon had died, and the newspaper head-line had told the sad story in ten thousand homes. The fireman's wife with quick sympathy thought of me, and exclaimed: "Dr. Gordon is dead; no ball for me this year." Again, altruism which seems to us absolutely essential to a happy life, does not at all times appear a necessity. "My mother told me a falsehood," said one of the small boys in my parish; "she said, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.' Acting on that principle I put one cent into the Salvation Army box and I have been miserable ever since." Once more the essentiality of mind to human happiness I have recently found strangely con-

tradicted. A faithful servant who after partial recovery from a stroke of apoplexy, upon being questioned by me made the confession that he slept better than he had ever slept, that he ate better and that he enjoyed his life better. He added, "My mind is gone but I don't miss it." These incidents will serve to modify extreme statements, and will perhaps give us a sense of the sanity and hope essential even in the discussion of the sources of moral despair. I can recall no great humanist or humorist who fell a permanent victim of despair. Cervantes rises before one in his prison assuring one that in the black tragedy of the world there are ever-flowing fountains of mirth.

III

For the despair that comes from moral inertia and insincerity the remedy is at hand. The question of insincerity is the simpler of the two. No man is sincere who is unwilling to back his dream with his deed. The person who is full of talk about his heavenly vision and who withholds his obedience from that vision is an idle chatterer. The Christian church is cursed with this order of persons and they must be shamed into loyalty to their faith. Grant tells us that in the sorest struggle of the great battle of Shiloh twenty-five hundred Union soldiers ran from the

field and lay down in a valley beyond the range of the enemy's guns. These men, when they faced their commander and comrades, were so ashamed of themselves that they begged for another chance to stand in the firing line, and they vowed that never again would they show the white feather, and they kept their vow. Like the Priest and the Levite in the parable of Jesus, many find religion good for the walk from Jerusalem to Jericho, good for the happy excitements at both ends of the journey, but good for nothing in an emergency calling for the exercise of an adequate humanity.

Let it be remembered that insincerity is one of the cowardliest of qualities, that it can be scorned out of existence. By the recoil a new moral force will be set free sufficient for many a hard task for many a day. Even in those few cases where men prefer appearance to reality and become expert in every art of disguise and hypocrisy, in the end they are discovered. The sign of the sneak is branded upon their faces; they cringe and fawn like whipped dogs; they reveal the intolerable misery of the path of unreality and cunning over which they have crawled. Goneril and Regan are able with their pretence to blind their poor old father Lear, while the truth of Cordelia becomes an offence to him. Sincerity here fails, insincerity succeeds; in the beginnings of the drama of exist-

ence it is often so. The final issues tell another story. The soul that could "love and be silent" came at last to full recognition as a "soul in bliss," and ministering to one "bound upon a wheel of fire"; the successful hypocrites vanish at last in darkness and infamy. They remain only as witnesses against themselves, as forces creative of the life that they despised and destructive of that which they pursued. Judas with the kiss, apparently of friendship, but really of treason, seems for a moment closer to the heart of Jesus than the disciple who leaned on his bosom at supper. The contrast between them soon came to light; one allures by what he loved, the other creates recoil by his dishonor.

If the source of disloyalty to the ideal is not insincerity but moral weakness, the force of shame is still availing. There is nothing clearer in the history of religious struggle than that moral weakness brings woe and woe ultimately creates the force that conquers the weakness. This point will emerge in our discussion again in another connection; I here call attention to this sign of hope in the heart of distress. The men who have become moral wrecks under the appeals to lust and drink and dishonor do not tell the greater part of the epic of the soul. That greater part is in the hidden record of tens of thousands who, mortified by their weakness in

the presence of evil appeal, and smitten with shame as they looked upon their inward dishonor, rose into strength through their miseries till they sang, as with the voice of the hurricane,

> "So by my woes to be
> Nearer, my God, to Thee
> Nearer to Thee."

So long as the denial of Jesus issues, as in Peter's typical case, in sorrow, and the sorrow creates a new moral habit, we shall not count the weakness of man stronger than the divine constitution of his being. The Sisyphus stone that the doomed toiler could never land on the hill-top is the symbol of much in the moral struggle of mankind; the lessening burden till it vanishes altogether on the shoulders of Bunyan's Pilgrim is typical of much more.

IV

We are now ready to face our second source of despair — the increasing sense of the brutality of mankind. There are few who have not, at some period in their existence, sympathized with the person who said, "The more I know of men the better I think of dogs." We are tempted to go further. If anything in the records of the Indian jungle can surpass the record of the violation of Belgium, I, for one, have never heard of it. Face to face with this brutality, and worse than bru-

tality, working in our civilization, cancelling, at times, every instinct of manhood, and making the struggles and hopes of the moral process in history seem utter vanity, we must retreat upon the deepest things of our faith, reform and re-equip life there for a more resolute advance. Nothing less than a general muster of the greater moral insights and forces of the world can meet the need of the times.

We must renew our vision of the great principle at which I have already hinted and which I now state, —the self-destructive force of evil. All lines of conduct, all kinds of behavior are at first neutral. Whichever courses are chosen are adopted in the belief that they will increase the quantity or exalt the character of life. On any level of existence none but madmen commit suicide. That life is good, that this good is increased by the increase of the quantity and the improvement of the quality of life, that the supreme good is life carried to its utmost in magnitude and its highest in worth is an axiom written in the heart of normal man everywhere. Courses of action are adjudged better or worse, good or evil, precisely as they seem to accord with or contradict this aboriginal intuition of life. Much mistake is mixed with the human judgment, much deceit is worn by the appeals that compete for human choice. Essential good often appears as essential

evil as when the rich young ruler turns away from Jesus, essential evil often seems good as in the Garden of Eden story the forbidden fruit appeared fair to the eye and good for food. The moral process has been plagued from the beginning by this compound of inward error and outward cheat. In the grand campaign, again and again, enemies have been regarded as friends, and friends have been regarded as enemies; the objects of sense have never lost their power of stealing the livery of heaven. Satan disguised as an angel of light, and in this character winning his way to the friendship of men, is a symbol of one of the saddest chapters in human history. The judgment is so errant and the disguise is so subtle that all of the people have been fooled some of the time.

Here comes into view the great saving principle in the human soul. What diminishes and degrades life is finally seen to be evil; what enlarges and exalts life is ultimately known to be good. We learn obedience through suffering. The friends and foes of man in the environment, in foods and drinks, in types of human being, in courses of action, in ideals, in beliefs, are sooner or later, in the light of experience, clearly seen and solemnly judged and set apart as far as the east is from the west. That under certain conditions fire burns, that water drowns, that poison

kills, that enmity is foolish and that tribal war means extermination, become axiomatic. These instances are typical of that segregation into opposite camps of the bitter and the sweet, the deadly and the benign in human experience and the causes of these experiences. Nothing can run counter all the time to the highest interests of life without disclosing its deadly character, without creating in the soul of man protest and recoil, without organizing against itself the mightiest energies of our being.

Through experience of good and evil the moral life of man began; through experience of good and evil the moral life of the race has advanced; through experience of moral suffering and gladness two worlds of objects and causes have rolled into distinct and everlasting opposition — the world of human good and the world of human evil. This general determination of all things into one or the other of these two worlds is an astonishing achievement; it is besides one of the solidest grounds for hope in progressive enlightenment and finer discrimination. The illumination of experience is the ultimate teacher; from its wisdom there can be no appeal. Its reasonings are not in words and propositions but in sorrow and tears; its judgments are not primarily in books but in the agony and bloody sweat of human lives.

What Grant felt when on a critical day he said, "Let us have peace," his experience as a soldier conditioned; Sherman's famous remark that "War is hell" was coined by one who had gone through that inferno. There is a process going on among all races in all parts of the wide world in which there is an increasing repudiation, in the name of life, of lust, cruelty, dishonor, selfishness, inhumanity. We are familiar with the sacred tradition in the case of individual souls. The tradition is wider than we know; it is the record of the continuous emancipation of mankind from one evil after another in the long courses of time, and these evils when assembled are the witnesses of an immeasurable moral victory. Human beings, on a wide survey, can no longer do what they have done. Even in the horror of war the atrocious things that men are doing are generating more and more the force that shall eventually end war. The race is even now, in the presence of the continental eruption of the brute in man, silently gathering in a great purpose to annihilate this horror of human history. Evil in its most gigantic form is calling into existence in the heart of the world the force that shall destroy it. Evil under a thousand disguises seeks the blessing and the suffrage of human beings; good disfigured, and apparently an alien in the land, often seems to invite rejection and

curses. Mankind under the Divine illumination of experience will more and more repeat the great repudiation and confession of the prophet Baalam:

"How shall I curse whom God hath not cursed?
Or how shall I bless whom God hath not blessed?"

The selfdestructive nature of evil in human experience is the negative side of the presence in man of the Eternal Spirit. The basal idea of our religion is that man is made for honor and not dishonor, righteousness and not iniquity. The great saying of Augustine expresses the law of our being both as essentially alien to evil and as essentially akin to God: "Thou hast made us for Thyself and we are restless till we repose in Thee." The Parable of the Lost Son is the great example in the teaching of Jesus of the principle of the selfdestructive nature of evil rising up into the highest religious meaning. The younger son with his portion of his father's goods goes into the egoistic life with passionate intensity and with the utmost confidence that the kind of experience he has chosen is good and not evil. The experiment is pushed to the farthest limit of endurance. At every step forward in this egoistic course the evidence that he is mistaken increases; as he perseveres, the demonstration becomes plainer and more cogent; as he still elects to disregard the vital argument, it continues to ascend

till, like the hurricane in the path of the ship, he can no longer face it and live. Reason in the courses of experience is too strong to allow his delusion to endure; the great reversal comes, what was good is seen to be evil, what seemed evil is now known as good. "And when he came to himself he said . . . I will arise and go to my Father." The profoundest philosophy of man's being and history lies in that great Parable, the insight that makes final despair of the victory of good over evil impossible.

We need a far more serious system of moral education, as a proof of our sympathy with the idea of the selfdestructive nature of evil, as a sign of our faith in the Deity resident in the spiritual nature of man, and as an assertion of that freedom whereby we may accelerate the victory of good over evil. When Greece was going to wreck the cry of Plato was for a nobler and completer education. In the succeeding generation Aristotle became the servant of the same national need. That these two great educators failed to save their nation does not mean that we should fail to note their wisdom. The adequate education has perhaps never been even outlined; the best that we have has never been adequately applied. It is, however, clear as sunlight that human lives must be shaped from the earliest years under the influence of the highest moral

ideals, if we are to make headway against economic evil, social evil, the evil of inverted values, insane perspective, the illusions of the egoistic life and the disguised honors of inhumanity.

No revival, however sincere and noble, can be more than the merest beginning. Nothing is finer in the career of Dwight L. Moody than his final complete subordination of evangelism to education. Intermittent influence is nearly useless; all substitutes for the steady reign and unbroken sovereignty of Christian ideas from life's beginning to its close are utterly disappointing; only the energy of the truth in which God lives, seriously and constantly applied, can give us the character in men and women for which the world waits. Play, learning, working, love, marriage, parenthood, business, citizenship, our whole earthly life must come for interpretation to the Christian ideal as the infinite perfecting grace of our human world.

We need a new appreciation of the value of Jesus at this point. His claim upon the reverence of mankind has here its sovereign vindication. His value as a maker of character, as a creator of the highest kind of human being carries in it a mighty appeal. What we owe to him here, slack and unresponsive as we are, is unspeakable. His work for children, youth, serious men and women, the moral leaders and prophets of our world

is immeasurable. Our poor bewildered eyes cannot fail to see our whole higher human world as it moves in the radiance of his teaching and spirit. Yet more. He is not now a glorious abstraction, a manufactured article of theology, doing logical duty mainly among doubtful propositions; he is the sovereign human force, near to man, infinitely attractive in his true character, the creator of the completest life possible for man. In his first disciples he turned peasants into prophets, fishermen into world-teachers for all time. That is the index of his greatest achievement.

The capacity for hero worship is perhaps the second best force in our being, and it is unsurpassed in setting free the highest in man, the power to worship God. The worship of God is the adoration of the Absolute worth and he who lives in ever-deepening admiration of the moral heroes of the race is on the way to the beatific vision. What Washington and Lincoln are to this nation with its ideals and hopes wise men know; what the prophets, apostles, martyrs, saints, the glorious servants of our kind might mean for the renewal in successive generations of the Christian ideal and obligation our surest leaders begin to dream. Old Plutarch and his "Lives" set an example which has yet to be followed. Our wealth in heroes is undeveloped and unused. When our living leaders surround our existence

from first to last with a wise selection of the majestic dead our human world will awaken from its torpor like the earth in spring. And as the hero of all highest heroes, as worthiest among the worthy, we must present as the supreme creative force in men's soul the character of Jesus.

Our faith in God, the God and Father of Jesus Christ, as Paul described him, immanent and yet transcendent, whose transcendence is the Infinite moral Reserve of the universe, must of course be our ultimate confidence. Our world belongs to him, and we honor him best when we live in the sense of his responsibility for the race that he has made. Our faith in God must be for today and for all time. We must supplicate him to work through all the ideal energies of the race, to augment them without ceasing, and to renew in them the sense of his presence with men. We must not forget the demand of a New England theologian face to face with the reign of iniquity, "Give the Almighty time." The campaign is eonian; where and when it will end we know not. As in the Platonic myth philosophy takes refuge in poetry so in our fight with the beast we follow the sure rational principles of our faith into the eternal world, and in imagination, we anticipate the sovereignty of those principles there. The vision of a universe clear of all sin, cleansed from every stain of moral evil, taken back as a perfected

harmony into the heart of the Absolute symphony, is for sincere souls the greatest militant faith that human beings can hold. Such a faith covers the struggle in time, in the name of Eternity, with inextinguishable hope.

This sense of Eternity is our strength as it works in the selfdestructive nature of evil, declaring with old Ben Jonson, "the devil is an ass"; as it manifests itself in the Deity alive in its constitution and in the higher experience of mankind; as it organizes itself in nobler forms of education and sets free great creative instincts through hero worship; as it becomes light and salvation in the Lord Jesus. This sense of Eternity is our ultimate ground of victory; here we have length and width and depth of vision; here are gathered for completer organization the moral forces and capacities of man; here operates and here stands in reserve the Eternal spirit. In this faith we call to one another in the darkest hours of the fight:

> "Say not the struggle nought availeth,
> The labor and the wounds are vain,
> The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
> And as things have been things remain.
>
> "If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
> It may be in yon smoke conceal'd.
> Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
> And, but for you, possess the field.

"For while the tired waves vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

"And not by eastern windows only
When daylight comes, comes in the light,
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But westward look, the land is bright."

CHAPTER XI

THE MYSTERY OF REDEMPTION

I

THE mystery of redemption has two aspects. It is a mystery that our human world should run off the rails and wreck itself, that it should act again and again in contempt of the clear moral order of the universe and come to grief, that it should repeatedly undo the high achievements of laborious centuries and reduce itself to poverty, impotence and misery. Why should human beings thus lapse into moral insanity? No man can adequately say. That it is owing to a volcanic eruption of the irrational part of our nature is clear; that sane men should not fortify against this irrationality, as reflected in the ghastly history of nations, passes all understanding.

It is a mystery that when human beings are recovered from their folly, while they are in one way less than they might have been, in another sense they are vastly more. That would seem to be putting a prize upon evil-doing. Shall we not continue in sin that grace may abound? God forbid. So said the Christian apostle; so instinctively say we all. Yet if this instinct is true, why does the thoroughly redeemed sinner rise, so

often, to such heights of insight? Why does he represent, in many cases, an experience so rich and transcendent? Why does an Augustine remain, when his theology has fallen into utter discredit, a permanent leader in the revolt from sin, a permanent inspirer of the life in God, an abiding, and an inexpressible value for piety? [1]

The Apostle Paul not only felt this mystery in his teaching; he also reflected it in his own career. "For ye have heard of my manner of life in time past in the Jews' religion, how that beyond measure I persecuted the church of God and made havoc of it." This was the indictment that Paul drew against himself, the indictment which the entire Christian community drew against him. He became an unknown horror to the Churches of Judea till his great change came. He continues, "And I was still unknown by face unto the churches of Judea that were in Christ: but they only heard say, He that once persecuted us now preacheth the faith of which he once made havoc, and they glorified God in me." [2] The error and the fury that came out of it, gave place to the insight, the rapt devotion, and the imperial service that issued from it. It is difficult to resist the conclusion that this man represents, in his redemption, something immeasurably greater than a simple return to the right path, at the

[1] Harnack's *History of Dogma*, vol. 7, pp. 61–94.
[2] Gal. 1: 13, 22–24.

veritable point where he left it. There are in him these new forces, — a comprehension of human experience impossible for him till now, a revolt from the savage life of conventional religion under a headway that can never slacken, that can never be broken, an emotional wealth in his attachment to the pure Christian ideal of inestimable worth, an energy of ethical and spiritual purpose of utmost moment, and a life and death dedication to the highest well-being of mankind unsurpassed in history. Here in Paul, the great apostle of the Christian message, is the mystery of redemption.

In my boyhood there lived near my home, a retired Scottish crofter. This retired small farmer was known by the name of his farm or croft — Swelley. He was about eighty years of age when I knew him. His wife was dead; his children, a goodly number, had all left him to found homes of their own, leaving the old man, according to the bitter custom of necessity, absolutely alone. He was a musician, famous for his skill in that simple community; and as an avocation he had learnt to make violins. He had a score or more of them hanging round the walls of his humble cottage. He would get out of bed at midnight, when some rare melody came to him, that had eluded his memory during the day, and there alone, with only the stars and the silent universe

watching would pour forth the melody on his favorite violin, pouring into the melody the fullness of his years, the courage, the cheerfulness and the pathos of his fine old heart.

One day, so the old man told me, this favorite violin fell from his hands upon the hearthstone. It was broken into a score of fragments. He gathered them together with pious tenderness, put them sorrowfully away, thinking that his beloved violin would never again breathe beauty and song. In a day or two it occurred to him that the violin might be re-made. He undertook the daring task; joined piece to piece, fragment to fragment, till the broken instrument was whole and entire. He laid it away to rest; he waited till the old wounds were surely healed; at last, and in due time, he took his instrument, restringed and newly tuned, put the bow upon it, played into it first one love song after another, played through it the joy of the redeemer, and to his amazement the tone and voice of his violin were inexpressibly deeper, richer, more tender, more appealing than the violin in its original power. That is the fact in the life of the redeemed soul; it constitutes the second aspect of the mystery of redemption.

II

The mere superficial innovation, and the essentially new insight differ especially in this, that

while the innovation cancels the worth of the historic achievement of man, and begins the intellectual life of the world as by magic, and in contempt of the past, the really original insight discovers the profounder meaning of the past in its own light, takes up into itself the traditional belief, carries to richer fulfilments the immemorial ideas of faith, and gives them a mightier empire over human lives. It is nearly impossible to believe, that what the greatest minds have held to be true, for fifteen hundred years, has in it absolutely nothing for the intellect of today. Such disrespect for the intellectual toil of history is nearly equivalent to the assertion of the complete impotence of the human mind. If all the earnest and great seekers after truth have totally failed in their search what hope is left for the thinker of today? Is he not like the proverbial farmer who sits on the limb of the tree that he is sawing, and will he not fall to the earth with his own success?

Hegel with his usual profound insight sees in the Garden of Eden story,[1] the imaginative or mythical form for a universal law of human experience. Incredible as history, it becomes as poetry the symbol of truth. The innocence of childhood, of the individual and of the race, is the first meaning of the story. Here it represents

[1] *Logic*, p. 54. Translation by W. Wallace.

human life at harmony with itself, a harmony which has been bestowed upon it by nature. Beautiful and fascinating this instinctive harmony cannot last; the child, whether individual or racial, was made for growth, for the life of reason and spirit. At this point the early inner harmony breaks into discords, the Garden of Eden has become an impossible residence; the expulsion has already come in the spirit, it must come in the letter. This second stage in human experience represents both a fall and an ascension. The early harmony has been lost, the sweet serenity of childhood has fled, and the grander harmony achieved by the human soul for itself has not arrived. Here is the universal loss, the universal fall of man, a fall inevitable in the unfolding of existence, and noted, and perhaps grieved over by every fond parent, who wished to keep his children, children forever, from the beginning of time. There is, however, the other side; life has indeed broken out of pure instinct into a world of discords. This is the preliminary to the vision of life's task and life's beatitude. The harmony that has vanished was the harmony of instinct; it was a gift. The harmony that hangs aloft over the discordant soul of the world is a harmony to be won by an agony and a bloody sweat; when won it will be won as the achievement of the spirit, it will represent the victory of the reason

in whose structure and movement the Eternal spirit dwells.

It may be that the form of Hegel's insight will be regarded, by a profounder study of ethical psychology, as itself mythological. It may be that Hegel's presentation and that of the Biblical writer will both be classed as poetry. This will remain, I doubt not, that Hegel has seen into the heart of man's moral being, that he has laid hold upon the law that reigns there, that he has grasped in a deep and sure way the inevitable loss and gain in passing from childhood to youth. He has further seen that provision is made for the idea of redemption in the nature of all men, and that the application of this idea is not to be confined to the chief of sinners, although it has always had a special work to do for them. In view of what has been said, a fresh introduction to Adam and Eve, and the story of the Garden of Eden, would seem to be timely, would seem to promise greater ethical depth in current religion. Adam and Eve have had a long vacation; upon new terms they should be ready for a new and greater service.

The ideas of education and redemption are not mutually exclusive; they are in the world mutually complementary. The idea of education is valid over a vast area of life, as it has always been seen to be. "Train up a child in the way in which

he should walk, and when he is old he will not depart from it." [1] The idea of education is valid over the whole world of youth that has kept truth with itself; it is valid for those who have been recovered from the error of their ways; it is an idea that will be valid to all eternity, if man's soul shall live through the ages.

The idea of redemption that once played so large a part in the Christian mission to the world, has fallen almost entirely out of the great drama of the spirit. This disuse of the idea of redemption has brought to the church impoverishment in its insight into the nature of man and shallowness in its vision of Jesus and in its vision of God. It has taken the energy and passion out of the Church's activity and hope.

The two ideas of education and redemption are present in Browning's "Saul." The idea of life as a divine education is represented in Browning's David; he has been trained in the spirit and for the uses of the spirit. The idea of redemption appears, as the force that goes forth to recover the fallen Saul. The poem, while combining the two ideas, is clearly a poem of redemption.

Before we attempt to analyze the poem let me call attention to the wide field occupied by the

[1] Proverbs 22:6. For a view opposite to this see *An Autobiography*, C. F. Adams. Mr. Adams is "again" almost everything, interestingly so.

idea of redemption today, mainly outside, although not without the aid of the Christian Church. The treatment of the insane is an attempt to recover these afflicted minds to sanity; the wisest methods used with the intemperate try, both by medical and moral aid to redeem the victims of this curse; the ideal in the management of the prisons of the country and the world, is not to confirm the criminal in his fierce antagonism against society, but to reclaim him to citizenship. Where this ideal is in operation it commands the approval of the highest mind of the country; where it does not operate, it is felt by all right-minded citizens that the state is so far disgraced. The re-admission to business, and to social fellowship of the erring and the fallen, while difficult to obtain, is not altogether impossible, and so far gives evidence of the presence in society of the redemptive idea. Punishment after a time, it is felt and truly, becomes persecution; besides, it is foolish economic and human waste. Sometimes the godly represent the lowest tradition here, while the ungodly represent the highest. An ex-convict of the Massachusetts State's Prison, so the chaplain told me, carried with him from the prison the very best certificate as to his personal character and his ability as a mechanic. This man went first of all to the machine shops of the godly, presented his certificate, and told the

story of his crime and atonement. In every case, the godly turned him down, when they found that he was an ex-convict of the State's Prison. The poor man, as a last hope, turned to the ungodly. He again presented his certificate and was at once accepted. Unwilling to conceal his sad secret in his heart he added, "I came straight to you from the State's Prison." The master machinist replied, "I don't care if you come from hell, if only you will do my work, and behave yourself like a man here and now." The poor man said, afterwards, that these were the best words that he had ever heard since he left the path of honor; what made them great was the possibility of redemption that shone in them.

The sublimest thing in history is Jesus and his redeeming passion. He came to seek and to save the lost, to redeem from sin to righteousness, from moral slavery to moral freedom and joy. Jesus the redeemer represents God the redeemer; the background of the life and passion of Jesus is the Infinite pity, the foreground is assembled humanity, the hopeful subject of redemption. The originality of Jesus is, perhaps, best seen from this point. He inaugurated a new movement of world-wide scope in the spiritual life of mankind; his disciples drank deeply of his spirit, and nothing could surpass the grandeur of those disciples as they went forth to buy back the em-

pire lying in wickedness to man's original relation to God and to the true idea of human good. The spectacle the apostles present in their redemptive mission is magnificent. Do we not need it today? Look at Europe, gone astray like a lost sheep! Redemption is its profoundest need, from war and lust and horror to brotherhood and peace, from a crazed and infamous notion of good to a world of lost ideals, from the life and manner of the brute to the highway to humanity.

III

It may be useful to continue our study of the mystery of redemption by an examination of Browning's "Saul"; this poem will be found, I think, to be a symbol of the ideas that we wish to consider. We shall see, in its light, the essentials of our subject, and shall be less likely to fall a prey to the incidental.

Saul is one of the simplest, one of the most artistic, one of the most significant spiritually of Browning's shorter poems. It is founded, as every one will recall, upon one of the most touching and picturesque incidents in the lives of Saul and David. Saul was the first king of Israel; he came to the kingdom as the hope of the nation; he was great in presence, in gifts, in promise, and he disappointed everybody, — the prophet, Samuel, the people over whom he ruled, and deepest

and saddest of all himself. This produced in him as the years went on recurrent fits of profound melancholy, called by the Israelites in their idiom possession by a malign spirit. It was a malady, described by men today as a fixed idea. Saul's disappointment with himself, his sense of failure fixed itself in his mind; in consequence he grew dark, melancholy, jealous and cruel.

There was David. The youth of David is as beautiful as anything in the history of Israel or in the history of any nation that ever existed. The ruddy boy, youngest of his family, counted as nothing by his father and his brethren, counted by himself as nothing. There was the sweet unconsciousness of genius in his early life. It could be seen that he was gifted, that he was brilliant; later it became clear that he was a genius in political organization and in military power. He was also a genius in music. Saul, in his fits of depression, had sent for David to play to him and he called the king out of his moods of misery again and again, once at considerable peril to himself when Saul threw a javelin at him, — an unhappy hint, it must be confessed, as to the character of David's art. Saul was, however, mad, and Orpheus himself might have fared no better.

This is the story upon which Browning founds his poem, "Saul." It is a universal poem; Saul

and David, the music and the setting, are used for the purpose of bringing out universal human traits. The poem has an object and a method and a result. Of these I shall speak later and at some length. Here let it be said in a word that the object in view is the salvation of the soul; the method is by the power of music and the power of speech burdened with insight and tenderness. The result reached is the great discovery that the source of the inexpressible dignity of man is the indwelling Spirit of God, who constitutes man's spiritual personality. And, again, that the source of the saving passion in one man for another is the movement within him of the Eternal Spirit. It is Christ within you the hope of glory, for the sinner; Christ within you the hope of victory, for the man who is trying to save a soul.

The structure of the poem may be recalled by the following rough analysis. Saul is stricken with a tremendous fit of melancholy, depression, gloom, and for three days he has stood rigid as a frozen body in his tent; not a word has come from him, not a sound. Abner, his great captain and friend, knowing the condition of the king, sends for David and implores him to do his utmost to bring the king back to life. David leaps to his task with courage and love, breaks into the inclosure, into the dark, where the king stands in silence, — a silence as if it were death; speaks

but receives no answer, takes his harp and first sings of the charm of nature, the marvellous awakening, healing power which nature has over all; the mystic, unfathomable influence which nature wields over human imagination and feeling.

This charm of nature David presents through four songs: the song that all the sheep know, the song of the quails that come to him as if he were their friend when they hear him play, the song of the cricket, the song of the jerboa (half bird and half mouse). These four songs are simply four ways of presenting that wonderful influence which nature has over man's mind, man's spirit, in the way of awakening, healing, uplifting.

David then turns from nature to humanity; he brings forth now the great re-creative appeal that humanity makes to the individual mind. Here the song is fivefold: the song of the reaper in his gladness; the funeral march when life is done and praise is to be awarded to the dead; the wedding march, the beginning of a new epoch of family joy and life; the social song, where man runs to man to help in the great toil of civilization; and the final song, where the leaders of religion intone in the sanctuary the great song of man's trust in the Infinite.

These two appeals, nature and humanity, David by his harp brings to bear upon the stricken soul, and at the end Saul responds; he

groans, — the first sad sign of life. Nature and humanity in their appeal have extorted from Saul this slight response. The poem goes on to recite the history of Saul; the dignity of his manhood, the glory of his military career; the magnificence of his kingship; further it dwells upon the permanence of his influence. Saul must die; he will be buried and monuments will be reared to him and these will crumble, but the first king of Israel, in all the deeds that he has done to elevate and ennoble his people, will live and will work in succesive generations of patriotic men and women; he will be a creative soul in the life of his race to the end. This vista awakens the king to the heart, brings him to himself; he now slides into an easy posture and puts his hand gently upon the hand of David.

This is, however, not the end. After David has exhausted the power of music, something more and other is needed, — insight into life. What is it in Saul that appeals to David? What is it in him that makes him love Saul? Why is this man of such inexpressible worth? Why is it that he would give his very life to redeem him? David longs to bring Saul not only out of one evil mood; he also longs to put in place of Saul the mistaken, Saul the sinful, the failure, Saul the glorious and the redeemed. What does all this mean?

In answer to his question, David discovers that God has constituted that soul of Saul's in his own image, spirit answering to the Divine Spirit. Here is Saul's worth. David further discovers that this saving passion in himself is only an expression in human weakness of the eternal saving grace of the Most High. Thus deep does the poem run; it ends in awe and holy surprise. The great musician and the great speaker who has wrought this change upon the gloomy and half-dead king hastens through the morning twilight, through the awe-struck landscape, through the community, all unaware of the great discovery to his home. The world at dawn trembles with a sad, a beautiful surprise; God is in the morning light. David lives in the same awe; the morning breaks and it seems to him as if everything were proclaiming the truth that he had found, "E'en so, it is so"; man is constituted by the Spirit of God; man is redeemed through man as the servant of the Eternal love.

"Said Abner, 'At last thou art come! Ere I tell, ere thou speak,
Kiss my cheek, wish me well!' Then I wished it, and did kiss his cheek.
And he, 'Since the King, O my friend, for thy countenance sent,
Neither drunken nor eaten have we; nor until from his tent

Thou return with the joyful assurance the King liveth
yet,
Shall our lip with the honey be bright, with the water
be wet.
For out of the black mid-tent's silence, a space of three
days,
Not a sound hath escaped to thy servants, of prayer
nor of praise,
To betoken that Saul and the Spirit have ended their
strife,
And that faint, in his triumph, the monarch sinks back
upon life.

"'Yet now my heart leaps, O beloved! God's child
with his dew
On thy gracious gold hair, and those lilies still living
and blue
Just broken to twine round thy harpstrings, as if no
wild heat
Were now raging to torture the desert!'

"Then I, as was meet,
Knelt down to the God of my fathers, and rose on my
feet,
And ran o'er the sand burnt to powder. The tent was
unlooped;
I pulled up the spear that obstructed, and under I
stooped;
Hands and knees on the slippery grasspatch, all with-
ered and gone,
That extends to the second enclosure, I groped my way
on
Till I felt where the foldskirts fly open. Then once
more I prayed,
And opened the foldskirts and entered, and was not
afraid

But spoke, 'Here is David, thy servant!' And no
voice replied.
At the first I saw nought but the blackness; but soon
I descried
A something more black than the blackness — the
vast, the upright
Main prop which sustains the pavilion: and slow into
sight
Grew a figure against it, gigantic and blackest of all.
Then a sunbeam, that burst thro' the tentroof, showed
Saul.

"He stood as erect as that tent-prop, both arms
stretched out wide
On the great cross-support in the centre, that goes to
each side;
He relaxed not a muscle, but hung there as, caught in
his pangs
And waiting his change, the king-serpent all heavily
hangs,
Far away from his kind, in the pine, till deliverance
come
With the spring-time — so agonised Saul, drear and
stark, blind, and dumb.

"Then I tuned my harp, — took off the lilies we twine
rounds its chords
Lest they snap 'neath the stress of the noontide —
those sunbeams like swords!
And I first played the tune all our sheep know, as, one
after one,
So docile they come to the pen-door till folding be done.
They are white and untorn by the bushes, for lo, they
have fed
Where the long grasses stifle the water within the
stream's bed;

And now one after one seeks its lodging, as star follows star
Into eve and the blue far above us, — so blue and so far!

"— Then the tune, for which quails on the cornland will each leave his mate
To fly after the player; then, what makes the crickets elate
Till for boldness they fight one another: and then, what has weight
To set the quick jerboa a-musing outside his sand house —
There are none such as he for a wonder, half bird and half mouse!
God made all the creatures and gave them our love and our fear,
To give sign, we and they are his children, one family here."

Here is the appeal of nature, through these four songs, upon Saul.

"Then I played the help-tune of our reapers, their wine-song, when hand
Grasps at hand, eye lights eye in good friendship, and great hearts expand
And grow one in the sense of this world's life. — And then, the last song
When the dead man is praised on his journey — 'Bear, bear him along
With his few faults shut up like dead flowerets! Are balm-seeds not here
To console us? The land has none left such as he on the bier.

Oh, would we might keep thee, my brother!' And then, the glad chaunt
Of the marriage, — first go the young maidens, next, she whom we vaunt
As the beauty, the pride of our dwelling, — And then, the great march
Wherein man runs to man to assist him and buttress an arch
Nought can break; who shall harm them, our friends? — Then, the chorus intoned
As the Levites go up to the altar in glory enthroned.
But I stopped here: for here in the darkness Saul groaned."

Here comes the recital of the history of Saul, the dignity of the man, the glory of the soldier's life and the glory of the king. David has won Saul back to life; how shall he keep him, how shall he go further and save his soul? David reminds Saul, as I have said, of the immortality of his influence; he must die, disappear in dust; his monuments must perish, but the memory of the first king who wrought great deeds for his people will live in the increasing life of all the generations of his race on to the end. That, however, is not enough; David must discover why he loves Saul, and what is the source of the passion within himself that would save Saul and make him a new, a glorified spirit.

"'— What, my soul? see thus far and no farther? when doors great and small
Nine-and-ninety flew ope at our touch, should the hundredth appal?

In the least things have faith, yet distrust in the greatest of all?
Do I find love so full in my nature, God's ultimate gift,
That I doubt his own love can compete with it? Here, the parts shift?
Here, the creature surpass the Creator, — the end, what Began?
Would I fain in my impotent yearning do all for this man,
And dare doubt he alone shall not help him, who yet alone can?
Would it ever have entered my mind, the bare will, much less power,
To bestow on this Saul what I sang of, the marvelous dower
Of the life he was gifted and filled with? To make such a soul,
Such a body, and then such an earth for insphering the whole?
And doth it not enter my mind (as my warm tears attest)
These good things being given, to go on, and give one more, the best?
Ay, to save and redeem and restore him, maintain at the height
This perfection, — succeed with life's day-spring, death's minute of night?
Interpose at the difficult minute, snatch Saul the mistake,
Saul the failure, the ruin he seems now, — and bid him awake
From the dream, the probation, the prelude, to find himself set
Clear and safe in new light and new life, — a new harmony yet

To be run, and continued, and ended — who knows?
— or endure!
The man taught enough by life's dream, of the rest to
make sure;
By the pain-throb, triumphantly winning intensified
bliss,
And the next world's reward and repose, by the
struggles in this.

"'I believe it! 'T is thou, God, that givest, 't is I
who receive:
In the first is the last, in thy will is my power to believe.
All's one gift: thou canst grant it moreover, as prompt
to my prayer
As I breathe out this breath, as I open these arms to
the air.
From thy will, stream the worlds, life and nature, thy
dread Sabaoth:
I will? — the mere atoms despise me! Why am I not
loth
To look that, even that in the face too? Why is it I
dare
Think but lightly of such impuissance? What stops
my despair?
This; — 't is not what man Does which exalts him, but
what man Would do!
See the King — I would help him but cannot, the
wishes fall through.
Could I wrestle to raise him from sorrow, grow poor to
enrich,
To fill up his life, starve my own out, I would, —
knowing which,
I know that my service is perfect. Oh, speak through
me now!
Would I suffer for him that I love? So wouldst thou —
so wilt thou!

So shall crown thee the topmost, ineffablest, uttermost
crown —
And thy love fill infinitude wholly, nor leave up nor
down
One spot for the creature to stand in! It is by no
breath,
Turn of eye, wave of hand, that salvation joins issue
with death!
As thy Love is discovered almighty, almighty be
proved
Thy power, that exists with and for it, of being
Beloved!
He who did most, shall bear most; the strongest shall
stand the most weak.
'T is the weakness in strength, that I cry for!'"

What does that mean? The Infinite compassion, the Infinite sympathy which sometimes in our foolishness we say can have no part in the life of a perfect Being is indeed absolute only in God. We figure God as self-sufficient, as infinitely complacent, and therefore as incapable of understanding the life of man. For the great thinkers in the history of Christianity here was the one vast meaning of the ministry of Jesus; he was the assurance to the world that God does enter into the tragedy of human life and that he understands it. That meaning of the career of Jesus, I hope, will never become obsolete; it is supported by the best in universal man.

"'"T is the weakness in strength, that I cry for! my
flesh, that I seek

In the Godhead! I seek and I find it. O Saul, it shall
be
A Face like my face that receives thee; a Man like to
me,
Thou shalt love and be loved by, for ever: a Hand like
this hand
Shall throw open the gates of new life to thee! See the
Christ stand!'"

IV

We turn now for a moment to the three points to which I have already referred — the object, and the method, and the issue of the poem. The object of the poem is the highest, the salvation of a soul. There is no object like this. You have a child; you think of the guilt, and the woe, and the foulness of the world into which you are to send that boy or that girl. Did you ever look inward at that mind, capable of infinite woe, capable of inexpressible joy, and can you do that without longing to be able to save that soul? When one looks upon one's friend or brother, and when one sees exactly how the case is with friend or brother, — great capacity, great possibility, and over this mistake, evil habits, inward failure, is one moved by no desire to save the imperilled soul? Can it be that we have never felt any sympathy with the passion of Jesus? Human beings appealed to him as souls, spiritual substances; they were all wrong, but they were capable of

being made all right; when all wrong they were in hell, when made all right they were in heaven; infinite woe went with their wrongness, infinite bliss went with their rightness. Have we never looked upon human beings in that way? If we have not we cannot understand *Saul*, this poem comes out of the insight and passion that would save a soul.

A word must be given to the method of the poem. It is twofold; the saving passion works by music, great music, and by speech burdened with insight and sincerity; the double service that every Christian church strives, not always successfully, it must be confessed, to render. Great hymns, set to great music, rolled against the mind and the heart of the people, slacken the winter of their worldliness, thaw them out, and make them once more like mountains when the snows have left them and the bloom of summer comes upon them; great hymns and great melodies wedded to them, wielded by instrumental and by vocal power upon the people, express the mystic insight of Browning's poem.

If I understand Browning here he puts speech, when burdened with insight and sincerity, when it is the oracle of the Lord, above music. The subject, I am well aware, might be debated, and different conclusions reached by the devotees of the two great arts of music and speech. Each art,

it might be said, is supreme in its own sphere; neither art can do the work of the other. Most debaters would be willing to rest the case here. Browning, however, would seem to go beyond this. The great quality of music is in emotion; the quality of great speech is light and reality, and for the human soul in darkness the service rendered by speech is the greater service. Words, burdened with insight, with sincerity and with sympathy, selected with unerring instinct, and thus breathed upon other minds and into them, are the highest things we know. As example the words of Jesus occur to one: "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest; take my yoke upon you and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly of heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls, for my yoke is easy and my burden is light." Let one look at all the great words of Jesus, and he will find that this is their characteristic, — they are burdened with insight, they are the voice of humanity at its best. "Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." What more, what other can we say when we are at our best? That voice of highest insight, utmost sincerity, widest sympathy, completest humanity is the great liberating, exalting and hallowing power in the world of souls.

The result of Browning's poem is a great faith. We can never gain a faith of any kind, much less a great faith, if we see only man as a physical organism, and regard man as wholly comprehended under the category of the animal. If one cannot see the capacity for a transcendent life, there is in man no basis for faith, nor in the universe that brought him forth. One cannot love where there is nothing to love; one cannot serve where there is nothing worth serving. When one does recognize in another human being a transcendent capacity, when one loves it and sets one's self to turn it from a mere capacity into a shining actuality, one stands in a new universe. The Being who made a soul must be as great as the soul he made; he must, in some sense, be the nature of that soul. The Being who gives to one soul the passion to redeem another soul must himself be that redeeming passion in its infinite strength. Both the soul that one loves and that one would save, and the soul that loves and that loves with the might of the saving passion, lead back to the Ineffable. The worth that we love in man is God's image defaced and defiled by the scourge of time; the eyes by which we see worth and the passion by which we would cleanse it of its stain are again the image of God in us. God is the soul of our worth, the heart of our love; in our vision of human worth and our saving love

for it, our eyes rest upon the reflection of the face of the Eternal. So Jesus thought, loved, lived and died; and thus his faith in the worth of man was born, his faith, too, in his Father as man's Redeemer.

CHAPTER XII

THE MYSTERY OF THE END

I

If that which baffles all analysis and passes all understanding is a mystery, in the modern sense of the word, the end of human life is surely a mystery. Mystery as the knowledge of the initiated, the secret of the wise, the peculiar possession of those who live near the heart of things is a word not of pretence but of truth. Mystery as the publication of hidden wisdom, as the clear disclosure of the hitherto concealed purpose of the Eternal, is the meaning that the word often bears in the New Testament. It requires no argument to prove the propriety of this use. A new epoch in the life of humanity may reasonably be expected to bring many dark things to light, and among these the relation of the human soul and the entire world of time to the purpose of the Infinite. Underlying these senses of the term mystery, there is that which cleaves to it as its ultimate meaning, the reality that has not been, and at present cannot be, comprehended. It is this meaning that the word mystery bears in our current use, as illustrated in these strikingly beautiful words of Carlyle: "Eternity, which cannot be

far off, is my one strong city. I look into it fixedly now and then; all terrors about it seem to me superfluous; all knowledge about it, any the least glimmer of certain knowledge, impossible to living mortal." [1] In the idiom of Kant, one might say, knowledge of the future world is impossible, because that world lies beyond the bounds of all attainable experience. That there is a fallacy underlying this negative dogmatism we shall see later in this discussion. Here we confess, with the wise of all the ages, the mystery of the end of human life.

I suppose the origin of our being is in the invisible; such is the vital force from which we come. That in such a force there should be the potency of an Isaiah, a Plato, a Paul, a Dante, a Shakspere, is indeed amazing. Did it not constantly occur, that from such beginnings human beings develop into a great variety of powers and characters, no one would deem it credible. The mystery of birth is the great parallel to the mystery of death. In the light of our origin, it may well be that "the breath that men call death," bears in it the potency of a higher life; in that breath there may be carried the memory of a human world, the ideas through which that world was understood, the images of the souls to whom it was related in time, the character good

[1] *Reminiscences.* Norton's Edition, part II, p. 310.

or bad which came out of the struggle under the sun, the permanent personality as the subject of the earthly experience, and the prophetic subject of a vastly more important experience in Eternity. As in the Psalmist's words, "Night unto night showeth forth knowledge," so the dialogue of faith continues between the mystery of birth and the mystery of death.

The value of the world of the dead to the world of the living is something truly significant here. We sometimes ask the question whether after all love is permanent, and to what extent the dead whom we have known and revered, continue to exert a substantial influence upon the living. The answer will, of course, depend upon the character of the living. The nearer the living human being sinks to the animal level, the less will be his interest in the dead. An animal will grieve for a while for its dead offspring. Piteously I have heard a cow moan over its dead calf, which it could not bring back to life, from which it could extort no response, but the grief was brief. The return of hunger and the dead removed from sight would utterly blot out, in a day or two, all memory of the loss. The dead, in the animal world, play no part in the life of the living. Much the same may be said of men and women who have sunk to the animal level. For them the dead are without influence; equally so the living

when they are absent: "Out of sight, out of mind."

When we rise to the intrinsic, human sphere we find that things are different. The child that lived but a few hours is to its mother a permanent memory, and in her noblest moments, a memory of profound influence. The wonder recurs about its future and mixed with that there is the silent, reverential sense of loss. The most potent religious influence in my home, in the early years of my life, was the memory of a little sister who died at the age of two years. I, a little over three years old, can recall looking at her sweet face in death and wondering why she did not awake and answer my call. I could not understand death; nor my mother's sorrow, nor the heart-break in the home. I thought the man who put the lid on the little coffin the cruelest savage that ever cursed a home, and I blamed those who carried it away as the cause of our woe. That scene, painted in fires of love upon the blackness of grief, is as vivid in outline and in detail as if it had taken place yesterday. That scene became the religious memory of the home. It was spoken of only in great moments, and then only briefly, but the world of exalting influence, exercised by the dear little dead child, then appeared as the holy splendor of our lives.

Here the personal strain is inevitable. My re-

membrance of dead kinsmen and friends is one of the influential forces in my existence. I cannot forget a great grandmother whom I saw for the last time when I was five and she about ninety years old. She was a wonderful compound of intelligence, character, energy and boundless affection for her kin. I recall on that last visit the sunburst of love that met my mother and me; first the dear old soul grabbed my mother and kissed her; then she grabbed me doing likewise, which I did not appreciate as I should; then she grabbed the tea-pot. The Highland welcome of which Burns sings, the tempestuous tenderness, the hallowing humanity of this scene I have found a permanent memory. I cannot forget my athletic maternal grandfather, whose mind was "as clean as river sand," and his illimitable scorn, chastened by kindness, for weakness and inefficiency, like a thunder-cloud edged and glorified by the all-victorious sunlight. The image of this man of power and worth haunted me through all shiftless days; it still abides. Nor can I forget a conversation to which I listened as a boy of eleven between my father and his mother whom we had gone to visit. My grandfather stood at our parting, with the grandeur and the gloom of the hills that lay behind his farm, weather-beaten, furrowed by time, old and weary, the flint of the rock there when the bloom of the heather had

long ago faded, in reverential silence, leaning on his staff. The mother spoke to her son and her words are still at my command: "You see that your father and I are on the brink of the grave. We cannot much longer make a meeting place and a tie to keep you a' thegither. Do what you can to keep a' thegither and in kindness when we are gane." In a short time they went; all save one of their ten children have followed; and still the great heart of the trembling old mother continues to beat in this world of the living and pleads for kindness.

All this deepens the mystery of the end. If we could get over our loss, if as the exquisite Scottish song has it, "Sorrow's sel wears past, John," if we could outgrow all memory of the dead, and all need of their influence, and at the same time keep the integrity of our human world, the mystery of the end would be dissolved. The world that has gone would then be dismissed as if it had never been; it would be reduced to a forgotten incident, in an existence, itself purely incidental. This can never wholly be while men are men. "The pale kingdoms of the past" grow vaster and vaster; the white and beautiful faces of our dead rise in those kingdoms with unfading distinctness. They are with us more and more, part and parcel of our being, unforgetable, closer to us than our shadows, the echo to the beating of our heart, the

music that accompanies our best thoughts and our noblest days. Here in the experience of normal human beings is this fellowship with the dead through memory, this communion of saints, or better of brave, true and tender souls, this organization of a human world from time and eternity. What does it mean if not that men are now children of the Infinite and pilgrims of Eternity? As good men grow older the influence of the dead becomes more and more vital. In the sunshine that floods the earth there is the light of all the stars; they are unseen but potent; their power is indeed small compared to that of the glory of the day, yet to what heights and splendors they carry the imagination, and in what a fellowship of shining worlds they set this poor planet. In the luminous human atmosphere that we breathe there is present the mild splendor of our vanished ones; remote and feeble this influence seems when set in comparison with the warm, availing, searching presence of the living; but it lifts thought from sense to spirit, extends the sources of motive to the infinite, interlaces time with eternity, and reveals the simple fact that good men inevitably live out of the Unseen universe.

II

We pass here from the question of the influence of the dead, to that of the Unseen universe, upon

our human life. How far does the Unseen world count with men, and with what sort of men does it count? Is there any light here upon the reality of the Invisible? Is there any hint from the presence in living men of the Eternal of the worth of man's spirit? If the religious man lives in time by the power of the Eternal what does this mean as to the significance of man's soul? If he belongs to two worlds and cannot be man with less than two worlds, does not this fact place him in the relation of incidental to the temporal and of permanence to the Eternal? If it should appear that God is the strength of our life here and now, this fact would go far to justify the hope that God will be our portion forever. Let it appear that Eternity lives in the religious man now, the Soul of his soul, and it would seem to be strange to allow that death dissolves this union. The fact, therefore, of the consequence for the normal human being, of the Eternal in this earthly life, is of the greatest moment. If the Unseen means nothing to man now, how can he argue that he means anything to the Unseen after death or before it? One may indeed be significant to the Absolute pity that one has utterly ignored; yet it seems reasonable to say that the man to whom the Universe means nothing can hardly expect that he can mean anything to the Universe. If all men everywhere were able to live

wholly out of the resources of time, the question of life after death would be an empty question. What then are the facts?

There is in nearly all men some sense of the Unseen reality that is over against each man's existence, that is over against the existence of the race. It is the Infinite other and companion of the soul, whether we are indifferent to it and it to us or not. It is there as Reality, as an inscrutable something, and even when there is no dialogue between it and the soul, when each is toward the other dumb, the grand Totality of being is not without profound and amazing influence upon human thought and feeling. If any man ever reduced all being to nothingness by his philosophy that man was David Hume. Yet on Calton Hill, with Adam Smith, on a clear star-lit evening Hume could not repress the confession: "O Adam, there is a God." So the story goes; it is at least symbolically authentic; it records the inevitable influence of the Infinite upon the mind that has closed its account with the Infinite as nothingness.

The appeal of the Unseen universe to the imagination, in almost all cases of developed intelligence, is very great. Almost every normal mind occasionally awakes to the fact that it is embosomed in the Infinite, that as our globe runs its appointed course in the heart of boundless space,

and among worlds busy and bright and innumerable, so each human life goes its way with the lights and shadows of Eternity upon it. All our greater poets have been moved by the magnitude and wonder of nature; they have been moved again as they have beheld the drama of human life, acted in the presence of the infinite ranges of being surrounding it. The question has been asked, When did nature become significant for the poet? The true answer is, from the beginning. The wide sea and the boundless sky are in Homer everywhere; in Sophocles the sun is the witness of man's woes; all poetry, ancient and modern, of any depth and power reflects the impression made upon the imagination by the Infinite. "Canst thou bind the sweet influences of the Pleiades or loose the bands of Orion?" Canst thou arrest the flow of light from the eternal centres of fire or upset and annul the stabilities of eternal law? The Infinite is the great educator of imagination in men of genius and in all intelligent human beings. The universe is the supreme æsthetic wonder; it is supreme in magnitude and in mystery.

When we advance to men whose religion is part of the strength and joy of life, we discover in such men the deeper presence of the Infinite. There is in them the sense of dependence upon the Invisible. In him we live and move and have our

being; upon him we are dependent for life and breath and all things. Out of this conviction with the sincerity of life in it, and because life is good, flows inevitably our psalm: "How excellent is thy loving-kindness, O God! Therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of thy wings." [1] Where life is felt to be good the sense of obligation is sure to rise. The religious man has to do with the Eternal; he stands to the universe as a servant. His earthly task is of heavenly appointment; he must answer for his fidelity or infidelity not only to human masters but also to the great Taskmaster. He says with the apostle to the nations, sure of the provisional and even petty character of human opinion, "it is a small thing for me to be judged of man's judgment." With the same great free spirit he adds, "Neither judge I myself." There is no final judgment in this world for or against any man, any career; the best opinion in the highest court of time is only approximate, anticipatory. God is the Judge of all. All minds, all careers come eventually to this Supreme Court of the universe; the right and the wrong, the good and the evil, the use and the abuse of life rise to the Infinite. Religion is ultimate morality; it lifts the existence of the individual person to the verdict of the Eternal.

[1] Ps. 36:7.

> "In the corrupted currents of this world
> Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice,
> And oft 't is seen the wicked prize itself
> Buys out the law; but 't is not so above:
> There is no shuffling, there the action lies
> In his true nature, and we ourselves compelled
> Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults
> To give in evidence."

From the sense of obligation to the Infinite comes the feeling of accountability; from the thought of amenableness to the judgment of the Most High arises the consciousness of the dignity of man. From the sense of moral failure there issues the keenest pain, the utmost misery; and from this the cry for forgiveness, a new chance to show one's self worthy, the purpose to live a new life in God. The Infinite worth appears here as the Infinite compassion; the heart dissolves in worship; the great dialogue of true prayer begins between the human spirit and the Divine. We ask with William James not why men should pray, but why they do pray, and we note that prayer springs like a fountain from our relation to the Unseen, a relation of need and gladness, of adoration and trust. Religion is at last the union of two worlds; it is our time-world interfused with the Eternal. Its highest moment for the intellect on the question of the future is that it discovers the Infinite as essential to the soul, that it reveals the soul as living its life by the presence

and power of the Infinite. True individuality is compatible with the reality of a social whole; with home, business, society, the nation and the world, with all the past of man upon this earth, each soul is inwoven. From that whole it cannot be detached without losing its existence; it influences all the members of the whole and is in turn influenced by them. We sink or swim, survive or perish together. The conscious life of the individual rests upon this unconscious humanity; the imagination of the single human being is filled with colors and sounds thrown upon it from the ends of the earth; the psychic stir in every soul repeats the trouble of the entire world of men. An individual intellect, imagination, memory, feeling, life apart from the whole would be empty. The reality of the individual is in the reality of the whole. And this is true of the Infinite. Our feeling, intelligence, aspirations, visions of good, sense of history, purpose, character, and hope are formed by the action upon us of the Infinite whole. The rational life of the universe is a whole; it is seamless like the robe of Christ, and the Eternal spirit weaves the threads of individual human souls into the fabric of his own being. From this point of view immortality is a present possession.

Perhaps the most striking thing in the great literature of the world is the reflection in it of the

Eternity resident in human experience. In a crude, grotesque way this image of the Infinite is found in Homer. He is unable to recite the epic either of the Iliad or the Odyssey without describing the part that the gods play in it. He represents the childhood of the world in his simple attempt to understand man and man's career as the product of the visible and the Invisible. Dante expresses the same conviction in his way; the enduring quality of this epic is in its conception of life, so true to the deepest experience of mankind. Milton is our greatest witness in English, but he is not alone. Tennyson's greatest poem comes by inspiration of the dead; indeed one hardly knows where to stop in one's citations. "In Memoriam," and "Rugby Chapel" and "Prospice" are typical of the highest spirit in our literature. Even Burns, who is under the spell of the human world in time has his "Cotter's Saturday Night," and his great song,

> "Ye banks and braes and streams around
> The castle of Montgomery."

When we turn to philosophy we come upon the same thing. Eternity surely constitutes the heart of the Platonic philosophy, and upon the Eternal depends the whole finite universe, in the great system of Aristotle. Here the Stoics are witnesses for our contention; and even the Epicureans; their greatest representative, the poet Lucre-

tius, puts the universe into the brief life of mortal man. John Scotus Erigena, Giordano Bruno, Descartes, Spinoza, Leibnitz, Kant, Hegel, Berkeley repeat the same tale. With the exception of French sensationalism and the English empiricism that derives from Hume, there is no philosophy, worthy of the name, that does not read in man's nature, in one form or another, the presence of the Eternal mystery. Whether the Ultimate reality be matter or mind, whether it be friendly or hostile or merely indifferent to man, it is present in man's being and gives wonder, depth, mystery, to his unexplained, perhaps inexplicable existence.

This feature of all the great things that men have written is the supreme characteristic of the New Testament. It is composed of a large number of writings of various dates and degrees of worth; but there is one quality which these writings possess in common, they are spontaneous, beautiful, often matchless expressions of the conscious presence in man of the Eternal Spirit. They could never have come into being except for the profound and wonderful experience which they try to express. Their sincerity is beyond question; they are without conscious art; they have no purpose other than to utter the movement of God in the souls of men. They coalesce into one volume, and as such they attest, now

with tenderness, and again with solemn grandeur, and always with simplicity and sincerity, the dawn within them of the day of the Lord. Their chant is, "the darkness is past and the true light now shineth." For these men life was filled and glorified by the Infinite Compassion as the atmosphere is filled and transfigured by the sunlight. No day without sun and sunlight; no Christian life without God and God's presence; here is the sovereign note in the New Testament, and again eternal life is a present possession.

The primary ground of faith in the permanence of the human spirit is the essentialness to it here and now of the Eternal. It is this life of God in Jesus that constitutes him the incomparable prophet of the life everlasting. If he had not lived his life in God the story of his resurrection would have been incredible, or if credible of no moment. Death may or may not end the life that is detached from the life of God; but such a life is without worth, without universal character, and its fate cannot be predicted. It would seem that we must say that what is without universal character, or the capacity for universal character, is clearly unessential, and therefore dispensable, from being. This is the nature of the human soul; it has grown into God, or it has clearly the capacity to grow into God. The religious soul has become part of the meaning of God's life; it is

bound up with the Infinite; its destiny, therefore, would seem to be to abide forever, a conscious presence, in the house not made with hands eternal in the heavens. Finally, we cleave to Jesus because his spirit has worth for all worlds, because that worth is the expression of God dwelling within him, because he seems essential to the life of God. This is the insight of faith, the vision that beholds the primary and present basis for belief in life after death. The resurrection of Jesus strains belief; it is accepted as a mystery. The life of Jesus as lived in God, and of worth essential to God, is a mystery of light; it reveals the law of a humanity that cannot be torn from its place in the heart of the Infinite. Who shall separate us from the love of Christ, from the love of God?

III

Let us now turn and look at the way in which men have faced the mystery of the end. For the faith in life after death is always much more a personal attitude than a bare abstract proposition. Speaking historically it may be said that belief in the reality of the life everlasting supports itself in three ways. It supports itself from instinct, from reason, and from Christian experience and insight. There are these three ways of gaining the victory over death; each victory has a

character of its own and in any general survey of the subject each should receive some attention. The sea bird has three ways of maintaining life; it swims, it walks, it flies. The soul, the believing soul has three ways of maintaining its faith in the reality of life after death; it feels, it reasons, it rises into the heights of Christian experience and insight.

Consider for a moment the force of instinct in this connection. Historians of the religions of the world tell us that almost all primitive peoples believe in the reality of life after death. They tell us there are a few exceptions to this general rule, but, they continue, the exceptions are few in number and insignificant in character. They may therefore be disregarded. As a general thing primitive peoples have believed that the human spirit survives the death of the body. And all the great peoples when they have reassumed the primitive mood have believed in life after death; all the great men in all the great races when they have reassumed the primitive mood have reassumed the primitive belief. They have done so generally through feeling, through instinct, under the operation of an irresistible impulse that has made the belief in life beyond death an essential part of their existence here.

Take for example Egypt. Egypt is the most prosperous country in the world today; the tide

of prosperity and of humanity is constantly rising, the land is beautiful with hope, and yet this is only an incident, a trivial incident, one might say, to the traveller who goes to that land of wonder and of mystery. Egypt is really a tomb, a vast, impressive mausoleum. Pyramids, temples, tombs of many kinds and impressive forms created by a race that lived on the banks of the Nile from five to ten thousand years ago testify to the universality, to the sovereignty, to the inevitableness for a primitive but highly gifted race of the belief in the reality of life after death.

To me there is something extremely impressive in this phenomenon. Human beings who lived many millenniums ago, who in the morning of their day rose up out of the desert sands into which again they swiftly disappeared, but not before they had left a monumental witness that has few equals in majesty or impressiveness of their belief in the reality of life beyond death. The river, the greatest wonder of the land, that threads its way between the two banks covered with unfading beauty, takes up into its murmur the pathos, the humanity, the faith of these vanished races, and utters in its own low, tender music their triumph: "Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through instinct."

Human beings taken in the mass, in the million over the globe, through historic time, have had

little faculty for reasoning; they have had little chance to ascend into transcendental experiences; they have not been neglected, the Infinite has cared for them; they have felt dimly, but with a sovereign certainty, that

> "Life is not as idle ore,
> But iron dug from central gloom,
> And heated hot with burning fears,
> And dipt in baths of hissing tears,
> And batter'd with the shocks of doom
> To shape and use."

And that world of belief, so various, crude, immature; so luxuriant, impressive, prophetic, is the issue of instinct. None the less, perhaps all the more, is it worthy of regard, since instinct is an index of what the Universe has done for man, and not what the individual man has done for himself.

Reason and faith must at last debate this grave question, as is the case with every other belief. Every opinion must finally come into the court of reason; every law and custom; all our views, domestic, economic, political, religious, must come into the high court of reason to be tested, cross-examined; those that endure the trial are invested with new authority; those that cannot stand that fiery ordeal are suspected and relegated to an inferior rank. It would be a serious error to think that this is not a great process, that this world of

examining reason is not a vast and precious world and one full of hope.

The first issue is uncertainty, confusion, bewilderment. What is truth? What will stand? What have we left? What is back of us and our previous faith and all our precious possessions? That is the cry inevitably. Take, for example, the Bible; it is not to us exactly the book that it was to men and women of New England two generations ago. In my judgment it is a greater book; at any rate, it is a different book, it requires more thought, more study, a higher understanding to appreciate and apply its worth than it did in the olden time. Here is confusion, uncertainty, bewilderment, and these moods are well-nigh universal among intelligent people. We cannot reverse the day; things must go on to their full, inevitable issue.

The external world, the world of nature, how perfectly clear, how absolutely simple and sure it seems to common-sense. There are the things out beyond us in space; they are colored, resonant, hard and soft, appealing to touch, appealing to all our senses. That world of order and stability and beauty, how simple, lucid and perfectly certain it is to the ordinary mind. Look now at that world through the eyes of the physicist. It is dissoluble into little bits of things called atoms, and those atoms are dissoluble each into a

million electrons inside the atom, and these fade away into strains, into motions, so faint as to be incapable of appealing to sense through the strongest instrument of which science has any knowledge. This is the universe that we thought was so clear and simple and stable; it has been analyzed into a congregation of ghosts. One thing may be said about it, no sane man denies its reality, and every physicist contends that his world is vastly more wonderful than the world of common-sense!

That is essentially the issue under reasonable treatment in the world of faith. It is no longer the clear, orderly, simple unquestionable world of our childhood or of the primitive moods of the race; it has become a very different thing under scholarly research, under philosophic thought, under the active mind of the world. But two things may be said about it with confidence; it is real, men do not spend their energies upon nothing; and, second, it is infinitely more wonderful, that world of spirit, under the searching light of reason than it was in the calm, unquestioning light of instinct.

Here we meet the Athenian philosopher Socrates, who faced death in the strength of reason. What has he to say? He reduces the question of the future life to two possibilities. A clearer reduction of the whole subject was never made, one

might say could not be made. Death is either one of two things; it is either absolute extinction, the loss of all conscious being whatsoever, and all eternity in that case is like a perfect, dreamless sleep. The other possibility is that death means the migration of the soul to another world and the entering into a fellowship with other souls there, a far better fellowship for the good soul than for the bad. For the good soul death is the introduction to a glorious communion with the illustrious spirits that have gathered in Hades, famous men and famous women.

Socrates sides with this second alternative. In the "Phaedo," if we regard this dialogue as idealized history, Socrates gives his reasons for his faith. He gives two, among others, that are applicable to the mystery as we view it today. What is death? Death is the reduction of a compound to its elements, the dissolving of an organism into its constituent parts. Death applies only to a compound of elements, to an organism of constituent parts; it does not mean the destruction of any one of these elements or parts. It means nothing more than the dissolution of that whole, of that organism, of that compound. Socrates claims that the soul is not a compound; it is one, indivisible, uniform; it is simplicity itself. You cannot find a lower term to which to reduce it. It is pure, indivisible self-consciousness. Death

has therefore no meaning as applied to the human spirit. The second argument of Socrates of modern value is that this indivisible, irreducible, indissoluble spirit of man shares the eternal life of the Universe and therefore takes on the character of everlastingness that belongs to the life of the Universe.

In the strength of these insights and convictions this man met death. The scene, surpassed in impressiveness only by one other in human history, is an active world-memory. Socrates drank the cup of hemlock with the utmost cheerfulness. When all present were dissolved in tears he chided them for their grief, called upon them to join him in good hope; he walked about until the drug began to take effect; then he lay down, as directed by the executioner. Thus he remained quietly awaiting the end, and when the numbness and paralysis were perceived in the region below the heart, he uncovered his face and spoke, which were his last words: "Crito, we owe a cock to Asklepios; be sure and pay it, and do not forget."

The time-world seemed to this great man a disease; death meant the cure of all mortal ills; for this deliverance he was in debt to the god of health; the Divine Physician has saved him from delusion and pain; under his treatment Socrates was passing into the true life. "We owe a cock

to Asklepios; be sure and pay it, and do not forget."

When we turn to Jesus and his attitude toward death we take a step beyond mere reasoning. We begin, in Jesus, with the profoundest spiritual experience of which the world has any record; we begin, in the case of the apostles of Jesus, with an experience derived from God, through their Master, of a new type. The question now is, What means the life of this Master? What is its value to God? What its significance for the world of men? The answer is at hand: "Whom God hath raised up having loosed the pains of death: because it was not possible that he should be holden of it." [1] The question succeeding this is, What is the meaning primarily of Christian experience and the Christian view of man's relation to the conscience and pity of the Infinite? The case here is life with a unique content, seeking insight into the meaning for time and eternity, of that content. It is this that justifies one in seeking in the teaching and personality of Jesus a unique help in our thought of the mystery of the end. His insight in fathoming the worth of life is that to which we naturally turn. It is in accord with custom thus to do. When a child is gravely ill we send for the wise physician; we want his skill and wisdom, and we desire them at

[1] Acts 2: 24.

once. When we are confused, as we stand at the parting of the ways and know not which of the two clearly to take, we turn to our wise and true friend for advice; we want his help. When we are perplexed over the ultimate meanings of this mysterious life of ours, and the wild, infinite, embracing universe, we turn to the minds of the great prophets and seers, whose insight is greater than ours, whose minds are nobler and surer.

And precisely in the same way we turn to Jesus. His insight is supreme into life and into death, and his bearing, both in life and in death, is the highest that we know; he becomes for us the highest mind on this subject; we go to him as to our surest authority. His welcome is in these words: "If it were not so I would have told you." The perfect honesty of his mind is evident, his perfect candor; he has no interest but the truth.

Here we come upon that in Jesus, and in his teaching, which all great-minded men have always recognized; his reserve in speaking about the future world. He says amazingly little about the life beyond death; he gives us no map of the heavenly world. There is this great reserve. His chief ideas are these: the Infinite Father of men, the true life of the individual, that of fellowship with God, his whole life set in the blaze of God's presence and his whole career run in the sense of the sovereign reality of his Father in heaven; the

true life of society a kingdom of God; the criticalness of the life that now is, every man standing between two tremendous possibilities, — the possibility of a judgment against him in eternity, the possibility of a judgment in his favor in eternity. These are the great mountain ranges of the teaching of Jesus that stand clear and grand against the universe as a background of mystery, and all the other things in his teaching lie somewhat in shadow. Still there is something definite said by Jesus about the hereafter, and it is all the more impressive because of the economy of his speech. There are times when eloquence is a plague, what we want are a few clear sure words, coined by true insight, that we can carry with us in our memory for the illumination of the totality of experience. All the more impressive, therefore, are the few, reserved, weighty, solemn words of Jesus about the soul and death. Let me take two of these utterances as representative of his teaching.

"God is not the God of the dead but of the living; for all live unto him." [1] Here and there alike God is the infinite, ultimate environment of souls. That is the thought. God, for all rational creatures, for the entire race of men, in their spiritual nature, in all worlds, is their ultimate environment; they are in contact with him, they

[1] Matt. 22: 32.

live upon him, his life is their life, there is no such thing as death in that environment constituted by the Infinite Father of men in relation to whom all souls live in time, and in eternity. God is not the God of the dead but of the living, for all live unto him.

According to this conception of Jesus, death is of the least possible significance, it is a mere incident in a spiritual career, a single phase and that of only momentary concern in the pilgrimage of a spirit born of the Eternal Spirit and destined to live in him forever.

The second passage is even more familiar, it contains the words of Jesus to the penitent thief, "Verily I say unto thee, Today shalt thou be with me in paradise." [1] Here are two worlds undergoing the same eclipse. You see them as they touch the penumbra, as they move together toward the deep heart of the shadow; then they move out into the penumbra, out into the light. Those two worlds are untouched in their integrity, nothing has in any way interfered with their essential being; only a shadow fell on them both at the same time and they passed from light through the shadow together into light again. Thus Jesus seems to have thought of himself and this poor thief. They went from the light of perfect health into the deep shadow that fell upon

[1] Luke 23: 43.

them both, — the shadow of death; but there is no break in the continuity; no pause, nothing touches the integrity of either soul, the true being of which goes on; they are to emerge from the shadow two moral, self-conscious, accountable beings, in fellowship, into the light of God's presence. That is the teaching of Jesus; death a shadow, unable to do more than obscure the being of those who are under it, to their friends.

What does Jesus consider the sovereign thing in life? We have the answer in his own words: "We must work the works of him that sent me while it is day: the night cometh when no man can work." [1] In the thought of Jesus duty was supreme. He had his vocation; he came as the Revealer of the Infinite Father, as God's prophet to his people, and to mankind. He came not to be ministered unto but to minister; that service he must render, he must finish. As in a cloudless day the sunlight goes everywhere, floods the whole sky and the whole earth, so in the mind of Jesus the sense of duty was omnipresent; it was the most solemn, the most pervasive, the most tremendous influence in his being; with this as his central conviction he could do no other than die, and worlds upon worlds of worthless thought have gathered round this greatest scene in history. He could do no other than die, unless he were willing

[1] John 9: 4.

to be a traitor to his truth, false to God whose Revealer he was, false to the human beings whom he came to enlighten and save. It was his duty that led him to death.

The Lord's Prayer, in its opening words, contains the great insight of Jesus into the character of the universe and into the nature, vocation, and destiny of man. "Our Father who art in heaven." The one humanity, in relation to the Infinite Being, as a child to a father. If Jesus is right in his thought of the character of the Eternal, and if he is right in his idea of the character and capacity of man, argument about the reality of life after death is superfluous. If God is the infinite loving Father, and if human beings are members of the family of God, since we cannot imagine a normal human father allowing, if he could help it, a child of his to pass out of the world in death, it follows that the Infinite Father cannot be conceived as consenting that his children should be swallowed in darkness and cease to be. If we deny immortality we must deny the Fatherhood of God; if we reject the conclusion of Christian faith we must deny the truth of its premiss.

IV

If it is said that belief in immortality is the issue of over-confidence in God's character and

man's worth for God, it should be set down in reply that unbelief and despair of the future are the shadow of human weakness. We transfer man's limitations to the Infinite; we err when we reason from human impossibilities to the divine. Since the universe is rich beyond our utmost dream, and science is the magic by which, in one department, we advance in this experience of everlasting surprise, nothing could be less reasonable than to limit our faith to the present state of our knowledge.

Life itself is the primary, inscrutable mystery. Herein lies its greatness. If it were empty it would be no mystery; because it is unfathomable it is great. The highest intellects, for many thousands of years, have been studying it; the highest races have tried to compass its utmost meaning. They have done wonderful things; they have illumined vast spaces in it. Still our knowledge of human life is like the clearings in the interminable forest, beautiful with light, color, productivity, human homes and the music of human industry and fellowship, but infinitesimal when measured against the unexplored, the uncleared, the unknown.

If human life is an uncomprehended fullness how much more the Infinite. The sea is a mystery, an uncomprehended wonder; the infinite depth of space is a vaster wonder and who by

searching can find it out? The resources of the Infinite are infinite, and if we can believe that the Infinite mystery is a mystery of kindness toward man we are justified in nothing but the mood of hope. Our ultimate questions, therefore, concern what the Infinite can do, and what he is likely to do with the human soul.

There is only one restriction upon God, so far as we can see; he cannot contradict himself; he cannot act unworthily of himself. Beyond this there are, for God, no impossibilities. We may not be able to see how mind can live apart from the brain, how soul can communicate with soul apart from the body, how there can be the sense of social union among disembodied spirits, how across the diameter of time and space those who have loved each other here shall be able to find each other there, how or where the kingdom of these invisible persons can exist. These and many other similar questions we may be utterly unable to answer; they may imply impossibilities for us.

Our ignorance, however, does not apply to God, our impotence is no limitation upon his power. Whatever he wills comes to pass. He willed that we should be born as human beings in this world and born we were of the parents and at the time appointed. Here is the initial mystery which no finite mind can fathom. Why

were we born at all? Why were we made rational existences in the first instance? By chance? That requires more faith than any other view. Think of the countless chances that we should not be born, or that being born we should not live; or that living we should find life without meaning, that it should fail to fit into a human fellowship, discover a home, a task, an expanding rational existence, a faith in the universe, a religion. How did this chance to be, and how did all other things chance to accord with the individual and social chance? This view takes a more vivid imagination and a vaster capacity for credulity than any other. To the Greeks the speech of the philosopher who first recognized indwelling Mind as the cause of the world and all its order seemed like that of a sober person in comparison with the random talk of intoxicated men. We assent when Bacon says: "I had rather believe all the fables in the Legend, and in the Talmud and in the Koran than that this universal frame is without a Mind." The least rational, the most improbable of all theories of existence is that of chance, which means that the universe has in it no Absolute mind.

If God wills that we men shall exist in another world what can prevent our existing? If God is for us who can be against us? All the difficulties involved in our existing after death were involved

in our existing in the first instance. Surely he who brought us into being against all the seeming impossibilities that stood in the way, can sustain us in being against all the difficulties that may beset our existence beyond death. The storms and glooms that gird our planet, do not obscure the outlook or obstruct the way of the stars. The impossibilities of man's outlook upon the world, are not in the way of the Infinite Will. It rested with God to say whether we should live at all; it rests with God and with God alone to say whether we shall live again.

The Sophoclean Fragment occurs to one here: "Things teachable I learn, things discoverable I seek, things desired I know from the gods." Is any hint obtainable as to the will of God, in regard to the souls of men after death? Many would answer that there is none. Many among those who cherish hope would answer in the words of Simmias in the "Phaedo": "It seems to me as indeed it may to you, Socrates, that sure knowledge about such matters, in the present life, is either impossible or very difficult; yet again to fail to test in every way the common faith about them and not to persist till his power of investigation of them has given out, is the part of a very weak man. For we are under bonds in respect of them to effect one of these things, either to learn from others or discover for one's

self or else, if this is impossible, to take the best of human arguments, and the one least open to objection, embarking upon this, as upon a raft, to venture to make the voyage of life; unless indeed one were able, in a safer and less dangerous way, upon a surer craft, some divine word, to accomplish the passage"? [1]

Socrates did not rest here; neither did Plato. After two thousand years of the influence of Jesus as to the character of the Eternal and the meaning of human life, something more positive, it would seem, might be attained. For this more positive faith we are to look in the intimations of God's will in the life of the soul. The capacity for a share in the higher life of the race is something; this capacity is denied realization here. Think how many millions of human beings, in whom these high instincts and capacities exist, are little more during their entire existence in this world than beasts of burden of our sad civilization. Think of other millions caught in the trap of temptation who are unable to break away into anything like a human existence; think of still other multitudes who under the dire calamity of luxury and idleness have trod the weary circles of pleasure till their higher capacities have been reduced to shadows, till their souls have shrunk to the meagrest remnant of reality. In all these

[1] *Phaedo*, 85 C, D.

millions are lodged, in one degree or another, the universal gifts; in none of them do these gifts gain any impressive development; in most of them there is little or no development at all.

This consideration will not affect the mind of a pessimist; rather will he see in this defeat of the end of life a sure sign of the universal contradiction of human aspiration. To a candid mind, however, potency is, in one degree or another, prophecy.

More impressive, perhaps, is the worth of pure human love. The destruction of worth and worthlessness, the burial of Judas and Jesus in the same everlasting darkness is nearly unthinkable, on the ground that the Universe is rational and has a character of even average decency. The total rational and ethical confusion, that would follow the sinking of all honor and dishonor in the same abyss of death, should if possible be avoided. It cannot be wrong to assume that the Universal Being is deeper in his appreciation of worth and beauty than we. That mortal man is more just than God has from of old seemed to many great minds to be the incredible hypothesis. To be sure this means divisional immortality, the conservation of the wheat, and perhaps the commitment of the chaff to the consuming fire. Other considerations may, however, obviate that conclusion.

More impressive still, at least for many minds, and of universal application, is the sense of duty. Some have claimed that the modern world has lost its belief in the life beyond death because it has lost its conscience. When we recognize a moral order in human society, when we see this moral order as the image of the moral order of the Unseen world, when we examine the sense of accountability of man to man, of man to his Maker, and consider the unescapable awards of action, in the region of character; when we habituate the mind to the conception of life as under obligation to deal justly, love kindness, and walk humbly with the Eternal, when we review our deeds, consider and are afraid, there rises before one a very serious word about the reality of life after death. We cannot escape so easily our misdeeds and our failure as to sink all in endless death. We must live, whether we wish to live or not; we must face the record of a moral being and abide by the Judgment of eternity. "Let us eat and drink for tomorrow we die," is the creed of the animal; "Awake to righteousness and sin not," is the faith inspired and justified by the accountability of man to God.

There is a word on human destiny concealed in the heart of the campaign against unrighteousness. The idea of redemption is central in Christianity; it is central in human life, the passion to

recover and purge the race and the universe from moral evil. The cry of the highest souls is for a chance to fight it out on this line if it takes all eternity. The greatness of the desire to live forever is here plain.

"Glory of Virtue, to fight, to struggle, to right the wrong —
Nay, but she aim'd not at glory, no lover of glory she:
Give her the glory of going on, and still to be."

One thinks of life after death here as the condition essential to the attainment of the noblest end. The devil must be beaten on every field and on all the continents of being; we ask for a chance to fight for the moral integrity of the universe; we ask to be on the field at the end, to see the stainless universe of souls rise in cloudless, endless glory. Such a wish has the honor of the Infinite in its heart; it is more of a wish to serve than a wish to live, the passion to fight and win than the passion to survive. The militant redemptive instinct rages in these lines of Stevenson:

"If to feel, in the ink of the slough,
And the sink of the mire,
Veins of glory and fire
Run through and transpierce and transpire,
And a secret purpose of glory in every part,
And the answering glory of battle fill my heart;
To thrill with the joy of girded men
To go on forever and fail and go on again,

And be mauled to the earth and arise,
And contend for the shade of a word and a thing
not seen with the eyes;
With the half of a broken hope for a pillow at night
That somehow the right is the right
And the smooth shall bloom from the rough:
Lord, if that were enough?"

The surest word is in the communion of saints and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost. The world of the dead, active in the soul of the living, begets faith in the life that shall not see death. The soul of God present and potent in the daily experience of devout and dutiful men, turns faith into a deep, sure trust. "I know whom I have believed." The noble statue, the Indian on horseback, in rapt devotion to the Great Spirit, that adorns and consecrates the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, silently bears witness to the supreme wonder in man's life. The horse and his rider are in the presence of the same sovereign mystery; the horse is insensible, unaware of the transcendent Soul, unspoken to by the universal, awful Loveliness; the rider is oblivious of everything save God. He has come to a moment when he knows that he was made to live in God, and to live in God forever.

THE END

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